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The Famous
HISTORY
OF THE
Seven Champions
OF
Christendom.

S. George of England, S. Denis of France, S. James of Spain, S. Anthony of Italy, S. Andrew of Scotland, S. Patrick of Ireland, and S. David of Wales.

S H E W I N G

Their Honourable Battles by Sea and Land: Their Tilts, Jufts, Tournaments, for Ladies: Their Combats with Gyants, Monsters and Dragons: Their Adventures in Foreign Nations: Their Enchantments in the HOLY LAND: Their Knighthoods, Prowess, and Chivalry, in EUROPE, AFRICA, and ASIA; with their Victories against the Enemies of CHRIST.

Also the true Manner and Places of their Deaths, being Seven Tragedies: And how they came to be called, *The Seven Saints of CHRISTENDOM.*

The First Part.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Ric. Chiswell; M. Wotton, G. Conyers, and
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THE FAMOUS
HISTORY
OF THE
SEVEN CHAMPIONS
OF
CHRISTENDOM.

To all Courteous Readers,
Richard Johnson wisheth En-
crease of Vertuous Know-
ledge.

GEntle Readers, in Kindness Accept of
my Labours, and be not like the
Chattering Cranes, nor Momus's
Mates, that Carpe at every Thing. What the
Simple say, I care not: What the Spiteful
speak, I pass not: Only the Censure of the
Conceited I stand unto, that is the Mark I Aim
at: Whose good Likings if I obtain, I have
Won my Race; if not, I faint in the first
Attempt, and so lose the quiet of my happy
Goal.

Yours in Kindness

to Command,

R. J.

The Author's *MUSE* upon the *HISTORY*.

TH E Famous Facts, O *Mars*, deriv'd from thee,
By weary Pen, and painful Author's Toil,
Enroll'd we find such Feats of Chivalry,
As hath been seldom seen in any Soil.

Thy Ensigns here we find in Field Display'd,
The Trophies of thy Victories erected;
Such Deeds of Arms, as none could have essay'd,
But Knights whose Courage Fear hath ne'er dejected.

Such Ladies sav'd, such Monsters made to fall,
Such Gyants slain, such Hellish Furies quell'd;
That Human Forces, few or none at all,
In such Exploits their Lives could safely shield.

But Vertue stirring up their Noble Minds,
By Valiant Conquest to Enlarge their Fames,
Hath caus'd 'em seek Adventures forth to find,
Which Registreth their never-dying Names;
Then Fortune, Time, and Fame, agree in this,
That Honour's Gain the greatest Glory is.

T H E

THE
Honourable HISTORY
OF THE
Seven Champions
OF
CHRISTENDOM.

CHAP. I. *Of the Wonderful and Strange Birth of S. George of England. How he was cut out of his Mothers Womb, and after, stoln from his Nurse by Kalyb the Lady of the Woods: Her Love to him, and her Gifts: And how he enclosed her in a Rock of Stone, and Redeemed Six Christian Knights out of Prison.*

After the angry Greeks had Ruined the Chief City in Phrygia, and turned King Priam's Glorious Buildings to a Waste and Desolate Wilderness, Duke *Aeneas* exempted from his Native Habitation, with many of his distressed Countrymen (like Pilgrims) wandred the World to find some Happy Region, where they might Erect the Image of their subverted *Troy*: But before that Labour could be accomplished, *Aeneas* ended his Days in the Confines of *Italy*, and left his Son *Ascanius* to Govern in his stead: *Ascanius* dying, left *Silvius* to Rule: *Silvius* deceasing, left the Noble and Adventurous *Brutus*: Which Brute (being the fourth Descent from *Aeneas*) first made Conquest of this Land of *Britain*, then Inhabited with Monsters, Gyants, and a kind of Wild People without Government, but by Policy he overcame them, and Established good Laws: Where he found the first Foundation of New *Troy*, and Named it *Troynovant*, but since, in process of time, called *London*: Thus began the Isle of *Britain* to Flourish, not only with Sumptuous Buildings, but also with Courageous and Valiant Knights, whose Adventurous and Bold Attempts in Chivalry, Fame shall describe what Oblivion buried in Obscurity.

After

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After this, the Land was Replenished with Cities, and divided into Shires and Countries : Dukedoms, Earldoms, and Lordships, were the Patrimony of high and noble Minds ; wherein they lived not then like Cowards in their Mothers Bosoms, but merited Renown by Martial Discipline : For the Famous City of *Conventry* was the place wherein the first Christian of *England* was born, and the first that ever fought for Foreign Adventures, whose Name to this Day all *Europe* highly hath in regard : And for his Bold and Magnanimous Deeds at Arms, gave him this Title, *The Valiant Knight S. George of England* ; whose Golden Garter is not only worn by Nobles, but by Kings, and in Memory of his Victories the Kings of *England* Fight under his Banner. Therefore *Caliope*, thou Sacred Sister of the Muses, guide so my Pen, that it may write the true Discourse of this worthy Champion.

When Nature by true Consanguinity had Recreated him in his Mothers Womb, she Dreamed to be conceived of a Dragon, which should be the cause of her Death : Which Dream she long concealed and kept secret, until her painful Burthen grew so heavy that her Womb was scarce able to endure it ; so finding Opportunity to reveal it unto her Lord and Husband, being then Lord High Steward of *England*, she revealed her Dream after this manner. My Honourable Lord, you know I am by Birth the King of *England's* Daughter, and for these One and Twenty Years have I been your True and Lawful Wife, yet never was in hope of Child till now, or that by me your Name should survive : Therefore I conjure you by the Pleasure of your Youth, and the Dear and Natural Love you bear to the Infant conceived in my Womb, that either by Art, Wisdom, or some other Inspiration, you Calculate upon my troublesome Dream, and tell me what they signifie : For these Thirty Nights past, my silent slumbers have been greatly hindred by grievous Dreams ; for Night by Night, no sooner could sweet sleep take possession of my Senses, but methought I was conceived with a dreadful Dragon, which would be the cause of his Parents Death : Even as *Hecuba* the Beauteous Queen of *Troy*, when *Paris* was in her Womb, Dreamed to be Conceived of a Firebrand, which indeed was truly verified : For *Paris* having Ravished the Paragon of *Greece*, and brought *Helena* into *Troy*, in Revenge thereof, the *Grecians* turned the Towers of *Ilium* into Blazes of Fire. Therefore most Dear and Well-beloved Lord, prevent the like Danger, that I be not the Mother of a Viperous Son. These Words struck such Terrour to his Heart, that for a time he stood Speechless, but having recovered his lost Senses, he answered her in this manner :

My

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My most Dear and Beloved Lady, what Art, or Learning can perform, with all convenient speed shall be Accomplished, for never shall Rest take Possession of my Heart, nor Sleep close the Closets of mine Eyes, till I understand the Signification of these thy troublesome Dreams. So leaving her in her Chamber in company of other Ladies that came to comfort her in her Melancholy Sadness. he took his Journey to the Solitary Walks of *Kalyb*, the Wise Lady of the Woods, without any Company except another Knight that bore under his Arm a White Lamb which they intended to Offer unto the Enchantress: so travelling for the space of two Days, they came to a Thicket beset about with old withered and hollow Trees, wherein they were Entertained with such dismal croaking of Night Ravens, hissing of Serpents, bellowing of Bulls, and roaring of Monsters, that it rather seemed a Wilderness of Furies than a Worldly Habitation: By which, they knew it to be the Enchanted Vale of *Kalyb*, the Lady of the Woods, so pacing to the middle of the Thicket, they came to a Cave, whose Gate and Entry was of Iron, whereon hung a Brazen Horn for them to Wind that would speak with the Sorceress. First, Offering their Lamb with great Humility before the Postern of the Cave, then exempting all Fear, they Winded the Brazen Horn, the Sound whereof seemed to shake the Foundation of the Earth: After which, they heard a loud and hollow Voice, that uttered these Words following:

*Sir Knight, from whence thou cam'st return,
Thou hast a Son most strangely Born:
A Dragon that shall split in twain
Thy Ladies Womb with extream Pain;
A Champion Bold, from thence shall Spring,
And Practise many a wondrous Thing:
Return therefore, make no delay,
For it is true what I here say.*

This Dark Riddle, or rather Mystical Oracle, being Thrice repeated in this Order, so much Amazed them, that they stood in doubt whether it were best to return, or to Wind the Brazen Horn the Second time: But being perswaded by the other Knight, not to move the Impatience of *Kalyb*, he rested satisfied with the Answer.

Thus he left the Enchanted Cave to the Government of *Kalyb*, and with all speed dispatched his Journey to his Native Habitation; but in the mean time his Lady being overcharged with extream Pain and bitter Anguish of her laboursome Womb, was forced either to the spoil of her Infant, or decay of her own Life: But regarding more the
Benefit

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Benefit of her Country than her own Safety, and for the Preservation of her Child, she most willingly committed her tender Womb to be opened, that her Infant might be taken forth Alive.

Thus with the Consent of many Learned Chirurgions, this most Noble and Magnanimous Lady was cast into a dead Sleep, her Womb cut up with sharp Razors, and the Infant taken from the Bed of his Creation. Upon his Breast Nature had Pictured the lively Form of a Dragon, upon his Right Hand a Blood-Red Cross, and on his Left Leg a Golden Garter: They Named him *George*, and provided him Three Nurses, one to give him Suck, another to keep him asleep, and the Third to provide him Food. Not many Days after his Nativity, the fell Enchantress *Kalyb*, being the utter Enemy to true Nobility, by Charms and Witchcrafts, stole this Infant from the careless Nurses: At which time (though all too late) her Noble Lord and Husband returned, in good Hope to hear a joyful Delivery of his Lady, and a Comfort of a Son: But his wished Joy was turned into an unlook'd-for Sorrow, for he found not only his Lady dismembred of her Womb, but his young Son wanting, without any News of his abode, which woful Spectacle bereaved him of his Wits, that for a time he stood Senseless, like weeping *Niobe*, but at last brake into these bitter Exclamations:

O Heavens! Why cover you not the Earth with Everlasting Night? Why do these accursed Eyes behold the Sun? O that the Waves of *Oenipus* might end my Days, or like an Exile, Joy in Banishment, where I may warble forth my Sorrows to the whispering Woods, that senseless Trees may Record my Loss, and untam'd Beasts grieve at my Want. What Monster hath bereaved me of my Child? or what Tyrant hath been glutted with this Tragedy? O that the Wind would be a Messenger, and bring me happy News of his abode: If he be drench'd in the deepest Seas, thither will I dive to fetch him up: If he be hid in the Caverns of the Earth, thither will I dig to see my Son: Or if he like a feathered Fowl lie hovering in the Air, yet thither will I Fly and Embrace him that never yet mine Eyes beheld. But why do I Thunder forth my Exclamations thus in vain, when neither Earth nor Seas, nor any thing in Earth nor Seas will grant me Comfort for his Recovery!

Thus complained he many Months for the loss of his Son, and sent Messengers into every Circuit of the Land, but no Man proved so fortunate as to return him happy Tydings. He thus being frustrate of all good hopes, stored himself with Jewels, and so intended to Travel the wide World, either to speed in his Journey, or leave his Bones in some Foreign Region. Thus leaving his Native Country, he wandred from place to place, till the Hairs of his Head were grown as White

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as Silver, and his Beard like the Thistle Down, but at last he ended his Travel in *Bohemia*, where, what for Age, and excessive Grief, he laid himself down under a Ruinated Monastery Wall, and died, the Commons of that Country having knowledge of his Name (by a Jewel he wore in his Bosom) Engraved it in Marble Stone right over his Sepulchre, where we leave him sleeping in Peace, and return to his Son remaining with *Kalyb* the Lady of the Woods, in the Inchan-
ted Cave.

Now Twice Seven Years were fully finished since *Kalyb* first had in keeping the Noble *S. George* of *England*, whose Mind many times thirsted after Honourable Adventures, and often attempted to set himself at Liberty, but the fell Enchantress tendering him as the Apple of her Eye, appointed Twelve sturdy Satyrs to attend his Person, so that neither Force nor Policy could further his intent. She kept him not to Triumph in his Tragedy, nor to spend his Days in Slavery, but feeding his Fancy with all Delights that Art and Nature could afford: For in him she fixed her chief Felicity, and lusted after his Beauty: But he seeking to advance himself by Martial Discipline and Knightly Attempts, utterly refused her proffer'd Courtesie, and highly disdained to affect so wicked a Creature. She seeing her Love bestowed in vain, upon a time, being in a secret corner of the Cave, began to flatter him in this manner.

Thou knowest (my Dear *George*) how worthily I have served thy Love, and how for thy sake I have kept my Virginity unstained, yet, thou more cruel than the Tygers bred in *Lybia*, rejectest me. Dear Knight, fulfill my Desires, and at thy Pleasure, my Charms shall Practice wondrous Things, as to move Heaven to rain Showers of Stones upon thy Enemies, to convert the Sun to Fire, the Moon to Blood, or make a Desolation of the whole World.

The Noble Knight, *S. George*, considering in his Mind that Love would make the wisest Blind: Therefore by these her fair Promises he hoped to obtain Liberty, the which moved him to make her this Answer.

Most Wise and Learned *Kalyb*, thou Wonder of the World, I condescend to all thy Desires, upon this Condition, That I may be sole Protector and Governour of this Inchan-
ted Cave, and that thou describe to me my Birth, my Name, and Parentage: Thereto she willingly consented, and began her Discourse in this manner. Thou art by Birth, said she, Son to the Lord *Albert*, High Steward of *England*, and from thy Birth to this Day have I kept thee as my Child, within these solitary Woods: So taking him by the Hand, she led him into a

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Brazen Castle, wherein remained, as Prisoners, Six of the bravest Knights of the World. These are, said she, Six Worthy Champions of *Christendom*: The First is *S. Denis of France*, the Second *S. James of Spain*, the Third *S. Anthony of Italy*, the Fourth *S. Andrew of Scotland*, the Fifth *S. Patrick of Ireland*, the Sixth *S. David of Wales*; and thou art Born to be the Seventh, thy Name being *S. George of England*, for so thou shalt be termed in time to come. Then leading him a little farther, she brought him into a large fair Room, where stood Seven of the goodliest Steeds that ever Eye beheld. Six of these (said she) belong to the Six Champions, and the Seventh will I bestow upon thee, whose Name is *Bayard*: Likewise she led him to another Room, where hung the Richest Armour in the World: So choosing out the strongest Corset from her Armory, she with her own hands buckled it about his Breast, laced on his Helmet, and attired him with a Rich Caparison: Then fetching forth a mighty Faulchion, she put it likewise in his Hand. Now (said she) thou art Armed in Richer Furniture than was *Ninus* the first Monarch of the World: Thy Steed is of such Force and Invincible Power, that whilst thou art mounted on his Back, there can be no Knight in all the World so hardy as to Conquer thee: Thy Armour is of the purest *Lydian* Steel, that neither Weapon can Pierce, nor Battle-Ax Bruise: Thy Sword, which is called *Afcalon*, is made of the Cyclops, that it will separate and cut the hardest Flint, and hew in sunder the strongest Steel; for in the Pummel lies such precious Vertue, that neither Treason, Witchcraft, nor any other Violence can be offered thee, so long as thou wearest it.

Thus the Lustful *Kalyb* was so Blinded in her own Conceit, that she not only bestowed the Riches of her Cave upon him, but gave him Power and Authority (through a Silver Wand which she put in his Hand) to work her own Destruction: For, coming by a huge great Rock of Stone, this Valiant Knight struck his Charming Rod thereon; whereupon it opened, and shewed apparently before his Eyes a number of sucking Babes, which the Enchantress had Murdered by her Witchcraft and Sorceries. Oh! (said she) this is a Place of Horror, where nought is heard but Shrieks and doleful Groans of dead Mens Souls: But if thy Ears can endure to hear them, and thy Eyes behold them, I will lead thee the way. So the Lady of the Woods, boldly stepping in before, little doubting the pretended Policy of *S. George*, was deceived in her own Practices; for no sooner entred she the Rock, but he struck his Silver Wand thereon, and immediately it closed, where she bellowed forth Exclamations to the senseless Stones without all hope of Delivery.

Thus

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Thus this Noble Knight deceived the Wicked Enchantress *Kalyb*, and set the other Six Champions likewise at Liberty, who rendred him all Knightly Courtesies, and gave him Thanks for their safe Delivery. So storing themselves with all things fitting to their Desires, took their Journeys from their Enchanted Grove; whose Proceedings, Fortunes, and Heroical Adventures shall be shewed in the Chapters following:

CHAP. II. *Kalyb's Lamentation in the Rock of Stone, her Will and Testament, and how she was Torn in Pieces by Spirits; with other Things that hapned in the Cave.*

BUT after the departure of the Seven Worthy Champions, *Kalyb* seeing her self fast closed in the Rock of Stone, by the Policy of the *English* Knight, grew into such extream Passion of Mind, that she Cursed the Hour of her Creation, and bitterly Banned all Motions of Conjuraton, the Earth she wearied with her Cries, whereby the very Stones seemed to relent, and as it were wept Pearled Tears, and sweat with Anguish of her Grief: The blasted Oaks that grew about the Enchanted Rock, likewise seemed to rue at her Exclamations, the blustering of Winds were silent, the murmuring of Birds and solitary Dumbness took Possession of every Creature that abode within the Circuits of the Woods, to hear her woeful Lamentations, which she uttered in this manner. O Miserable *Kalyb*! accursed be thy Destiny, for now thou art inclosed within a Desolate and Darksome Den, where neither Sun can lend thee Comfort with his bright Beams, nor Air extend breathing Coolness to thy woeful Body, for in the deep Foundations of the Earth thou art for evermore inclosed, that hast been the Wonder of Time for Magick: I that by Art have made my Journey to the deepest Dungeons of Hell, where Multitudes of Ugly, Black, and Fearful Spirits have Trembled at my Charms: I that have Bound up the Furies in Beds of Steel, and caused them to attend my Pleasure like Swarms of Hornets, that overspread the Mountains of *Egypt*, or the Flies upon the Parched Hills, where the Tawney Tann'd *Moors* do Inhabit, am now constrained to Languish in Eternal Darknes: Woe to my Soul! Woe to my Charms! and Woe to all my Magick Spells, for they have Bound me in this hollow Rock: Pale be the brightness of the clear Sun, and cover the Earth with Everlasting Darknes: Skies turn to Pitch, Elements to Flaming Fire, Roar Hell! Quake Earth! Swell Seas! Blast Earth! Rocks rend in Twain! all Creatures Mourn at my Confusion, and Sigh *Kalyb's* Woeful and Pitiful Exclamations.

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Thus wearied she the time away, one while accusing Fortune of Tyranny, another while blaming the Fallhood and Treachery of the English Knight, sometimes tearing her Curled Locks of bristled Hair, that like a wreath of Snakes hung dangling down her deformed Neck, then beating her Breasts, another while rending her Ornaments, whereby she seemed more like a Fury than an Earthly Creature, so impatient was this Enchantress *Kalyb*; but being frustrate of all Hopes of Recovery, she began again to Thunder forth these Terms of Conjurat-ion: Come! come! you Princes of the Elements! Come! come! and tear this Rock in Pieces, and let me not be inclos'd in this Eternal Languishment: Appear you Shadows of Black Misty Night, *Adagol*, *Cumorb*, *Helcorza*, *Zontama*, Come when I call, *venite festinate inquam*. At which Words the Earth began to quake, and the very Elements trembled, and all the Spirits, both of Air, of Earth, of Water, and of Fire, were Obedient to her Charms, and by Multitudes came flocking at her call; some from the Fire, in the likeness of burning Dragons, breathing from their fearful Nostrils Sulphur and flaming Brimstone: Some from the Water in shape of Fishes, with other deformed Creatures that have their abiding in the Seas; some from the Air, the purest of the Elements, in the likeness of Spirits, and other bright Shadows, and other some from the gross Earth, most Ugly, Black, and Dreadful to behold. So when these Legions of Spirits had encompassed the wicked Enchantress, Hell began to roar such an infernal and harsh Melody, that the Enchanted Rock burst in twain, and then *Kalyb's* Charms lost their Effect: Her Magick no longer endured than the Term of an Hundred Years, the which as then was fully finished and brought to an end; then the Obligation which she subscribed with her dearest Blood, and Sealed with her own Hands, brought up a Witness against her, by which she knew and fully perceived her self that her Life was fully finished: Therefore in this most fearful manner she began to make her Last Will and Testament.

First, Welcome (said she) my sad Executors, Welcome my Grave and Everlasting Tomb, for you have digged it in the Fiery Lakes of *Phlegeton*, my Winding Sheet wherein to throw both my Body and condemned Soul, is a Cauldron of Boiling Lead and Brimstone, and the Worms that should consume my Carcase are Fiery Forks which cross burning Fire Brands from Place to Place, from Furnace to Furnace, and from Cauldron to Cauldron, therefore attend to *Kalyb's* twofold Testament, and Engrave the Legacy she gives, in Brass Rolls, upon the Burning Banks of *Acheron*.

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First, These Eyes that now too late weep hapless Tears, I give unto the Watry Spirits, for they have wrackt the Treasures hidden in the deepest Seas, to satisfy their most unsatiable Looks: Next, I bequeath these Hands which did Subscribe the Bloody Obligation of my perpetual Banishment from Joy, unto those Spirits that hover in the Air: My Tongue that did conspire against the Majesty of Heaven, I give to those Spirits which have their Being in the Fire: My Earthly Heart I bequeath to those gross *Demons* that dwell in the Dungeon of the Earth, and the rest of my Condemned Body, to the Torments due to my Deservings. Which strange and fearful Testament being no sooner ended, but all the Spirits generally in an Instant seized upon the Enchantress, and dismembred her Body in a Thousand Pieces, and divided her Limbs to the Four Elements, one Member to the Air, another to the Water, another to the Fire, and another to the Earth, which were carried away in a moment by the Spirits, that departed with such a Horror, that all Things within the hearing thereof suddenly died, both Beasts, Birds, and all creeping Worms which remained within the Compass of those Enchanted Woods: The Trees which before were wont to flourish with Green Leaves, withered away and died, the Blades of Grass perished for want of natural Moisture, which the watry Clouds denied to Nourish in so Wicked a Place.

Thus by Judgment of the Heavens, senseless Things perished for the Wickedness of *Kalyb*, whom we leave to her endless Torments, and return to the Seven Worthy Champions of *Christendom*, whose laudable Adventures Fame hath enrolled in the Books of Memory.

CHAP. III. *How S. George slew the Burning Dragon in Egypt, and Redeemed Sabra the King's Daughter from Death: How he was Betray'd by Almidor the Black King of Morocco, and sent to the Souldan of Persia, where he slew Two Lions, and remained Seven Years in Prison.*

AFTER the Seven Champions departed from the Enchanted Cave of *Kalyb*, they made their abode in the City of *Coventry* for the space of Nine Months, in which time they Erected a costly Monument over the Heise of *S. George's* Mother, and in that time of the Year, when the Spring had overspread the Earth with the Mantles of *Flora*, they Armed themselves like wandring Knights, and took their Journey to seek for Foreign Adventures, accounting no Dishonour so great as to spend their Days in Idleness, Atchieving no Memorable Accident. So travelling for the space of Thirty Days without any Adventure worthy the noting, at length they came to a broad Plain, whereon stood a Brazen Pillar, where Seven several ways met, which caused

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caused the Seven Knights to forsake each others Company, and to take every one a contrary way; where we leave Six of the Champions to their contented Travels, and wholly Discourse upon the Fortunate Success of our Worthy *English* Knight, who after some few Months Travel, happily arrived within the Territories of *Egypt*, which Country was then greatly annoyed with a dangerous Dragon: But before he had Journied fully within the distance of a Mile, the silent Night approached, and solitary stillness took Possession of all living Things: At last he espied an Old Poor Hermitage, wherein he purposed to rest his Horse, and to take some repast after his weary Journey, till the Sun had renewed his Morning Light, that he might fall to his Travel again: But entring the Cottage, he found an Ancient Hermit overworn with Years, and almost consumed with Grief, with whom in this manner he began to confer.

Father (said he) for so you seem by your Gravity, may a Traveller for this Night crave Entertainment within your Cottage, not only for himself but his Horse, or is there some City near at hand, whereunto I may take my Journey without Danger? The Old Man starting at the sudden approach of *S. George*, replied unto him in this order.

Sir Knight (quoth he) of thy Country I need not demand, for I know it by thy Burgonet, (for indeed thereon was Graven the Arms of *England*) but I sorrow for thy hard Fortune, that it is thy Destiny to arrive in this our Country of *Egypt*, wherein is not left sufficient alive to bury the Dead, such is the Distress of this Land, through a Dangerous and Terrible Dragon, now ranging up and down the Country, which if he be not every Day appeased with the Body of a true Virgin, which he devoureth down his Venomous Bowels; that Day so neglected, will he breath such a Stink from his Nostrils, whereof grows a most grievous Plague and Mortality of all Things, which use hath been observed Four and Twenty Years, and now there is not left one true Virgin but the King's Daughter throughout *Egypt*, which Damsel to Morrow must be offered up in Sacrifice to the Dragon: Therefore the King hath made Proclamation, that if any Knight dare prove so Adventurous as to Combat with the Dragon, and preserve his Daughter's Life, he shall in Reward have her to his Wife, and the Crown of *Egypt* after his Decease.

This large Proffer so encouraged the *English* Knight, that he vowed either to Redeem the King's Daughter, or else to lose his Life in that honourable Enterprize. So taking his repose and nightly rest, in the Old Man's Hermitage, till the cheerful Cock, being the true Messenger of Day, gave him warning of the Sun's uprise which caused him

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to buckle on his Armour, and to furnish his Steed with strong Habilliments of War, the which being done, he took his Journey, guided only by the Old Hermit, to the Valley, where the King's Daughter should be offered up in Sacrifice : But when he approached the sight of the Valley, he espied afar off a most fair and beautiful Damsel, attired in pure *Arabian* Silk, going to Sacrifice, guarded to the Place of Death only by sage and modest Matrons : Which woful sight encouraged the *English* Knight to such a forwardness, that he thought every Minute a Day, till he had Redeemed the Damsel from the Dragon's Tyranny ; so approaching the Lady, he gave her comfort of Delivery, and returned her back to her Father's Palace again.

After this, the Noble Knight, like a bold Adventurous Champion, entred the Valley, where the Dragon had his Residence, who no sooner had a sight of him, but he gave such a terrible Peal, as though it had Thundered in the Elements : The bigness of the Dragon was fearful to behold, for betwixt his Shoulders and his Tail were Fifty Foot in distance, his Scales glittering as bright as Silver, but far more hard than Brass, his Belly of the Colour of Gold, but bigger than a Tun. Thus welkred he from his hideous Den and so fiercely Assailed the Gallant Champion with his burning Wings, that at the first Encounter he had almost felled him to the Ground ; but the Knight nimbly recovering himself, gave the Dragon such a thrust with his Spear, that it shivered in a Thousand Pieces ; whereat the furious Dragon so fiercely smote him with his Venomous Tail, that down fell Man and Horse, in which fall, two of *S. George's* Ribs were sore Bruised ; but yet stepping backward, it was his Chance to leap under an Orange-Tree, which Tree had such Precious Vertue, that no Venomous Worm durst come within the Compass of the Branches, nor within Seven Foot thereof, where this Valiant Knight rested himself until he had recovered his former Strength ; who no sooner feeling his Spirits revived, but with an eager Courage smote the Burning Dragon under his Yellow burnished Belly with his trusty Sword *Ascalon*, whereout came abundance of ugly Venome, that it sprinkled upon the Champion's Armour, whereby immediately through the Impoisoned Strength of the Venome, his Armour burst in Twain, and the good Knight fell into so grievous a dead Swoon, that for a time he lay breathless : But yet having that good Memory remaining, that he tumbled under the Branches of the Orange-Tree, in which Place the Dragon could proffer him no farther Violence. The Fruit of the Tree being of such an Excellent Vertue, that whosoever Tasted thereof, should presently be cured of all manner of Diseases and Infirmities whatsoever.

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So it was the Noble Champions good and happy Fortune, a little to recover through the Vertue of the Tree, and to espy an Orange which a little before had dropped down, wherewith he so refreshed himself, that he was in short time as sound as when he began the Encounter. Then kneeled he down, and made his Divine Supplication to Heaven, That God would send him (for his Dear Son's sake) such Strength and Agility of Body, as to slay the Furious and Terrible Monster; which being done, with a bold Couragious Heart, he smote the Dragon under the Wing, where it was tender without Scale, whereby his good Sword *Ascalon*, with an easie Passage, went to the very Hilt through both the Dragon's Heart, Liver, Bone and Blood, whereout issued such abundance of Purple Gore, that it turned the Grass which grew in the Valley into Crimson Colour, and the Ground which was before parched through the Burning Stench of the Dragon, was now drenched with overmuch Moisture proceeding from his Venomous Bowels, where at last through want of Blood, and long continuance in Fight, the Dragon yielded his Vital Spirits to the Force of the Conquering Champion. The which being happily performed, the Noble Knight *S. George* for *England*, first yielding due Honour to Almighty God for the Victory, then with his good Sword *Ascalon* cut off the Dragon's Head, and pitched it upon the Trunchion of a Spear, which at the beginning of the Battle shivered against the Dragon's scaly Back. During this long and dangerous Combat, his trusty Steed lay altogether in a Swoon, without any moving, which caused the *English* Champion with all speed to crush the Juice of an Orange into his Mouth; the Vertue whereof presently expelled the Venomous Poison, and recovered his former Strength again.

There was then remaining in the *Egyptian* Court one *Almidor*, the Black King of *Morocco*, who long had prosecuted (in the way of Marriage) the Love of *Sabra* the King's Daughter, but neither by Policy, Means, nor Manhood, could he Accomplish what his Heart desired: And now finding Opportunity to express his Treacherous Mind, intended to rob and spoil *S. George* of his Victory, whereby he thought to attain the gracious Favour and singular good Liking of his Lady and Mistress, who loathed his Company like the detested Crocodiles: Even as the Wolf, though all in vain, barks at the Moon, so this fantastical and cowardly *Almidor*, through many Gifts and fair Promises, hired Twelve *Egyptian* Knights to beset the Valley where *S. George* slew the Burning Dragon, and by Force bereave him of his Conquest; and so when this Magnanimous Champion of *England* came riding in Triumph from the Valley, expecting to have been Entertained
like

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like a Conqueror, with Drums and Trumpets, or to have heard the Bells of *Egypt* ring a joyful Sound of Victory, or to have seen the Streets beautified with Bonfires contrary to his Expectation, he was met with Troops of Armed Knights, not to Conduct him peacefully to the *Egyptian* Court, but by Falshood and Treachery to bereave him of his Life and Honour: For no sooner had he ridden past the Entry of the Valley, but he espied how the *Egyptian* Knights brandished their Weapons, and divided themselves to intercept him in his Journey to the Court, by which he knew them to be no trusty Friends, but vow'd Enemies. So tying his Horse to a Hawthorn Tree, he intended to try his Fortune on Foot, for fear of disadvantage, they being Twelve to One: In this Skirmish *S. George* so Valiantly behaved himself with his trusty Sword *Ascalon*, that at one Stroke he slew Three of the *Egyptian* Knights, and before the Golden Diamond of Heaven had wandred the Zodiack the Compass of an Hour, some he dismembered of their Heads, some had their Limbs lopt off, some their Bodies cut in twain, and some their Entrails trailing down; so that not one was left alive to carry News to *Almidor*, the Black King, which stood (during all the time of the Skirmish) afar off upon a Mountain Top, to behold the Success of his hired Champions. But when he saw the *Egyptians* bloody Tragedies, and how the happy Fortune of the *English* Knight had Won the Honour of the Day, he accursed his Destiny, and accused Dame *Chance* with Cruelty, for disappointing his pretended Enterprize: But, having a Heart still fraught with all wicked Motions, secretly Vowed in his Soul to Practise by some other Treachery, *S. George's* utter Confusion: So running before to the Court of King *Ptolomy*, not revealing what had happened to the Twelve *Egyptian* Knights, but crying, *Victoria, Victoria*, the Enemy of *Egypt* is slain. Then *Ptolomy* immediately commanded every Street of the City to be hung with Rich Arras and Embroidered Tapestry, and likewise provided a Sumptuous Chariot of Gold, the Wheels and other Timber-Work of the purest Ebony, the Covering thereof of pure Silk, Cross-Barr'd with pure Staves of Gold; likewise an Hundred of the Noblest Peers of *Egypt* Attired in Crimson Velvet, Mounted on Milk-White Courfers, with Rich Caparisons, attended the Coming of *S. George*. Thus were all appointed for his Honourable Entertainment, which they performed in such Solemn Order, that I want Eloquence to describe it: For when he first entred the Gates of the City, he heard such a Melodious Harmony of Heavenly Sounding Musick, that it seemed in his Conceit to Surpass the Sweetness of all that ever he had heard before. Then they most Royally presented him with a Sump-

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tuous and Costly Ball of Gold, and after Invested him in that Ebony Chariot, wherein he was Conducted to the Palace of King *Ptolomy*, where this Noble and Princely-Minded Champion surrendered up his Conquest and Victory to the Hands of the Beauteous *Sabra*; where she with like Courtesie, and more Humility requited his Bounty: For at the first sight of the *English* Knight, she was so Ravished with his Princely Countenance, that for a time she was not able to speak: Yet at last, taking him by the Hand, she led him to a Rich Pavilion, where she Unarmed him, and with most precious Salves imbalmed his Wounds, and with her Tears washed away the Blood: Which being done, she furnished a Table with all manner of Delicates for his Repast, where her Father was present, who enquired of his Country, Parentage, and Name: After the Banquet was ended, he Enstalled him with the Honour of Knighthood, and put upon his Feet a Pair of Golden Spurs. But *Sabra* who fed upon the Banquet of his Love, conducted him to his Night's Repose, where she sate upon his Bed, and warbled forth most Heavenly Melody upon her Lute, till his Senses were overcome with a sweet and silent sleep, where she left him for that Night, after his late dangerous Battle. No sooner did *Aurora's* radiant Blush display the Beauty of the East, and the Sun shew his Morning Countenance, but *Sabra* repaired to the *English* Champion's Lodging, and at his first Uprising presented him with a Diamond of most Rare and Excellent Vertue, the which he wore upon his Finger. The next that entred his Lodging, was the Treacherous *Almidor*, the Black King of *Morocco*, having in his Hand a Bowl of *Greekish* Wine, which he offered to the Noble Champion *S. George* of *England*, but at the Receipt thereof, the Diamond the Lady gave him, which he wore upon his Finger, waxed Pale, and from his Nose fell Three Drops of Blood, whereat he started, which sudden Accident caused the King's Daughter to suspect some secret Poison compounded in the Wine, and thereupon so vehemently shrieked, that a sudden Uproar presently overspread the whole Court, whereby it came to the King's Intelligence of the proffered Treachery of *Almidor* against the *English* Champion: But so Dear was the Love of the *Egyptian* King, to the Black King of *Morocco*, that no belief of Treachery could enter into his Mind.

Thus *Almidor* the Second time was prevented of his Practice, whereat in Mind he grew more enraged than a chased Bore; yet thinking the Third should pay for all, he expected a Time wherein to work his wicked Purpose, which he brought to pass in this manner.

Many

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Many a Day remained *S. George* in the *Egyptian Court*, sometimes Revelling among the Gentlemen, Dancing and Sporting with Ladies, other times in Tilts and Tournaments, with other Honourable Exercises: Likewise Long and Extream was the Love that Beauteous *Sabra* bore to the *English Champion*, of the which, this Treacherous *Almidor* had Intelligence by many Secret Practises, and many times his Ears were Witnesses of their Discourses. So upon an Evening, when the Gorgeous Sun lay level with the Ground, it was his Fortune to wander under a Garden Wall, to take the Coolness of the Evening's Air, where unseen of the Two Lovers, he heard their Amorous Discourses as they sat Dallying under a Bower of Roses, Courting one another in this manner.

My Soul's Delight, my Heart's chief Comfort, Sweet *George of England*, said the Lovesick *Sabra*, Why art thou more Obdurate than the Flint, whom the Tears of my True Heart can never mollifie? How many Thousand Sighs have I breathed for thy sweet Sake, which I have sent to thee as True Messengers of my Love, yet never would'st thou requite me with a smiling Countenance? Refuse not her, Dear Lord of *England*, that for thy Love will forsake Parents, Country, and Inheritance, which is the Crown of *Egypt*, and like a Pilgrim follow thee throughout the wide World: Oh! therefore Knit that Gordian Knot of Wedlock, that none but Death can afterwards Untie; that I may then say, The Sun shall lose his Brightness, the Moon her splendid Beams, the Sea her Tides, and all Things under the Cope of Heaven grow contrary to Kind, before *Sabra*, the Heir of *Egypt*, prove Unconstant to sweet *George of England*.

These Words so Fired the Champion's Heart, that he was almost entangled in the Snares of Love, which before only affected Martial Discipline: He yet to try her Patience a little more, made her this Answer: Lady of *Egypt*, Can'st thou not be Content, that I have ventured my Life to Free thee from Death, but I should Link my future Fortunes in a Woman's Lap, and so Bury all my Honours in Oblivion? No, no, *Sabra*, *George of England* is a Knight, born in a Country where true Chivalry is Nourisht, and hath Sworn to search the World, so far as ever the Lamp of Heaven doth lend his Light, before he tie himself in the troublesome State of Marriage; therefore Attempt me no more that am a Stranger and a Wanderer from Place to Place, but seek to Aim at higher States, as the King of *Morocco*, who will attempt to climb to Heaven to gain thy Love, and good Liking: At which Speeches she suddenly replied in this manner.

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The King of *Morocco* is as Bloody-minded as a Serpent, but thou more Gentle than a Lamb; his Tongue as Ominous as the Screeching Night-Owl, but thine more Sweet than the Morning Lark; his kind Embracings like the Stringing Snakes, but thine more Pleasant than the Creeping Vine. What if thou be a Knight of a Strange Country, thy Body is more Precious to mine Eyes, than Kingdoms to my Heart. There stay (reply'd the *English* Champion) I am a Christian, thou a Pagan; I Honour God in Heaven, thou Earthly Shadows here below: Therefore if thou wilt obtain my Love and Liking, thou must Forsake thy *Mahomet*, and be Christned in our Christian Faith. With all my Soul (answered the *Egyptian* Lady) I will forsake my Country Gods, and for thy Love become a Christian: And therewithal she burst a Ring in twain, the one half she gave to him in Pledge of Love, and kept the other half for her self: And so for that time departed the Garden.

During all the time of their Discourse, the Treacherous Minded *Almidor* stood listning to their Speeches, and fretted inwardly to the very Gall, to hear the Mistress of his Heart reject his former Courties: Therefore intending now or never to Infringe their plighted Hands, went in all hast to the *Egyptian* King, and in this manner made his Supplication.

Know, Great Monarch of the East, that I have a Secret to unfold, which toucheth nearly the Safeguard of your Country. It was my Chance this Evening, at shutting up of *Titan's* Golden Gates, to take the Comfort of the Western breathing Air under your private Garden Walk, where I heard (though unseen) a deep pretended Trealon betwixt your Daughter and the *English* Knight, for she hath Vowed to forsake her Gods, and believe as Christians do, and likewise she intends to fly from this her Native Country, and go with this Wandring Traveller, which hath been so much Honoured in your Court.

Now by *Mahomet* and all our Country Gods, we *Egyptians* commonly Adore, (said the King) this Damned Christian shall not gain the Conquest of my Daughters Love, for he shall lose his Head, yet not in our *Egyptian* Court, but by Violence elsewhere. Therefore *Almidor* be secret in my Intent, for I will send him to my Cousin, the *Persian* Soldan, from whence he shall never return to *Egypt* again, except his Ghost bring News of his bad Success unto my Daughter: And thereupon they presently contrived this Letter.

The

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The Letter to the Soldan of Persia.

I Ptolomy, King of Egypt, and the Eastern Territories, send Greeting to Thee the Mighty Soldan of Persia, Great Emperor of the Provinces of bigger Asia. This is the Request upon the League of Friendship betwixt Us, to shew the Bearer hereof, thy Servant, Death: For he is an utter Enemy to all Asia and Africa, and a proud Contemner of our Religion. Therefore fail not in my Request, as thou wilt Answer on the Oath, and so in haste Farewel,

Thy Kinsman Ptolomy,
the King of Egypt.

Which Letter being no sooner Subscribed and Sealed with the Great Seal of Egypt, but S. George was dispatched with Embassage for Persia, with the Bloody Sentence of his own Destruction, to the true Delivery whereof, he was Sworn by the Honour of his Knighthood, and for his Pledge he left behind him his good Steed and his trusty Sword *Ascalon* in the keeping of Ptolomy, the Egyptian King, only taking for his Purvoy, and easie Travel, one of the King's Horses.

Thus the Innocent Lamb, betrayed by the Subtil Fox, was sent to the Hunger Starv'd Lion's Den, being suffered not once to give his Lady and Mistress understanding of his sudden departure, but travelled Day and Night through many a Long and Solitary Wilderness, without any Adventure worthy the Memory, only hearing the Dismal cry of Night Ravens thundring in his Ears, and the fearful Sound of Screech-Owls in the Crevices of the Earth, and such like Messengers of Misfortune, which foretold some Fatal Accident to be at hand: Yet no Fear could daunt his Noble Mind, nor Danger hinder his intended Travel, till he had sight of the Soldan's Palace, which seemed more like Paradise, than any other Earthly Habitation; for as the History Reports, the Walls and Towers of the Palace were of the purest Marble-Stone, the Windows of Carved Silver-Work, Enamelled with Indian Pearl, beset with Latten and Crystal Glasse, the outward Walls and Buildings painted with Gold, the Pillars and Gates were all of Brass: About the Palace was a River of great breadth and depth, over the same stood a stately Bridge erected up with sumptuous Workmanship of Graven Images, under the Bridge a Hundred Silver Bells were hung by Art, so that no Creature might pass into the Palace, but they gave warning to the Soldan's Guard: At the end of the Bridge was built an Alabaster Tower, whereon stood an Eagle of Gold, his Eyes like the Richest Precious Stones, the brightness whereof glittered so much, that all the Palace did shine with the Light thereof. The

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The Day that *S. George* entred the Soldan's Court, was when the *Persians* solemnly Sacrificed to their Gods, *Mahomet* and *Apollo*, which unchristian Proceſſion ſo moved the impatience of the *English* Champion, that he took the Enſigns and Streamers whereon the *Persian* Gods were Pictured, and trampled them under his Feet: Whereupon the Pagans preſently fled to the Soldan for Succour, and ſhewed him how a ſtrange Knight had deſpiſed their *Mahomet*, and trampled their Banners in the Duſt. Hereupon he ſent an Hundred of his Armed Knights to know the Cauſe of that ſudden Uproar, and to bring the Chriſtian Champion bound, to his Majeſty: But the *Persian* Knights were entertained with ſuch a bloody Banquet, that ſome of their Heads tumbled in the mirey Streets, and the Channels overflowed with Streams of their Blood, the Pavements of the Palace were overſpread with ſlaughter'd Men, and the Walls beſprinkled with Purple Gore: So Victoriously he behaved himſelf againſt the Enemies of *Chriſt*, that e'er the Sun had declined the Weſt, he brought to Ground the moſt part of the Soldan's Knights, and forced the reſt, like frightened Sheep to fly to the Soldan for Aid and Succour, which as then remained in the Palace with a Guard of a Thouſand Soldiers: Who at the Report of this unexpected Uproar, furniſhed his Soldiers with Habili-ments of War, and came marching from his Palace with ſuch a Mighty Power, as though the Strength of *Chriſtendom* had been to In-vade the Territories of *Aſia*. But ſuch was the Invincible Courage of *S. George*, that he Encountred with them all, and made ſuch a Maſ-ſacre in the Soldan's Court, that the Pavements were covered with ſlaughtered *Persians*, and the Palace Gate ſtuffed with heaps of ſlaughtered Pagans: At laſt, the Larum-Bells were cauſed to be rung, and the Beacons ſet on Fire, whereat the Commons of the Coun-try roſe in Arms, and came flocking about the *English* Champion like Swarms of Bees: Whereat through his long Encounter, and the mul-titude of his Enemies, his never-daunted Courage was forced to yield, and his reſtleſs Arm wearied with Fight, conſtrained to let his Wea-pon fall to the Ground.

Thus he whoſe Fortitude ſent Thouſands to wander about the Banks of *Acheron*, ſtood now Obedient to the Mercies of his Enemies, which with their brandiſhing Weapons and ſharp edged Faulchions environed him about.

Now Bloody-Minded Monster (ſaid the Soldan) what Country-man ſoever thou art, Jew, Pagan, or miſbelieving Chriſtian, look for a Sentence of ſevere Punishment for every Drop of Blood thy unhappy Hand hath here ſhed: Firſt, Thy Skin with ſharp Razors ſhall

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shall be pared from thy Flesh Alive. Next, Thy Flesh with Burning Irons seared from thy Bones: Lastly, Thy Curfed Limbs drawn in Pieces Joint from Joint, with Untam'd Horses. This bloody Judgment pronounced by the Soldan, moved *S. George* to reply in this manner:

Great Potentate of *Asia*, I crave the Liberty and Law of Arms, whereto all the Kings of the Earth are by Oath ever bound: First, My Descent in my Native Country is of Royal Blood, and therefore Challenge I a Combate: Secondly, An Ambassador am I from *Ptolomy* the King of *Egypt*, and therefore no Violence should be proffered me: Lastly, The Laws of *Asia* grant me safe Conduct back to *Egypt*, therefore what I have done, *Ptolomy* must Answer: And thereupon he delivered the Letter, Sealed with the Great Seal of *Egypt*, the which was no sooner broken open and read, but the Soldan's Eyes sparkled like Fire, and upon his Countenance appeared the Image of Wrath and Discontent.

Thou art, by the Report of *Ptolomy*, (said the Soldan) a great contemner of our Gods, and despiser of our Laws; therefore his Pleasure is, That I should end thy Days by some inhumane Death, the which, I swear by *Mahomet*, and all my Country Gods to accomplish: And thereupon he gave him in keeping to an hundred of the Janisaries, till the Day of Execution, which was appointed within thirty Days following. Hereupon they disrobed him of his Apparel, and attired him in simple and base Array: his Arms that late were employed to weild the mighty Target, and tosse the weighty Battle-Ax, they strongly fettered up in Iron Bolts; and those Hands which were wont to be garnished with Steely Gauntlets, they bound up in Hempen Bands, that the Purple Blood trickled down from his Finger's ends, and so being despoiled of all Knightly Dignity, they conveyed him to a deep, dark, and desolate Dungeon, wherein the Golden Sun did never shew his splendant Beams, nor never could the comfortable Light of Heaven be seen; betwixt the Day and Night no difference could he make; the Summer's parching Heat, and the Winters freezing Cold were both alike, his chiefeft Comforts were to Number the *Persians* he had slain in the Conflict, one while pondring in his restless Thoughts the Ingratitude of *Ptolomy* the *Egyptian* King, another while remembring his Love, and Vow, and deep Affection that he bare to the *Egyptian's* Daughter, and how Unkindly she took his departure, carving her Picture with the Nails of his Fingers upon the Walls of the Dungeon; to which senceless Substance he would many times thus complain.

O cruel

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O cruel Destinies ! Why is this grievous Punishment allotted to my Pennance ? Have I conspired against the Majesty of Heaven, that they have thrown this Vengeance on my Head ? Shall I never recover my former Liberty, that I may be Revenged upon the causers of my Imprisonment ? Frown Angry Heavens, upon these bloody-minded Pagans, these daring Miscreants and professed Enemies of *Christ*, and may the Plagues of *Pharaoh* light upon their Countreys, and the Miseries of *Oedipus* upon their Princes : That they may be Witnesses of their Daughters Ravishment, and Behold their Cities flaming like the Burning Battlements of *Troy*. Thus Lamented he the Loss of his Liberty, accursing his Birth-Day, and Hour of his Creation, wishing that it never might be Numbred in the Year, but be counted Ominous to all ensuing Ages. His Sighs exceeded the Number of the Ocean-Sands, and his Tears the Water-Bubbles in a Rainy Day, as one diminished, another presently appeared.

Thus Sorrow was his Company, and Despair his chief Solicitor, till *Hyperion* with his Golden Coach had Thirty times rested in *Thetis's* Purple Palace, and *Cynthia* Thirty times Danc'd upon the Crystal Waves, which was the very time when as his Moans should end, according to the severe and cruel Judgment of the Soldan of *Persia*. But by what extraordinary Means he knew not. So expecting every Minute to entertain the wished Messenger of Death, heard afar off the terrible Roaring of two hunger-starved Lions, which for the space of Four Days had been restrained from their Food and natural Sustenance, only to devour and staunch their hunger starv'd Bowels with the Body of this Thrice Renowned Champion : Which Cry of the Lions so terrified his Mind that the Hair of his Head grew stiff, and his Brows sweat Water thro' Anguish of his Soul, so extreemly he feared the remorseless Stroke of Death, that by Violence he burst the Chains in sunder, wherewith he was Bound, and rent the Curled Tresses from his Head, that were of the Colour of Amber, the which he wrapped about his Arms against the Assault of the Lions, for he greatly suspected them to be the Messengers of his woful Tragedy, which indeed was so appointed, for at the same instant they descended the Dungeon, brought thither by the Janisaries, only to make a full period of the Champion's Life : But such was the Invincible Fortitude of *S. George*, and so Politick was his Defence, that when the starved Lions came running on him with open Jaws, he Valiantly thrust his sinewed Arms into their Throats (being wrapped about with the Hair of his Head,) whereby they presently Choaked, and so he pulled out their Hearts.

Which

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Which Spectacle the Soldan's Janifaries beholding, were so amazed with Fear, that they ran in all haste to the Palace and certified the Soldan what had hapned, who commanded every part of the Court to be strongly Guarded with Armed Soldiers, supposing the *English* Knight rather to be some Monster, ascended from the Deep, than any Creature of Humane Substance, or else one Possessed with some Divine Inspiration, that by the Force of Arms, had Accomplished so many Adventurous Stratagems: Such a Terrour Affailed the Soldan's Heart, seeing he had slain Two Lions, and slaughtered Two Thousand *Persians* with his own Hands, and likewise had Intelligence how he slew a Burning Dragon in *Egypt*, that he caused the Dungeon to be closed up with Bars of Iron, lest he should by Policy or Fortitude recover his Liberty, and so endanger the whole Country of *Persia*; where he remained in Want, Penury, and great Necessity for the Term of Seven Winters, living only upon Rats and Mice, with other creeping Worms which he caught in the Dungeon. During which time he never tasted the Bread of Corn, but of Bran, and Channel-Water, which daily was served him through Iron Gates, where now we leave *S. George* languishing in great Misery, and return again into *Egypt*, where we left *Sabra* the Champion's betrothed Lady lamenting the want of his Company, whom she loved dearer than any Knight in the World.

Sabra that was the fairest Maid that ever mortal Eye beheld, in whom both Art and Nature seemed to excell in Curious Workmanship, her Body being straiter than the stately Cedar, her Beauty purer than the *Paphian* Queens; the one with over-burthened Grief was quite altered, and the other stained with floods of brackish Tears that daily trickled down from her fair Cheeks, whereupon sate the very Image of Discontent, the Map of Woe, and the only Mirror of Sorrow, she accounted all Company loathsome to her sight, and excluded the Fellowship of all Ladies, only betaking her self to a solitary Cabinet, where she sate sowing many a woful Story upon a crimson coloured Sampler; whereon sometimes she bathed wounded Hearts, with lukewarm Tears that fell from the Conduits of her Eyes, then presently with her crisped Locks of Hair which dangled down her Ivory Neck, she dried up the moisture of her sorrowful Tears; then thinking upon the plighted Promises of her dearly beloved Knight, fell into these Passions and pitiful Complaints.

O Love (said she) more sharp than the pricking Bryer, with what inequality dost thou torment my wounded Heart, not linking my dear Lord in the like Affection of Mind? O *Venus*! if thou be imperious

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in thy Deity, to whom both Gods and Men obey, command my wandring Lord to return again, or grant that my Soul may fly into the Clouds, that by the Winds it may be blown into his sweet Bosom, where now lives my bleeding Heart. But foolish Fondling that I am, he hath rejected me, and shuns my Company, as the Syrens (else had he not refused the Court of Egypt, where he was Honoured as a King) and wandred the World to seek another Love. No, no, it cannot be; he bears no such unconstant Mind, and I greatly fear, some Treachery hath bereaved me of his sight, or else some stony Prison excludes my George from me. If it be so, sweet *Morpheus*, thou God of Golden Dreams, reveal to me my Love's Abiding, that in my Sleep his Shadow may appear, and report the cause of his Departure. After this Passion breathed from the Mansion of her Soul, she committed her watchful Eyes to the Government of sweet sleep, which being no sooner closed, but there appeared, as she thought, the Shadow and very Shape of her dearly beloved Lord, S. George of England, not as he was wont to be flourishing in his glittering Burgonet of Steel, nor Mounted on a stately Jennet, deckt with a crimson Plume of spangled Feathers, but in over-worn and simple Attire, with pale Looks, and lean Body, like to a Ghost risen from some hollow Grave, breathing as it were these sad and woful Passions.

*Sabra, I am Betrayed for Love of thee,
And lodg'd in hollow Caves and dismal Night;
From whence I never more shall come to see
Thy loving Countenance and Beauty bright:
Remain thou True and Constant for my sake,
That of thy Love they may no Conquest make.*

*Let Tyrants think if ever I obtain,
What e're is lost by Treason's cursed guile:
False Egypt's Scourge I surely will remain,
And turn to Streaming Blood Morocco's smile;
That damned Dog of Barbary shall rue,
The doleful Stratagems that will ensue.*

*The Persian Towers shall Smoak with Fire,
And lofty Babylon be tumbled down:
The Cross of Christendom shall then aspire
To wear the proud Egyptian tripple Crown.
Jerusalem and Judah shall behold
The fall of Kings by Christian Champions bold.*

Thou

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*Thou Maid of Egypt, still continue chaste,
A Tyger seeks thy Virgins Name to spill;
Whilst George of England is in Prison plac'd,
Thou shalt be forc'd to Wed against thy Will:
But after this shall happen Mighty Things,
For from thy Womb shall spring Three Wondrous Kings.*

This strange and woeful Speech was no sooner ended, but she awaked from her Sleep, and presently reached forth her white Hands, thinking to embrace him, but she caught nothing but Air, which caused her to renew her former Complaints. Oh! wherefore died I not in this my troublesome Dream, (said the sorrowful Lady) that my Ghost might have haunted those Inhumane Monsters which have thus falsely Betrayed the Bravest Champion under the Cope of Heaven? for his sake will I exclaim against the Ingratitude of *Egypt*, and like Ravished *Philomel*, fill every corner of the Land with Ecchoes of his Wrong: My Woes shall exceed the Sorrows of *Dido* Queen of *Cartbage*, Mourning for *Aeneas*. With such like Passions wearied she the time away, till Twelve Months were fully finished: At last her Father understanding what fervent Affection she bore to the *English* Champion, began in this manner to relate:

Daughter (said the *Egyptian* King,) I charge thee by the Bond of Nature, and the true Obedience thou oughtest to bear to my Age, to banish and exclude all fond Affections from thy Mind, and not thus to settle thy Love upon a wandering Knight, that is Unconstant and without Habitation: Thou seest he hath forsaken thee, and returned into his own Country, where he hath Wedded a Wife of that Land and Nation; therefore I charge thee upon my Displeasure to Affect and Love the Black King of *Morocco*, that rightfully hath deserved thee in Marriage, which shall be shortly Honourably holden to the Honour of *Egypt*; and so he departed without any Answer at all: By which, *Sabra* knew he would not be crost in his Will and Pleasure; therefore she sigh'd out these lamentable Words:

O unkind Father! to cross the Affection of his Child, and to force Love where no Liking is: Yet shall my Mind continue true unto my dear beloved Lord; although my Body be forced against Nature to Obey, and *Almidor* have the Honour of my Marriage-Bed, *English* *George* shall enjoy my true Virginity, if ever he return again into *Egypt*; and thereupon she pulled forth a Chain of Gold, and wrapped it Seven times about her Ivory Neck. This (said she) hath been Seven Days steeped in Tygers Blood, and Seven Nights in Dragons Milk, whereby

it hath obtained such excellent Virtue, that so long as I wear it about my Neck, no Man on Earth can enjoy my Virginity, though I be forced to the State of Marriage, and lie Seven Years in Wedlocks Bed, yet by the Virtue of this Chain, I shall continue a true Virgin.

Which Words were no sooner ended, but *Almidor* entred her sorrowful Chamber, and presented her with a Wedding-Garment, which was of the purest *Median* Silk, embossed with Pearl and rich refined Gold, perfumed with sweet *Syrian* Powders, it was of the Colour of the Lily, when *Flora* hath bedecked the Fields in *May* with Nature's Ornaments; Glorious and Costly were her Vestures, and so Stately were the Nuptial Rites Solemnized, that *Egypt* admired the Bounty of her Wedding, which for Seven Days was holden in the Court of *Ptolomy*, and then moved to *Tripoly*, the chief City in *Barbary*, where *Almidor's* forced Bride was Crowned Queen of *Morocco*; at which Coronation the Conduits ran with *Greekish* Wines, and the Streets of *Tripoly* were beautified with Pageants, and delightful Shows. The Court resounded such melodious Harmony, as though *Apollo* with his Silver Harp had descended from the Heavens: Such Tilts and Tournaments were performed betwixt the *Egyptian* Knights, and the Knights of *Barbary*, that they exceeded the Nuptials of *Hecuba* the Beauteous Queen of *Troy*: Which Honourable Proceedings we leave for this time to their own Contentments, some Masking, some Dancing, some Revelling, some Tilting, and some Banqueting. Also leaving the Champion of *England*, *S. George*, mourning in the Dungeon in *Persia*, as you heard before, and return to the other Six Champions of *Christendom*, which departed from the Brazen Pillar, every one his several Way, whose Knightly and Noble Adventures, if the Muses grant me the Bounty of fair *Castalian* Springs, I will most amply discover the Honour of all *Christendom*.

CHAP. IV. How *S. Denis* the Champion of *France* lived Seven Years in the Shape of an Hart, and how proud *Eglantine* the King's Daughter of *Theffaly* was Transformed into a Mulberry-Tree, and how they recovered their former Shapes by means of *S. Denis's* Horse.

CALLING now to mind the long and weary Travels of *S. Denis* the Champion of *France* endured, after his departure from the other Six Champions at the Brazen Pillar, as you heard in the Beginning of the former Chapter, from which he wandred through many a Desolate Grove and Wilderness, without any Adventure worthy the noting, till he arrived upon the Borders of *Theffaly* (being a Land, as then, Inhabited only with Wild Beasts;) wherein he endured such
a Penury

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a Penury and Scarcity of Victuals, that he was forced the space of Seven Years to feed upon the Herbs of the Field, and the Fruits of Trees, till the Hairs of his Head were like Eagles Feathers, and the Nails of his Fingers like Birds Claws: His Drink the Dew of Heaven, the which he licked from the Flowers in Meadows; the Attire he Cloathed his Body withal, Bay-Leaves and Broad-Docks, that grew in the Wood; his Shooes the Barks of Trees, whereon he travelled thro' many a Thorny Brake; but at last, as it was his Fortune, or cruel Destiny (being over-prest with the extremity of Hunger) to taste and feed upon the Berries of an Inchantèd Mulberry-Tree, whereby he lost the lively Form and Image of his Humane Substance, and was Transformed into the Shape and Likeness of a Wild Hart; which strange and sudden Transformation, this Noble Champion little mistrusted, till he espied his mishapen form in a clear Fountain, which Nature had erected in a cool and shady Valley; but when he beheld the Shadow of his deformed Substance, and how his Head, late honoured with a Burgonet of Steel, now dishonoured with a Pair of *Silvian* Horns; his Face whereon the Countenance of true Nobility was lately Charactered, now covered with a Beast-like Similitude, and his Body, late the true Image of Magnanimity, now overspread with a Hairy Hide, in Colour like to the Fallow Fields; which strange alteration, not a little perplexed the Mind of *S. Denis*, that it caused him with all speed (having the Natural Reason of a Man still remaining) to repair back to the Mulberry-Tree again, supposing the Berries he had Eaten, to be the Cause of his Transformation, under which Tree, the distressed Knight laid his deformed Limbs upon the bare Ground, and thus wofully began to Complain.

What Magick Charms (said he) or other bewitching Spells, remain within this cursed Tree? whose wicked Fruit hath confounded my future Fortunes, and converted me to a miserable Estate! O thou Cœlestial Director of the World, and all you pitiful Powers of Heaven, look down with a kind Countenance upon my hapless Transformation, and bend your Brows to hear my woful Lamentation: I was of late a Man, but now a Horned Beast; I was a Soldier, and my Country's Champion, but now a loathsome Creature, and a Prey for Dogs, my glittering Armour is exchanged into a Hide of Hair, and my brave Array more base than the low Earth: Henceforth instead of Princely Palaces, these Shady Woods must serve to shroud me in; wherein my Bed of Down must be a heap of Sun-burnt Moss; my sweet recording Musick the blustering Winds, that with Tempestuous Gusts, do make the Wilderness to Tremble: The Company I
daily

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daily keep must be the *Sylvan Satyrs, Dryades, and Airy Nymphs*, which never appear to worldly Eyes, but in *Twilights*, or at the *Prime* of the *Moon*; the *Stars* that beautify the *Crystal Veil of Heaven* shall henceforth serve as *Torches* to *Light* me to my woful *Bed*; the *scowling Clouds* shall be my *Canopy*; my *Clock* to count how *Time* runs stealing on, the *Sound of hissing Snakes*, or else the *Croaking of Toads*.

Thus described he his own *Misery*, till the watry *Tears of Calamity*, gushed out in such abundance from the *Conduits of his Eyes*, and his *scorching Sighs* so violently forced from his *bleeding Breast*, that they seemed as it were to *constrain the untamed Bears, and merciless Tygers* to *relent his Moan*, and like *harmless Lambs* sit *Bleating* in the *Woods*, to hear his woful *Exclamations*.

Long and many *Days* continued this *Champion of France* in the *Shape of an Hart*, in more distressed *Misery* than the *unfortunate English Champion in Persia*, not knowing how to recover his former *Likeness, and Humane Substance*. So upon a time as he *Lamented* the *Loss of Nature's Ornaments*, under the *Branches of that Enchanted Mulberry-Tree*, which was the *Cause of his Transformation*, he heard a *grievous and terrible Groan*, which he supposed to be the *Induction of some admirable Accident* that would ensue: So taking *Truce for a time with Sorrows*, he heard a *hollow Voice* breath from the *Trunk of that Mulberry-Tree*, these *Words following*:

The Voice in the MULBERRY-TREE.

Cease now to Lament, thou Famous Man of France,

With gentle Ears come listen to my Moan,

In former Times it was my fatal Chance

To be the proudest Maid that e'er was known;

By Birth I was the Daughter of a King,

Though now a breathless Tree and senceless Thing.

My Pride was such that Heaven confounded me,

A Goddess in my own Conceit I was;

What Nature lent, too Base I thought to be,

But deem'd my self all Earthly Things to pass;

And therefore Nectar and Ambrosia sweet,

The Food of Heaven, for me I counted meet.

My Pride contemned still the Bread of Wheat,

But purer Food I daily sought to find,

Refined Gold was boiled in my Meat,

Such Selfconceit my Fancies fond did Blind:

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*For which the Gods above Transformed me,
From Humane Substance to this senceless Tree.*

*Seven Years in Shape of Hart thou must remain,
And then the purest Rose by Heaven's Decree,
Shall bring thee to thy former Shape again,
And end at last thy woful Misery:
When this is done, be sure you cut in twain
This fatal Tree wherein I do remain.*

After the Voice had breathed these Speeches from the Mulberry-Tree, he stood so much amazed at the strangeness of the Words, that for a time his Sorrows bereaved him of his Speech, and his long appointed Punishment constrained his Thoughts to lose their natural Understanding: But yet at last recovering his Senses, though not his Humane likeness, he bitterly complained of his hard Misfortunes.

O Unhappy Creature! (said the woful Champion) more Miserable than Progne in her Transformation, and more Distressed than Acteon was, whose perfect Picture I am made: His Misery continued but a short time, for his own Dogs the same Day tore him in a Thousand Pieces, and buried his Transformed Carcass in their hungry Bowels: Mine is appointed by the Angry Destinies, till Seven times the Summer's Sun hath Yearly replenished his Radiant Brightness, and Seven times the Winter's Rain hath washed me with the Showers of Heaven. Such were the Complaints of the Transformed Knight of France, sometimes remembring his former Fortunes, how he had spent his Days in the Honour of his Country, sometimes thinking upon the Place of his Nativity, Renowned France, the Nurse and Mother of his Life; sometimes treading with his Foot (as for Hands he had none) in Sandy Ground, the Print of the Words which the Mulberry-Tree had repeated, and many times numbring the Minutes of his long appointed Punishment, with the Flowers of the Field. Ten Thousand Sighs he daily breathed from his Breast, and still when the Black and Pitchy Mantle of dark Night overspread the Azured Firmaments, and had drawn her Sable Curtains before the brightsome Windows of the Heavens, all Creatures took their sweet reposed Rest, and committed their tyred Eyes to quiet Sleep: All Things were silent, except the Murmuring of the running Waters, whose sounding Musick was the chieftest Comfort this distressed Champion Enjoyed: The glittering Queen of Night, clad in her Crystal Robes Three Hundred times a Year, was Witness of his Nightly Lamentations: The wandering Howlet that never sings but in the Night, late yelling over his Head:

The

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The ruful weeping Nightingale with mournful Melody, chearfully attending on his Person: For during the Limitation of his Seven Years Misery, his trusty Steed never forlook him, but with all Love and true Diligence attended on him Day and Night, never wandring away, but ever keeping him Company: If the extream Heat of Summer grew intollerable, or the pinching Cold of Winter violent, his Horse would be a shelter to defend him.

At last, When the Term of Seven Years was fully finished, and that he should recover his former Substance, and Humane Shape, his good Horse, which he tendred as the Apple of his Eye, clambred a high and steep Mountain, which Nature had beautified with all kind of fragrant Flowers, as Odoriferous as the Garden of *Hesperides*; from whence he pulled a Branch of purple Roses, and brought them betwixt his Teeth to his distressed Master, and being in his former Passions of Discontent, under the Mulberry-Tree. The which the Champion of *France* no sooner beheld, but he remembered that by a purple Rose he should recover his former Similitude, and so joyfully received the Roses from his trusty Steed: Then casting his Eyes up to the Cœlestial Throne of Heaven, he conveyed these Consecrated Flowers into his empty Stomach.

After which he laid him down upon the Bosome of his Mother Earth, where he fell into such a sound Sleep, that all his Senses and vital Spirits were without moving for the space of Four and Twenty Hours; in which time the Windows and Doors of Heaven were opened, from whence descended such a Shower of Rain, that it washed away his Hairy Form and Beastlike Shape: His Horned Head and Long Visage were turned again into a lively Countenance, and all the rest of his Members, both Arms, Legs, Hands, Feet, Fingers, Toes, with all the rest of Nature's Gifts, received their former Shape.

But when the good Champion awaked from his Sleep, and perceived the wonderful Workmanship of the Heavens, in Transforming him to his Human Likeness: First, He gave Honour to Almighty God: Next kissed the Ground, whereon he had lived so long in Misery: Then beholding his Armour which lay hard by him, bestained and almost spoiled with Rust: His Burgonet and keen-edged Cuttle-Ax besmeared over with Dust: Then lastly, pondring in Mind, the faithful Service his trusty Steed had done him, during the time of his Calamity, whose Sable Coloured Mane hung frizling down his brawny Neck, which before was wont to be pleated curiously with Artificial Knots, and his Forehead which was wont to be beautified with a
Tawny

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Tawny Plume of Feathers, now disfigured with overgrown Hair; where-
at the good Champion, *S. Denis of France*, so grieved, that he stroaked
down his Jetty Back, till the Hair of his Body lay as smooth as *Arabian*
Silk; then pulled he out his trusty Faulchion, which in so many fierce
Assaults and dangerous Combats had been bathed in the Blood of his
Enemies, which by the long continuance of Time lying idle, was al-
most consumed with Cankered Rust, but by his Labour and industri-
ous Pains, he recovered the former Beauty and Brightness again.

Thus both his Sword, his Horse, his Martial Furniture, and all other
Habiliments of War, being brought to their first and proper Qualities,
the Noble Champion intending to persevere and go forward in the
Adventure, in cutting down the Mulberry-Tree: So taking his Sword,
which was of the purest Spanish Steel, gave such a streak at the Root
thereof, that at one blow he cut it quite in sunder, whereout pre-
sently flashed such a mighty Flame of Fire, that the Mane from
his Horse's Neck was burned, and likewise the Hair of his Head had
been fired, if his Helmet had not preserved him: And no sooner was
the Flame extinguished, but there ascended from the hollow Tree a
Naked Virgin (in Shape like *Daphne* which *Apollo* turn'd into a Bay-
Tree) fairer than *Pigmalion's* Ivory Image, or the Northern driven
Snow, her Eyes more clear than the Icy-Mountains, her Cheeks like
Roses dipped in Milk, her Lips more Lovely than the Turkish Rubies,
her Alabaster Teeth like Indian Pearls, her Neck seemed an Ivory
Tower, her dainty Breasts a Garden where Milk-White Doves sat and
sung; the rest of Nature's Lineaments a stain to *Juno*, *Pallas*, or *Venus*,
at whose excellent Beauty, this Valiant and Undaunted Champion
more admired, than her wonderful Transformation, for his Eyes were
so Ravished with such exceeding Pleasure, that his Tongue could en-
dure no longer Silent, but was forced to unfold the Secrets of his
Heart, and in these Terms began to utter his Mind:

Thou most Divine and Singular Ornament of Nature! said he,
fairer than the Feathers of the *Silvan* Swans that swim upon *Meander's*
Crystal Streams, and far more Beautiful than *Aurora's* Morning Coun-
tenance, to thee the Fairest of all Fairs, most humbly and only to thy
Beauty do I here submit my Affections: Also I swear by the Honour
of my Knighthood, and by the Love of my Country of *France*,
(which Vow I will not Violate for all the Treasures of Rich *America*,
or the Golden Mines of Higher *India*) whether thou beest an Angel
descended from Heaven, or a Fury ascended from the vast Dominions
of *Proserpine*: Whether thou beest some Fairy or *Silvan* Nymph,
which Inhabits in the Fatal Woods, or else an Earthly Creature, for

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thy Sins Transformed into this Mulberry-Tree, I am not therefore Judge. Therefore sweet Saint, to whom my Heart must Pay its due Devotion, unfold to me thy Birth, Parentage, and Name, that I may the bolder presume upon thy Courtesies. At which Demand, this New-Born Virgin, with a Shamefac'd Look, Modest Gesture, Sober Grace, and Blushing Countenance, began thus to Reply :

Sir Knight, by whom my Life, my Love, and Fortunes are to be Commanded, and by whom my Humane Shape and Natural Form is Recovered : First know, you Magnanimous Champion, that I am by Birth the King of *Thessaly's* Daughter, and my Name was called for my Beauty proud *Eglantine* : For which contemptuous Pride, I was Transformed into this Mulberry-Tree, in which Green Substance I have continued Fourteen Years. As for my Love, thou hast deserved it, before all Knights in the World, and to thee do I Plight that true Promise before the Omnipotent Judger of all Things : And before that secret Promise shall be Infringed, the Sun shall cease to Shine by Day, and the Moon by Night, and all the Planets forsake their proper Nature.

At which Words the Champion gave her the Courtesies of his Country, and Sealed her Promises with a loving Kiss.

After which, Beautiful *Eglantine* being ashamed of her Nakedness, Weaved her self a Garment of Green Rushes intermix'd with such Variety of sundry Flowers, that it surpassed for Workmanship, the Indian Maidens curious Webs ; her crisped Locks of Hair continued still of the Colour of the Mulberry-Tree, whereby she seemed like *Flora* in her greatest Royalty when the Fields were Decked with Nature's Tapestry.

After which, she washed her Lily-Hands, and Rose-Coloured Face in the Dew of Heaven, which she gathered from a Bed of Violets. Thus in Green Vestments, she intends in Company of her true Love, (the Valiant Knight of *France*) to take her Journey to her Father's Court, being as then the King of that Country : Where after some few Days Travel, they arrived safe in the Court of *Thessaly*, whose Welcomes were according to their Wishes, and their Entertainments most Honourable : For no sooner did the King behold his Daughters safe Approach, of whose strange Transformation he was ever Ignorant, but he fell into such a deadly Swoon through the exceeding Joy of her Presence, that for a time his Senses were without vital moving, and his Heart embraced so kindly her dainty Body, and proffered such Courtesie to the strange Knight, that *S. Denis* accounted him the Mirror of all Courtesie, and the Pattern of true Nobility.

After

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After the Champion was unarmed, his stiff and wearied Limbs were bathed in New Milk and White-Wine, he was conveyed to sweet smelling Fire made of Juniper, and the Fair *Eglantine* conducted by the Maidens of Honour to a Private Chamber, where she was Disrobed of her *Silvan* Attire, and Apparellled in a Pall of Purple Silk: In which Court of *Thessaly* we will leave this our Champion of *France* with his Lady, and go forward in the Discourse of the other Champions, discovering what Adventures hapned to them during the Seven Years: But first how *S. James*, the Champion of *Spain*, fell in Love with a Fair *Jew*, and how for her sake he continued Seven Years Dumb: And after, if *Apollo* grant my Muse the Gift of Eloquence, and dip my Pen in the Ink of Art, I will not rest my weary Hand till I have explained the Honourable Proceedings of the Knights of *England*, *France*, *Spain*, *Italy*, *Scotland*, *Ireland*, and *Wales*, to the Honour of *Christendom*, and the dishonour of all the professed Enemies of *Christ*.

CHAP. V. *How S. James, the Champion of Spain, continued Seven Years Dumb for the Love of the Fair Jew, and how he should have been Shot to Death by the Maidens of Jerusalem, with other Things which chanced in his Travels.*

NOW must my Muse speak of the strange Adventures of *S. James* of *Spain*, the Third Champion and Renowned Knight of *Christendom*, and what hapned unto him in his Seven Years Travels through many a strange Country by Sea and Land, where his Honourable Acts were so Dangerous and full of Wonder, that I want Skill to Express, and Art to Describe: Also I am forced for brevities sake, to pass over his dangerous Battle with the Burning Drake upon the Flaming Mount in *Sicily*, which terrible Combate continued for the space of Seven Days and Seven Nights: Likewise I omit his Travel in *Cappadocia*, through a Wilderness of Monsters, with his Passage over the Red-Seas, where his Ship was devoured with Worms, his Mariners drowned, and Himself, his Horse, and Furniture safely brought to Land by the Sea-Nymphs and Mermaids: Where after his long Travels, passed Perils, and dangerous Tempests, amongst the boisterous Billows of the raging Seas, he arrived in the unhappy Dominions of *Judab*, unhappy by reason of the long and troublesome Misery he endured for the Love of a Fair *Jew*. For coming to the Beautiful City of *Jerusalem*, (being in that Age the Wonder of the World, for brave Buildings, Princely Palaces, Gorgeous Mountains, and Wonderful Temples) he so admired the Glorious Situation thereof (being the

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Richest Place that ever his Eyes beheld) that he stood before the Walls of *Jerusalem*, one while gazing upon her Golden Gates, glittering against the Sun's bright Countenance, another while beholding her Stately Pinacles, whose lofty peeping Tops seemed to touch the Clouds, another while wondring at her Towers of Jasper, Jet, and Ebony, her strong and fortified Walls Three times double about the City, the glittering Spires of the Temple of *Sion*, Built in the Fashion and Similitude of the Pyramids, the Ancient Monument of *Greece*, whose Battlements were covered with Steel, the Walls burnished with Silver, the Ground paved with Tin. Thus as this Noble and Famous Knight at Arms stood beholding the Situation of *Jerusalem*, there suddenly Thundred such a Peal of Ordnance within the City, that it seemed in his Ravished Conceit, to shake the Veil of Heaven, and to move the deep Foundations of the fastned Earth; whereat his Horse gave such a sudden start, that he leaped Ten Foot from the Place whereon he stood. After this, he heard the Sound of Drums, and the chearful Ecchoes of brazen Trumpets, by which the Valiant Champion expected some Honourable Pastime, or some great Tournament, to be at hand; which indeed so fell out: For no sooner did he cast his vigilant Eyes toward the East side of the City, but he beheld a Troop of well-appointed Horse come marching through the Gates: After them Twelve Armed Knights Mounted on Twelve Warlike Courfers, bearing in their Hands Twelve Blood-Red Streamers; whereon was wrought in Silk the Picture of *Adonis* wounded with a Boar: After them the King drawn in a Chariot by *Spanish* Jennets, (which being a certain kind of Steeds ingendred by the Wind) The King's Guard were 100 Naked *Moors* with *Turkish* Bows and Darts, Feathered with Ravens Wings: After them marched *Celstine* the King of *Jerusalem's* Fair Daughter, Mounted on a Tame Unicorn. In her Hand a Javelin of Silver, and Armed with a Breast-Plate of Gold, Artificially wrought like the Scales of a Porcupine, her Guard were 100 *Amazonian* Dames clad in Green Silk: After them followed a Number of Esquires and Gentlemen, some upon *Barbarian* Steeds, some upon *Arabian* Palfreys, and some on Foot, in Pace more Nimble than the tripping Deer, and more Swift than the tamest Hart upon the Mountains of *Thessaly*.

Thus *Nebuzaradan*, great King of *Jerusalem* (for so he was called) solemnly Hunted in the Wilderness of *Judab*, being a Country very much annoyed with Wild Beasts, as the Lion, the Leopard, the Boar, and such like; in which Exercise, the King appointed, as it was Proclaimed by his chief Herald at Arms, (the which he heard repeated by

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by the Shepherd in the Fields) that whosoever slew the first Wild Beast in the Forrest should have in Reward a Corslet of Steel so richly Engraven, that it should be worth a Thousand Sheckles of Silver. Of which honourable Enterprize when the Champion had understanding, and with what Liberal Bounty the Adventurous Knight would be Rewarded, his Heart was fraught with Invincible Courage, thirsting after Glorious Attempts, not only for hope of Gain, but for the desire of Honour, at which his Illustrious and Undaunted Mind Aimed, to Eternize his Deeds in the Memorable Records of Fame, and to Shine as a Crystal Mirror to all ensuing Times. So closing down his Bever, and locking on his Furniture, he scoured over the Plains before the Hunters of *Jerusalem*, in Pace more Swift than the Winged Winds, till he approached an old unfrequented Forrest, wherein he espied a huge and mighty Wild Boar, lying before his Mossy Den, gnawing upon the mangled Joints of some Passenger, which he had murdered as he travelled through the Forrest.

This Boar was of wonderful length and bigness, and so terrible to behold, that at the first sight he almost daunted the Courage of the Spanish Knight: For his Monstrous Head seemed ugly and deformed, his Eyes sparkled like a fiery Furnace, his Tusks more sharp than Pikes of Steel, and from his Nostrils fumed such a violent Breath, that it seemed like a Tempestuous Whirlwind, his Bristles were more hard than Seven times melted Brass, and his Tail more loathsome than a wreath of Snakes: Near whom when *S. James* approached, and beheld how he drank the Blood of Humane Creatures, and devoured their Flesh, he blew his Silver Horn, which as then hung at the Pommel of his Saddle, in a Scarf of Green Silk: Whereat the furious Monster turned himself, and most fiercely assailed the Noble Champion, which most nimbly leaped from his Horse, and with his Spear struck such a violent blow upon the Breast of the Boar, that it shivered into Twenty Pieces: Then drawing his good Faulchion from his side, he gave him a Second Encounter, but all in vain, for he struck as it were upon a Rock of Stone, or a Pillar of Iron, nothing hurtful to the Boar: But at last with staring Eyes, (which sparkled like burning Steel) and with open Jaws, the greedy Monster assailed the Champion, intending to swallow him alive: But the nimble Knight as then trusted more upon Policy, than to Fortitude, and so for advantage skipped from place to place, till on a sudden he thrust his keen-edged Cuttle-Ax down his intestine Throat, and so most valiantly split his Heart in sunder. The which being accomplished to his own desire, he cut off the Boar's Head, and so presented the Honour of the Combat to the
King

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King of *Jerusalem*, who was then with his mighty Train of Knights, but now entred the Forrest : Who having graciously received the Gift, and bountifully fulfilled his Promises, demanded the Champion's Country, his Religion, and Place of his Nativity : Who no sooner had Intelligence that he was a Christian Knight, and Born in the Territories of *Spain*, but presently his Patience exchanged into a great Fury, and by these Words, expressed his cankered Stomach toward the Christian Champion.

Knowest thou not, bold Knight (said the King of *Jerusalem*) that it is the Law of *Judah*, to harbour no Uncircumcised Man, but either to banish him out of the Land, or end his Days by some untimely Death ? Thou art a Christian, and therefore shalt die : Not all thy Country Treasures, the Wealthy Spanish Mines, nor if all the *Alps*, which divide the Countries of *Italy* and *Spain*, were turn'd to Hills of Burnisht Gold, and made my Lawful Heritage, they should not redeem thy Life. Yet for the Honour thou hast done in *Judah*, I grant thee this Favour by the Law of Arms to choose thy Death, else hadst thou suffered a vigorous Torment. Which severe Judgment so amazed the Champion, that desperately he would have killed himself upon his own Sword, but that he thought it a more Honour to his Country to Die in the Defence of *Christendom*. So like a true Ennobled Knight, fearing neither the Threats of the Jews, nor the impartial Stroke of the fatal Sisters, he gave this Sentence of his own Death, First, he requested to be bound to a Pine-Tree with his Breast laid open naked against the Sun ; then to have an Hours respite to make his Supplication to his Creator, and afterwards to be Shot to Death by a true Virgin.

Which Words were no sooner pronounced, but they disarmed him of his Furniture, bound him to a Pine-Tree, and laid his Breast open, ready to entertain the bloody Stroke of some unrelenting Maiden : But such Pity, Meekness, Mercy and kind Lenity lodged in the Heart of every Maiden, that none would take in hand or be the bloody Executioner of so Brave a Knight. At last the Tyrannous *Nabuzaradan* gave strict Commandment upon pain of Death, that Lots should be cast betwixt the Maids of *Judah* that were there present, and to whom the Lot fell, she should be the fatal Executioner of the Condemned Christian. But by chance the Lot fell to *Celestine* the King's own Daughter, being the Paragon of Beauty, and the fairest Maid then living in *Jerusalem*, in whose Heart no such Deed of Cruelty could be harboured, nor in whose Hand no bloody Weapon could be entertained. Instead of Death's fatal Instrument, she Shot towards his Breast, a deep strained Sigh, the true Messenger of Love, and afterwards to Heaven she thus made her humble Supplication. Thou

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Thou great Commander of Cœlestial moving Powers, Convert the cruel Motions of my Father's Mind, into a Spring of pitiful Tears, that they may wash away the Blood of this Innocent Knight, from the Habitation of his stained purple Soul. O *Judab* and *Jerusalem*, within whose Bosoms live a Wilderness of Tygers, degenerate from Nature's kind, more cruel than the hungry Cannibals, and more obdurate than untamed Lions ! What merciless Tygers can unrip that Breast, where lives the Image of true Nobility, the very Pattern of Knighthood, and the Map of a Noble Mind ? No, no, before my Hand shall be stained with Christians Blood, I will like *Scylla*, against all Nature, sell my Country's Safety, or like *Medea*, wander with the Golden Fleece to unknown Nations.

Thus, and in such manner complained the Beauteous *Celestine* the King's Daughter of *Jerusalem*, till her Sighs stopped the Passage of her Speech, and her Tears stained the Natural Beauty of her Rosie Cheeks; her Hair which glittered like to Golden Wires, she besmeared in Dust, and disrobed her self of her costly Garments, and then with a Train of her *Amazonian* Ladies, went to the King her Father, where after a long Suit, she not only obtained his Life, but Liberty, yet therewithall his perpetual Banishment from *Jerusalem*, and from all the Borders of *Judab*, the want of whose sight more grieved her Heart, than the loss of her own Life. So this Noble and Praiseworthy *Celestine* returns to the Christian Champion that expected every Minute to entertain the Sentence of Death, but this expectation fell out contrary; for the good Lady after she had Sealed Two or Three Kisses upon his Pale Lips, being changed through the fear of Death, cut the Bands that Bound his Body to the Tree into many Pieces, and then with a Flood of Salt Tears, the Motives of True Love, she thus revealed her Mind.

Most Noble Knight, and true Champion of *Christendom*, thy Life and Liberty I have gained, but therewith thy Banishment from *Judab*, which is a Hell of Horror to my Soul; for in thy Bosome have I built my Happiness, and in thy Heart I Account the Paradise of my true Love, thy first sight and lovely Countenance did Ravish me, for when these Eyes beheld thee Mounted on thy Princely Palfrey, my Heart burned in Affection towards thee : Therefore, Dear Knight, in Reward of my Love, be thou my Champion, and for my sake wear this Ring, with this Posie Engraven in it, *Ardeo Affectione* : And so giving him a Ring from her Finger, and therewithal a Kiss from her Mouth, she departed with a sorrowful Sigh, in Company of her Father and the rest of his honourable Train, back to the City of *Jerusalem*.

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Jerusalem, being as then near the setting of the Sun. But now *S. James* the Champion of *Spain*, having escaped the danger of Death, and at full liberty to depart from that unhappy Nation, he fell into many Cogitations, one while thinking upon the true Love of *Celestine* (whose Name as yet he was ignorant of) another while upon the cruelty of her Father: Then intending to depart into his own Country, but looking back to the Towers of *Jerusalem*, his Mind suddenly altered, for thither he purposed to go, hoping to have sight of his Lady and Mistress, and to live in some disguised sort in her Presence, and be his Loves true Champion against all Comers. So gathering certain Blackberries from the Trees he coloured his Body all over like a Blackmoor; but yet considering that his Country Speech would discover him, intended likewise to continue Dumb all the time of his Residence in *Jerusalem*.

So all things ordered according to his Desire, he took his Journey to the City, where with Signs and other Motions of Dumbness he declared his Intent, which was to be entertained in the Court, and to spend his time in the Service of the King. Whose Countenance when the King beheld, which seemed of the natural Colour of the *Moors*, he little mistrusted him to be the Christian Champion whom before he greatly envied, but accounted him one of the bravest *Indian* Knights that ever his Eye beheld; therefore he Installed him with the Honour of Knighthood, and appointed him to be one of his Guard, and likewise his Daughters only Champion. Thus when *S. James* of *Spain* saw himself Invested in that honourable Place, his Soul was Ravished with such exceeding Joy, that he thought no Pleasure comparable to his, no Place of *Elysium* but the Court of *Jerusalem*, and no Goodness but his beloved *Celestine*.

Long continued he Dumb, casting forth many a loving Sigh in the Presence of his Lady and Mistress, not knowing how to reveal the Secrets of his Mind.

So upon a time, there arrived in the Court of *Nabuzaradan*, the King of *Arabia*, with the Admiral of *Babylon*, both presuming upon the Love of *Celestine*, and craving her in the way of Mariage, but she exempted all their Motions of Love from her chaste Mind, only building her Thoughts upon the *Spanish* Knight, which she supposed to be in his own Country.

At whose melancholly Passions her importunate Suitors, the King of *Arabia*, and the Admiral of *Babylon* marvelled; and therefore intended upon an Evening to present her with some rare devised Mask. So choosing out fit Consorts for their Courtly Pastimes, of which

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Number the King of *Arabia* was chief, and First Leader of the Train, the great Admiral of *Babylon* was the Second, and her own Champion, S. *James* the Third, who was called in the Court by the Name of the *Dumb Knight*: In this manner the Mask was performed.

First entred a most Excellent Consort of Musick, after them the aforesaid Maskers in Cloth of Gold, and most curiously Imbroidered, and danced a Course about the Hall, at the end whereof the King of *Arabia* presented *Celestine* with a costly Sword, at the Hilt whereof hung a Silver Glove, and upon the Point was erected a Golden Crown: Then the Musick sounded another Course, of which the Admiral of *Babylon* was Leader, who presented her with a Vesture of pure Silk, of the Colour of the Rain-Bow, brought in by *Diana*, *Venus* and *Juno*: Which being done, the Musick sounded the Third time, in which Course S. *James*, tho' unknown, was the Leader of the Dance, who at the end thereof presented *Celestine* with a Garland of sweet Flowers, which was brought in by the Three Graces, and put upon her Head. Afterwards the Christian Champion intending to discover himself unto his Lady and Mistress, took her by the Lily Hand, and led her a stately *Morisco* Dance, which was no sooner finished, but he offered her the Diamond Ring which she gave him at his departure in the Woods, the which she presently knew by the Posie, and shortly after had intelligence of his long continued Dumbness, his counterfeit Colour, his changing of Nature, and the great danger he put himself to for her sake: Which caused her with all the speed she could possibly make, to break off Company, and to retire into a Chamber which she had by, where the same Evening she had a long Conference with her true and faithful Lover and adventurous Champion: And to conclude, they made some Agreement betwixt them, that the same Night, unknown to any in the Court, she bad *Jerusalem* Adieu, and by the Light of *Cynthia's* glittering Beams, stole from her Father's Palace, where in Company of none but S. *James*, she took her Journey towards the Country of *Spain*. But this Noble Knight by Policy prevented all ensuing Dangers, for he Shod his Horse backwards, whereby when they were missed in the Court, they might be followed the contrary way.

By this means escaped the Two Lovers from the Fury of the *Jews*, and arrived safely in *Spain* in the City of *Sevil*, wherein the Brave Champion S. *James* was Born: Where now we leave them for a time to their own contented Minds. Also passing over the disturbances in *Jerusalem* for the loss of *Celestine*, the vain pursuits of Adventurous Knights, in stopping the Ports and Havens, the preparing of fresh

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Horse to follow them, and the Mustering of Soldiers to pursue them, the Frantick Passions of the King for his Daughter, the melancholy Moan of the Admiral of *Babylon* for his Mistress, and the woful Lamentation of the *Arabian* King, for his Lady and Love: We will return to the Adventures of the other Christian Champions.

CHAP. VI. *The terrible Battel betwixt S. Anthony the Champion of Italy, and the Giant Blanderon; and afterwards of the strange Entertainment in the Giant's Castle, by a Thracian Lady, and what hapned to him in the same Castle.*

IT was the same time of the Year when the Earth was newly deckt with the Summer's Livery, when the Noble and Heroical Minded Champion *S. Anthony* of *Italy* arrived in *Thracia*, where he spent his Seven Years Travels to the Honour of his Country, the Glory of God, and to his own still lasting Memory: For after he had wandred through Woods and Wildernesles, by Hills and Dales, by Caves and Dens, and other unknown Passages, he arrived at last upon the Top of a high and steep Mountain, whereon stood a wonderful huge and strong Castle, which was kept by the most Mighty Giant under the Cope of Heaven, whose Puissant Force all *Thrace* could not overcome, nor once Attempt to withstand, but with the danger of their whole Countrey. The Giant's Name was *Blanderon*, his Castle of the purest Marble-Stone, his Gates of Brass, and over the principal Gate were Graven these Verses following:

*Within this Castle lives the Scourge of Kings,
A furious Gyant, whose unconquer'd Power,
The Thracian Monarch in Subjection brings,
And keeps his Daughters Prisoners in his Power;
Seven Damsels fair this Monstrous Gyant keeps,
That sings him Musick while he Nightly sleeps.*

*His Bars of Steel a thousand Knights have felt,
Which for these Virgins sake have lost their Lives;
For all the Champions bold that with him dealt,
This most Intestine Gyant still survives:
Let simple Passengers take heed betime,
When up this steep Mountain they do clime.*

*But Knights of Worth and Men of Noble Mind,
If any chance to Travel by this Tower,
That for these Maidens sake will be so kind,
To try their strength against the Gyant's Power,*

Shall

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*Shall have a Virgin's Prayer both Day and Night,
To Prosper them with good successful Fight.*

After he had read what was written over the Gate, desire of Fame so encouraged him, and the thirst of Honour so imboldned his Valiant Mind, that he either vowed to redeem those Ladies from their servitude, or die with Honour by the Fury of the Gyant. So going to the Castle Gate, he struck so vehemently thereon, with the Pummel of his Sword, that it sounded like a Thunder-Clap : Whereat *Blanderan* suddenly started up being fast asleep close by a Fountains side, and came pacing forth of the Gate, with an Oak-Tree upon his Neck ; who at the sight of the *Italian* Champion so lightly flourished it about his Head, as though it had been a little Cuttle-Ax, and with these Words gave the Noble Champion Entertainment.

What Fury hath incensed thy overboldned Mind (proud Pincock) thus to Adventure thy feeble Force against the violence of my strong Arms : I tell thee hadst thou the Strength of *Hercules*, who bore the Mountain *Atlas* on his Shoulders, or the Policy of *Ulysses* by which the City of *Troy* was ruined, or the Might of *Xerxes*, whose Multitudes drank up the Rivers as they passed ; yet all too feeble, weak, and impotent, to Encounter with the mighty Giant *Blanderan* ; thy Force I esteem as a blast of Wind, and thy stroaks as a few drops of Water : Therefore betake thee to thy Weapon, which I compare to a Bulrush, for on this Ground will I measure out thy Grave, and after cast thy feeble Palfrey with one of my Hands headlong down this steep Mountain.

Thus boasted the vain-glorious Gyant upon his own strength. During which time, the Valiant and Bold Champion had alighted from his Horse, where after he had made his humble Supplication to the Heavens for his good speed, and committed his Fortune to the Imperial Queen of Destiny, he approached within the Giant's reach, who with his great Oak so nimbly bestirred him with such vehement blows, that they seemed to shake the Earth, and to rattle against the Wall of the Castle like mighty Thunder-Claps, and had not the Politick Knight continually skipped from the Fury of his blow, he had been Bruised as small as Flesh unto the Pot, for every stroak the Gyant gave, the Root of his Oak entred at the least Two or Three Inches into the Ground. But such was the Wisdom and Policy of the Worthy Champion, not to withstand the Force of his Weapon, till the Gyant grew breathless, and not able through his long Labour to lift the Oak above his Head, and likewise the heat of the Sun was so intollerable (by reason of the extream heighth of the Mountain, and the mighty weight

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of his Iron Coat) that the Sweat of the Giant's Brows ran into his Eyes, and by reason he was so extream Fat, he grew so Blind, that he could not see to endure Combat with him any longer, and as far as he could perceive, would have retired or run back again into his own Castle, but that the *Italian* Champion with a bold Courage assailed the Gyant so fiercely, that he was forced to let his Oak fall, and stand gasping for breath, which when this Noble Knight beheld, with a fresh supply he redoubled his blows so couragiously that they fell on the Giant's Armour like a Storm of Winter's Hail, whereby at last *Blanderon* was compelled to ask the Champion Mercy, and to crave at his Hands some respite of breathing; but his Demand was in vain, for the Valiant Knight supposed now or never to obtain the Honour of the Day; and therefore rested not his weary Arm, but redoubled blow after blow, till the Giant for want of breath, and through the Anguish of his deep gashed Wounds, was forced to give the World a Farewel, and to yield the Riches of his Castle to the most Renowned Conqueror, *S. Anthony* the Champion of *Italy*: But by that time the long and dangerous Encounter was finished, and the Giant *Blanderon's* Head was severed from his Body, the Sun sate mounted on the highest part of the Elements, which caused the Day to be extream hot and sultry, the Champion's Armour so scalded him, that he was constrained to unbrace his Corset, and to lay aside his Burgonet, and to cast his Body upon the Cold Earth, only to mitigate his over-burdened Heat. But such was the unnatural coolness of the Earth, and so unkind to his over-laboured Body, that the melted Grease of his inward Parts was cooled suddenly, whereby his Body received such unnatural Distemper, that the Vapours of the Earth struck presently to his Heart, by which his vital Air of Life excluded, and his Body without Sense or Moving: Where at the Mercy of pale Death he lay bereaved of feeling for the space of an Hour.

During which time Fair *Rosalinde* (one of the Daughters of the *Thracian* King, being as then Prisoner in the Castle) by chance looked over the Walls, and espied the Body of the Giant headless, under whose Subjection she had continued in great Servitude for the time of Seven Months, likewise by him a Knight unarmed, as she thought, panting for breath, the which the Lady judged to be the Knight that had slain the Gyant *Blanderon*, and the Man by whom her Delivery should be recovered; she presently descended the Walls of the Castle, and ran with all speed to the Adventurous Champion, whom she found Dead: But yet being nothing discouraged of his Recovery, feeling as yet a warm Blood in every Member, retired back with all speed.

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speed to the Castle, and fetcht a Box of precious Balm, the which the Giant was wont to pour into his Wounds after his Encounter with any Knight: With which Balm this courteous Lady chafed every Part of the breathless Champion's Body, one while washing his stiff Limbs with her Salt Tears, the which like Pearls fell from her Eyes, another while drying them with Tresses of her Golden Hair, which hung dangling in the Wind, then chafing his lifeless Body again with a Balm of a contrary Nature, but yet no Sign of Life could she see in the Dead Knight, which caused her to despair of all hope of his Recovery. Therefore like a Loving, Meek, and Kind Lady, considering he had lost his Life for her sake, she intended to bear him company in Death, and with her own Hands to finish her Days, and to Die upon his Breast, as *Thisbe* died upon the Breast of her true *Pyramis*: Therefore as the Swan sings a while before her Death, so this sorrowful Lady warbled forth this Swan-like Song over the Body of the Noble Champion.

*Muses, come Mourn with doleful Melody,
Kind Silvā Nymphs that sit in Rosie Bowers,
With brackish Tears come mix your Harmony,
To wail with me both Minutes, Days, and Hours,
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like Song sing I,
To ease my Heart a while before I Die.*

*Dead is the Knight for whom I live and die,
Dead is the Knight which for my sake is slain:
Dead is the Knight, for whom my careful cry,
With wounded Soul, for ever shall complain,
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like Song sing I, &c.*

*I'll lay my Breast upon a Silver Stream,
And swim in Elysium's Lily Fields:
There in Ambrosia Trees I'll write a Theme,
Of all the woful Sighs my sorrow yields,
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like Song sing I, &c.*

*Farewel fair Woods, where sing the Nightingales,
Farewel fair Fields, where feed the light Foot Deer,
Farewel you Groves, you Hills, and Flowry Dales,
But fare you ill the Cause of all my Woes:
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like Song sing I, &c.*

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*Ring out my Grief, you hollow Caves of Stone,
Both Birds, and Beasts, with all Things on the Ground;
You senseless Trees be assistant to my Moan,
That up to Heaven my Sorrows may resound:
A heavy, sad, and Swan-like Song sing I, &c.
Let all the Towns of Thrace Ring out my Knell,
And write in Leaves of Brass what I have said;
That after Ages may remember well,
How Rosalinde both liv'd and dy'd a Maid.*

This woful Ditty was no sooner ended, but the desperate Lady unheathed the Champion's Sword, which was as yet all besprinkled with the Giant's Blood, and being at the very Point to Execute her intended Tragedy, and the sharp-edged Weapon directly against her Ivory Breast, she heard the distressed Knight give a grievous and terrible Groan, whereat she stopped her remorseless Hand, and with more discretion tendred her own Safety: For by this time the Balm wherewith she Anointed his Body, by wonderful Operation, recovered the dead Champion, insomuch that after some few gasps and deadly sighs, he rais'd up his stiff Limbs from the cold Earth, where like one cast into a Trance, for a time he gazed up and down the Mountain, but at the last having recovered his lost Senses, espied the *Thracian* Damsel stand by, not able to speak one Word, her Joy so abounded: But after some continuance of time he revealed to her the manner of his dangerous Encounter, and successful Victory; and she the cause of his Recovery, and her intended Tragedy. Where after many kind Salutations, she courteously took him by the Hand, and led him into the Castle, where for that Night she lodged his weary Limbs in an easie Bed stuffed with Turtle Feathers, and softest Thistle Down: The Chamber where he lay, had as many Windows as there were Months in the Year, and as many Doors as there were Quarters in the Year, and to describe the curious Architecture, and the artificial Workmanship of the Place, were too tedious, and a Work without end.

But to be short, the Noble-Minded Knight slept soundly after his dangerous Battle, without mistrusting of Treason, or Rebellious Cogitations, till Golden *Phœbus* bad him Good Morrow. Then rising out of his sloathful Bed, he attired himself, not in his wonted Habilliments of War, but in Purple Garments according to the time of Peace, and so intended to overview the Rarities of the Castle: But the Lady *Rosalinde* all the Morning was busied in looking to his Horse, preparing Delicates for his Repast, and in making a Fire against his
Uprising,

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Uprising, where after he had refreshed his weary steps with a dainty Banquet, and caroused down Two or Three Bowls of *Greekish* Wine, he after, by the Advice of *Rosalinde*, stripped the Giant from his Iron Furniture, and left his Naked Body upon a craggy Rock, to be devoured of hungry Ravens, which being done, the *Thracian* Virgin discovered all the Castle to the Adventurous Champion: First she led him to a Leaden Tower, where hung a Hundred well approved Corsets, with other Martial Furniture, which were the Spoils of such Knights as he had violently slain: After that, she brought him to a Stable, wherein stood a Hundred pampered Jades, which daily fed upon nothing but Humane Flesh, against it was placed the Giant's own Lodging, his Bed was of Iron, corded with mighty Bars of Steel, the Tester, or Covering, of carved Brass, the Curtains were of Leaves of Gold, and the rest of a strange and wonderful Substance, of the Colour of the Element: After this, she led him to a broad Pond of Water, more clear than Quicksilver, the Streams whereof lay continually as smooth as Crystal, whereon swam Six Milk-White Swans, with Crowns of Gold about their Necks.

Oh here (said the *Thracian* Lady) begins the Hell of all my Grief! At which Words a shower of pearly Tears ran from the Conduit of her Eyes, that for a time they staid the Passage of her Tongue: But having discharged her Heart from a few sorrowful Sighs, she began in this manner to tell her forepast Fortunes.

These Six Milk-White Swans, Most Honourable Knight, you behold swimming in this River (quoth the Lady *Rosalinde*) be my Natural Sisters, both by Birth and Blood, and all Daughters to the King of *Thrace*, being now Governour of this unhappy Country, and the beginning of our Imprisonment began in this unfortunate Manner:

The King my Father, ordained a solemn Hunting to be holden thro' the Land, in which honourable Pastime, my self, in Company of my Six Sisters was present: So in the middle of our Sports, when the Lords and Barons of *Thracia* were in Chase after a mighty She Lion, the Heavens suddenly began to lour, the Firmaments over-cast, and a general darkness overspread the Face of the whole Earth: Then presently arose such a Storm of Lightning and Thunder, as though Heaven and Earth had met together; by which our Lordly Troops of Knights and Barons were separated one from another, and we poor Ladies forced to seek for shelter under the bottom of this high and steepy Mountain; where when this cruel Giant *Blanderon* espied us, as he walked upon his Battlements, he suddenly descended the Mountain, and fetcht us all under his Arm up into the Castle, where ever
since

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since we have lived in great Servitude; and for the wonderful Transformation of my Six Sisters thus, it came to pass as followeth.

Upon a time the Giant being overcharged with Wine, grew Enamoured upon our Beauties, and desired much to Enjoy the Pleasure of our Virginities, our excellent Gifts of Nature so inflamed his Mind with Lust that he would have forced us every one to satisfy his sinful Desires, he took my Six Sisters one by one into his Lodging, thinking to deflower them, but their earnest Prayers so prevailed in the sight of God, that he preserved their Chastities by a most strange and wonderful Miracle, and turned their comely Bodies into the Shape of Milk-White Swans, even in the same Form as here you see them swimming. So when this Monstrous Giant saw that his Intent was crost, and how there was none left behind to supply his want, but my unfortunate self, he restrained his filthy Lust, not violating my Honour with any stain of Infamy, but kept me ever since a most pure Virgin, only with sweet inspiring Musick to bring him to his Sleep.

Thus have you heard (Most Noble Knight) the true Discourse of my most unhappy Fortunes, and the wonderful Transformation of my Six Sisters, whose Loss to this Day is greatly lamented throughout all *Thracia*: And with that Word she made an end of her Tragical Discourse, not able to utter the rest for Weeping. Whereat the Knight being oppressed then with like Sorrow, Embraced her about the slender Waist, and thus kindly began to comfort her:

Most dear and kind Lady, within whose Countenance I see how Vertue is Enthroned, and in whose Mind lives true Magnanimity, let these few Words suffice to comfort thy sorrowful Cogitations. First, think that the Heavens are most beneficial unto thee, in preserving thy Chastity from the Giant's insatiate Desires: Secondly, for thy Delivery by my means from thy slavish Servitude: Thirdly and Lastly, that thou remaining in thy Natural Shape and Likeness, may live to be the means of thy Sisters Transformation; therefore dry up these Crystal pearled Tears, and bid thy long continued Sorrows Adieu, for Grief is Companion with Despair, and Despair a procurer of Infamous Death.

Thus the woful *Thracian* Lady was comforted by the Noble Christian Champion; where after a few kind Greetings, they intended to Travel to her Father's Court, there to relate what hapned to her Sisters in the Castle, likewise the Giant's Confusion, and her own safe Delivery, by the Illustrious Prowess of the Christian Knight. So taking the Keys of the Castle which were of a wonderful weight, they locked up the Gates, and paced Hand in Hand down the steepy Mountain,

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Mountain, till they approached the *Thracian* Court, which was distant from the Castle about Ten Miles: But by that time they had a sight of the Palace, the Sun was wandred to the under World, and the Light of Heaven fate muffled up in Clouds of Pitch, the which not a little discontented the weary Travellers; but at last coming to her Father's Gates, they heard a solemn sound of Bells ringing the Funeral Knell of some Noble State: The Cause of which solemn ringing they demanded of the Porter; who in this manner expressed the Truth of the matter to them.

Fair Lady and most Renowned Knight, (said the Porter) for so you seem both by your Speeches and honourable Demands, the Cause of this ringing is for the Loss of the King's Seven Daughters, the Number of which Bells be Seven, called after the Names of the Seven Princesses, which never yet have ceased their doleful Melody, since the departure of the unhappy Ladies, nor never must, until joyful News be heard of their safe Return.

Then now their Tasks be ended (said the Noble Minded *Rosalinde*) for we bring happy News of the Seven Princesses abidings. At which Words the Porter being Ravished with Joy, in all haste ran to the Steeple, and caused the Bells to cease, whereat the King of *Thracia* being at his Royal Supper, and hearing the Bells to cease their wonted Melody, suddenly started up from his Princely Seat, and like a Man amazed ran to the Palace Gate, whereat he found his Daughter *Rosalinde* in Company of a strange Knight: Which when he beheld, his Joy so exceeded, that he swooned in his Daughter's Bosome; but being Recovered to his former Sence, he brought them up into his Princely Hall, where their Entertainments were so honourable and so gracious in the Eyes of the whole Court, that it were too tedious and over-long to describe: But their Joy continued but a short Season, for it was presently dashed with *Rosalinde's* Tragical Discourse; for the good old King when he heard of his Daughters Transformations, and how they lived in the Shape of Milk-White Swans, he rent his Locks of Silver Hair, which time had died with the Pledge of Wisdom: His rich Embroidered Garments he tore in many Pieces, and clad his Aged Limbs in a Dismal, Black, and Sable Mantle, as Discontented then as the woful King of *Troy* when he beheld his own Son dragged by the Hair of the Head up and down the Streets: Also he commanded that his Knights and Adventurous Champions, instead of glittering Armour, should wear the Weeds of Death, more Black in hue than Winter's darkest Nights, and all the Courtly Ladies and Gallant *Thracian* Maidens, instead of Silken Vestments, he commanded to wear both

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heavy, sad, and melancholly Ornaments, and even as unto a solemn Funeral, to attend him to the Giant's Castle, and there obsequiously to offer up unto the Angry Destinies, many a bitter Sigh and Tear, in remembrance of his Transformed Daughters; which Decree of the sorrowful *Thracian* King was performed with all convenient speed: For the next Morning no sooner had *Phæbus* cast his Beauty into the King's Bed-Chamber, but he Apparalled himself in Mourning Garments, and in Company of his Melancholly Train set forward to his woful Pilgrimage. But here we must not forget the Princely Minded Champion of *Italy*, nor the Noble Minded *Rosalinde*, who at the King's departure towards the Castle, craved leave to stay behind, and not so suddenly to begin new Travels: Whereunto quickly the King condescended, considering their late Journey the Evening before: So taking the Castle Keys from the Champion, he bad his Palace Adieu, and committed his Fortune to his sorrowful Journey; where we leave him in a World of discontented Passions, and a while Discourse of what hapned to the Chrissian Champion and his beloved Lady: For by that time the Sun had Thrice measured the World with his restless Steeds, and Thrice his Sister *Luna* wandred to the West, the Noble *Italian* Knight grew weary of his long continued Rest, and thought it a great Dishonour and a Scandal to his Valiant Mind, to remain where nought but Champion Sports were Resident, and desired rather to abide in a Court that Entertained the doleful murmuring of Tragedies, or where the joyful Sound of Drums and Trumpets should be heard: Therefore he took *Rosalinde* by the Hand, being then weeping for want of her Father, to whom the Noble Knight in this manner expressed his secret Intent.

My most devoted Lady and Mistress (said the Champion) a Second *Dido* for thy Love, a stain to *Venus* for thy Beauty, *Penelope's* compare for Constancy, and for Chastity, the Wonder of all Maids: The faithful Love that hitherto I have found since my arrival, for ever shall be shrined in my Heart, and before all Ladies under the Cope of Heaven, thou shalt live and die my Love's true Goddess: And for thy sake I'll stand as Champion against all Knights in the World: But to impair the Honour of my Knighthood, and to live like a Carpet Dancer in the Laps of Ladies I will not; though I can Tune a Lute in a Prince's Chamber, I can Sound a fierce Alarm in the Field; Honour calls me forth, Dear *Rosalinde*, and Fame intends to buckle on my Armour, which now lies Rusting in the idle Court of *Thrace*. Therefore I am constrained (though most unwillingly) to leave the comfortable sight of thy Beauty, and commit my Fortune to a longer Travel;

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Travel; but I protest wheresoever I become, or in what Region soever I be harboured, there will I maintain to the loss of my Life, that both thy Love, Constancy, Beauty, and Chastity, surpasseth all Dames alive: And with this Promise, my most Divine *Rosalinde*, I bid thee Farewel. But before the honourable Minded Champion could finish what he purposed to utter, the Lady being wounded inwardly with extream Grief, not able to endure to keep silent any longer, but with Tears falling from her Eyes, brake off his Speech in this manner:

Sir Knight (said she) by whom my Liberty hath been obtained: The Name of Lady and Mistress wherewith you entitle me, is too high and proud a Name, but rather call me Handmaid, or Servile Slave, for on thy Noble Person will I evermore attend: It is not *Thrace* can harbour me when thou art absent, and before I do forsake thy Company and kind Fellowship, Heaven shall be no Heaven, the Sea no Sea, nor the Earth no Earth; but if thou provest unconstant, as *Ninus* did to *Scilla*, who for his sake stole her Father's Purple Hat, whereof depended the Safety of his Country, or like wandering *Aeneas* forsake the Queen of *Carthage*, these tender and soft Hands of mine shall never be unclasped, but hang on thy Horse-Bridle till my Body like *Theseus's* Son be dashed in sunder against hard flinty Stone: Therefore forsake me not, Dear Knight of *Christendom*. If ever *Camina* proved true to her *Sinatus*, or *Alstone* to her Lover, *Rosalinde* will be as true to thee: So with this plighted Promise she caught him fast about the Neck, from whence she would not uncloset her Hands till he had vow'd by the Honour of True Chivalry, to make her sole Companion, and only Partner of his Travels: And so in this order it was accomplished.

They being both agreed, she was most trimly attired like a Page in Green Sarsenet, her Hair bound up most cunningly with a Silk Lint, Artificially wrought with curious Knots, that she might Travel without suspicion or blemish of Honour; her Rapier was a *Turkish* Blade, and her Ponyard of the finest Fashion, which she wore at her back tied with an Orange-Tawny coloured Scarf, beautified with Tassels of unknown Silk, her Buskins of the smoothest Kid-Skins, her Spurs of the purest *Lydian* Steel, in which, when the Noble and Beautiful Lady was attired, she seemed in Stature like the God of Love, when he late dandled upon *Dido's* Lap, or rather *Ganimede*, Love's Minion, or *Adonis*, when *Venus* shewed her white Skin to entrap his Eyes to her unchast Desires. But to be brief, all things being in readiness for their departure from *Thrace*, this Famous Worthy Knight Mounted on his eager Steed, and the Magnanimous *Rosalinde* on her gentle Palfrey, in

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Pace more easie than the Winged Winds, or a Cock-Boat floating upon Crystal Streams, they both bad Adieu to the Country of *Thracia*, and committed their Journey to the Queen of Chance: Therefore smile Heavens, and guide them with a most happy Star, untill they arrive where their Souls do most Desire. The Bravest and Boldest Knight that ever wandred by the way, and the loveliest Lady that ever Eye beheld.

In whose Travels my Muse must leave them for a Season, and I speak of the *Thracian* Mourners, which by this Time had watered the Earth with abundance of their Ceremonious Tears, and made the Elements true Witnesses of their sad Lamentations, as hereafter followeth in this next Chapter.

CHAP. VII. *How S. Andrew, the Champion of Scotland, Travelled into a Vale of Walking Spirits, and how he was set at Liberty by a going Fire, after his Journey into Thracia, where he Recovered the Six Ladies to their Natural Shapes, that had lived Seven Years in the likeness of Milk-White Swans; with other Accidents that beset the most Noble Champion.*

NOW of the Honourable Adventures of S. Andrew, the Famous Champion of Scotland, must I Discourse, whose Seven Years Travels were as strange as any of the other Champions: For after he had departed from the Brazen Pillar, as you heard in the Beginning of the History, he Travelled through many strange and unknown Nations, beyond the Circuit of the Sun, where but one time in the Year he shews his brightsome Beams, but continual Darkness overspreads the whole Country, and there lives a kind of People, that have Heads like Dogs, that in extremity of Hunger do devour one another, from which People this Noble Champion was strangely delivered; where after he had wandred some certain Days, neither seeing the glad some Brightness of the Sun, nor the comfortable Countenance of the Moon, but only guided by the Planets of the Elements, he hapned to a Vale of Walking Spirits, which he supposed to be the very Dungeon of Burning *Acheron*: There he heard the blowing of unseen Fires, boiling of Furnaces, rattling of Armour, trampling of Horses, jingling of Chains, lumbring of Iron, roaring of Spirits, and such like horrid Noises, that it made the *Scottish* Champion almost at his Wits end. But yet having an undaunted Courage, exempting all Fear, he humbly made his Supplication to Heaven, that God would deliver him from that discontented place of Terror; and so presently as the Champion kneeled down upon the barren Ground, (whereon grew neither Herb, Flower, Grass, or any other Green Thing) he beheld

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Beheld a certain Flame of Fire walking up and down before him, whereat he grew into such an extasie of Fear, that he stood for a time Amazed, whether it were best to go forward, or to stand still: But yet retaking his Senses, he remembered himself how he had read in former Times of a going Fire, called *Ignis Fatuus*, The Fire of Destiny; by some, *Will with the Wisp*; or, *Jack with the Lanthorn*; and likewise, by some simple Country People, *The Fair Maid of Ireland*, which commonly used to lead wandring Travellers out of their ways; the like Imaginations entred into the Champion's Mind. So encouraging himself with his own Conceits, and cheering up his dull Senses, late oppressed with extream Fear, he directly followed the going Fire, which so justly went before him, that by that time the Guider of the Night had climbed Twelve Degrees in the Zodiack, he was safely delivered from the Vale of Walking Spirits, by the direction of the going Fire.

Now began the Sun to Dance about the Firmament, which he had not seen in many Months before, whereat his dull Senses much rejoiced, being long covered before with Darknes, that every Step he trod, was as pleasurable, as though he had walked in a Garden bedecked with all kind of fragrant Flowers.

At last, without any further molestation, he arrived within the Territories of *Thracia*, a Country as you have heard in the former Chapter, adorned with the Beauty of many fair Woods and Forrests, through which he Travelled with small Rest, and less Sleep, till he came to the Foot of the Mountain, whereupon stood the Castle wherein the woful King of *Thrace*, in Company of his sorrowful Subjects, still lamented the unhappy Destinies of his Six Daughters turned into Swans, having Crowns of Gold about their Necks: When the Valiant Champion *S. Andrew* beheld the lofty Situation of the Castle, and the Invincible Strength it seemed to be of, he expected some strange Adventure to befall him in the said Castle, so preparing his Sword in readines, and buckling close his Armour, which was a Shirt of Silver Mail, for lightness in Travel, he climbed the Mountain, whereupon he espied the Gyant lying upon a craggy Rock, with his Limbs and Members all rent and torn, by the Fury of hunger-starved Fowls; which loathsome Spectacle was no little Wonder to the Worthy Champion; considering the mighty stature and bigness of the Gyant: Where leaving his putrefied Body to the Winds, he approached the Gates; where after he had read the Supercription over the same, without any Interruption, entred the Castle, whence he expected a fierce Encounter by some Knight that should have defended

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the same; but all things fell out contrary to his Imagination, for after he had found many a strange Novelty, and hidden Secret closed in the same, he chanced at last to come where the *Thracians* duly observed their Ceremonious Mourning, which in this order were daily performed: First, Upon *Sundays*, which in that Country is the first Day in the Week, all the *Thracians* attired themselves after the manner of *Bacchus's* Priests, and burned perfumed Incense, with sweet *Arabian* Frankincense upon a Religious Shrine, which they offered to the *Sun* as chief Governor of that Day, thinking thereby to appease the Angry Destinies, and to recover the unhappy Ladies to their former Shapes: Upon *Mondays*, clad in Garments after the manner of *Silvans*, a Colour like to the Waves of the Sea, they offered up their Tears to the *Moon*, being the Guider and Mistress of that Day: Upon *Tuesdays* like Soldiers Trailing their Banners in the Dust, and Drums sounding sad and doleful Melody, in sign of Discontent, they committed their Proceedings to the Pleasures of *Mars*, being Ruler and Guider of that Day: Upon *Wednesday* like Scholars unto *Mercury*: Upon *Thursday* like Potentates to *Love*: Upon *Fridays* like Lovers with sweet sounding Musick to *Venus*; and upon *Saturday* like manual Professors to the angry and discontented *Saturn*.

Thus the woful *Thracian* King, and his sorrowful Subjects consumed Seven Months away, one while accursing Fortune of despite, another while the Heavens of Injustice; the one for his Children's Transformations, the other for their long limited Punishments. But at last, when the *Scottish* Champion heard what bitter Moan the *Thracians* made about the River, he demanded the Cause and to what purpose they observed such Ceremonies, contemning the Majesty of *Jehovah*, and only Worshipping but outward and vain Gods: To whom the King after a few sad Tears, strained from the Conduits of his Aged Eyes, replied in this manner:

Most Noble Knight, for so you seem by your Gesture and other outward Appearance (said the King) if you desire to know the Cause of our continual Grief, prepare your Ears to hear a Tragick and woful Tale, whereat methinks I see the Elements begin to Mourn, and cover their Azured Countenance with Sable Clouds: These Milk-White Swans you see, whose Necks are beautified with Golden Crowns, are my Six Natural Daughters, Transformed into this Swan-like Substance, by the appointment of the Gods; for of late this Castle was kept by a cruel Gyant, Named *Blanderon*, who by violence would have Ravished them, but the Heavens to preserve their Chastities, prevented his Lustful Desires, and Transformed their beautiful Bodies

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to these Milk-White Swans : And now Seven Years the chearful Spring hath renewed the Earth with her Summer's Livery, and Seven times the Nipping Winter Frosts have bereaved the Trees of Leaf and Bud, since first my Daughters lost their Virgin Shapes ; Seven Summers have they swam upon this Crystal Stream, where instead of Rich Attire, and Embroidered Vestments, their smooth Silver Coloured Feathers adorn their comely Bodies : Princely Palaces, wherein they were wont, like tripping Sea-Nymphs, to Dance their Measures up and down, are now exchanged into cold Streams of Water ; wherein their chiefest Melody is the Murmuring of cold Liquid Bubbles, and their Joyful Pleasure to hear the Harmony of humming Bees, which some Poets call the Muses Birds.

Thus have you heard (most Worthy Knight) the woful Tragedy of my Daughters, for whose sakes I will spend the remnant of my Days heavily, complaining of their long appointed Punishments, about the Banks of this unhappy River. Which sad Discourse was no sooner ended, but the *Scottish Knight* (having a Mind furnished with all Princely Thoughts, and a Tongue washt in the Fountain of Eloquence) thus replied, to the Comfort and great rejoicing of the Company.

Most Noble King (said the Champion) your heavy and dolorous Discourse hath constrained my Heart to a wonderful Passion and compelled my very Soul to rue your Daughters Miseries : But yet a greater grief and deeper sorrow than that, hath taken Possession of my Breast, whereof my Eyes have been Witnesses, and my Ears unhappy hearers of your Misbelief, I mean your Unchristian Faith : For I have seen since my first arrival into this same Castle, your Prophane and Vain Worship of strange and false Gods, as of *Phæbus*, *Luna*, *Mars*, *Mercury*, and such like Poetical Names, which the Majesty of high *Jehovah* utterly contemns : But Magnificent Governor of *Thracia*, if you seek to recover your Daughters by humble Prayer, and to obtain your Soul's content by true Tears, you must abandon all such vain Ceremonies, and with true Humility believe in the Christians God, which is the God of Wonders, and chief Commander of the rousing Elements, in whose Quarrel this unconquered Arm, and this undaunted Heart of mine shall Fight : And now be it known to thee, great King of *Thrace*, that I am a Christian Champion, by Birth a Knight of *Scotland*, bearing my Countrey's Arms upon my Breast, (for indeed thereon he bore a Silver Cross, set in Blue Silk) and therefore in the Honour of *Christendom*, I Challenge forth the proudest Knight at Arms, against whom I will maintain that our God is the True God, and the rest fantastical and vain Ceremonies.

Which

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Which sudden and unexpected Challenge, so daunted the *Thracian* Champions, that they stood amazed for a time, gazing upon one another, like Men dropt from the Clouds; but at last consulting together, how the Challenge of the strange Knight was to the dishonour of their Country, and utter Scandal of all Knightly Dignity; they with a general consent craved leave of the King, that the Challenge might be taken, who as willingly condescended as they demanded.

So both Time and Place was appointed, which was the next Morning following, by the King's Commandment, upon a large and plain Meadow close by the River-side, whereon the Six Swans were swimming; whereupon, after the Christian Champion had cast down his Steely Gauntlet, and the *Thracian* Knight accepted thereof, every one departed for that Night, the Challenger to the East-side of the Castle to his Lodging, and the Defendants to the West, where they slept quietly till the next Morning, who by the break of Day, were awakened by a Herald of Arms: But all the passed Night our *Scottish* Champion never entertained one Motion of Rest, but busied himself in trimming his Horse, buckling on his Armour, lacing on his Burgonet, and making Prayers to the Divine Majesty of God, for the Conquest and Victory, till the Morning's Beauty chased away the Darkness of the Night, and no sooner were the Windows of the Day full opened, but the Valiant and Noble-Minded Champion of *Christendom* entred the List, where the King in Company of the *Thracian* Lords was present to behold the Combat; and so after *S. Andrew* had Twice or Thrice traced his Horse up and down the Lists, bravely flourishing his Launce, at the Top whereof hung a Pendant of Gold, whose Posie was thus written in Silver Letters, *This Day a Martyr or a Conqueror*. Then entred a Knight in exceeding bright Armour, Mounted upon a Courser as White as the Northern Snow, whose Caparison was of the Colour of the Elements, betwixt whom was a fierce Encounter, but the *Thracian* had the Foil and with Disgrace departed the List. Then Secondly entred another Knight in Armour, varnished with Green Varnish, his Steed of the Colour of an Iron-Grey; who likewise had the Repulse by the Worthy Christian. Thirdly entred a Knight in a Black Corset, Mounted upon a big-boned Palfrey, covered with a Veil of Sable Silk, in his Hand he bore a Launce nailed round about with Plates of Steel; which Knight amongst the *Thracians* was accounted the strongest in the World, except it were those Gyants that descended from a Monstrous Lineage; but no sooner Encountred these hardy Champions, but their Launces shivered in sunder, and flew so violently into the Air, that it much amazed the Beholders, then they alighted from

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from their Steeds, and so Valiantly bestired them with their keen Faulchions, that the fiery Sparkles flew so fierce from these Noble Champions Steely Helmets, as from an Iron Anvil: But the Combat endured not very long, before the most hardy *Scottish* Knight espied an Advantage, wherein he might shew his Matchless Fortitude; whereupon he struck such a mighty Blow upon the *Thracian's* Burgonet, that it cleaved his Head just down to his Shoulders; whereat the King suddenly started from his Seat, and with a wrathful Countenance threatened the Champions Death in this manner:

Proud Christian (said the King) thou shalt repent his Death, and curse the time that ever thou camest to *Thracia*: His Blood we will Revenge upon thy Head, and quit thy committed cruelty with a sudden Death: And so in Company of a Hundred Armed Knights, he encompassed the *Scottish* Champion, intending by Multitudes to Murder him. But when the Valiant Knight *S. Andrew* saw how he was suppressed by Treachery, and environed with mighty Troops, he called to Heaven for Succour, and Animated himself by these Words of Encouragement, *Now for the Honour of Christendom, This Day a Martyr or a Conqueror*; and therewithal he so Valiantly behaved himself with his Cuttle-Ax, that he made Lanes of Murdered Men, and felled them down by Multitudes like as the Harvest Men do Mow down Ears of ripened Corn, whereby they fell before his Face like Leaves from Trees when the Summer's Pride declines her Glory. So at the last after much bloodshed, the *Thracian* King was compelled to yield to the *Scottish* Champion's Mercy, who swore him for the Safety of his Life, to forsake his prophane Religion, and become a Christian, whose living True God the *Thracian* King vowed for evermore to Worship, and thereupon he kissed the Champion's Sword.

This Conversion of the Pagan King, so pleased the Majesty of God, that he presently gave end to his Daughters Punishments, and turned the Ladies to their Former Shapes. But when the King beheld their smooth Feathers, which were as white as Lilies, exchanged to natural fairness, and that their black Bills and slender Necks were converted to their first created Beauty (wherefor external fairness the Queen of Love might build her Paradise) he bad Adieu to his grief and long continued sorrows, protesting ever after to continue a true Christian for the *Scottish* Champion's sake, by whom and by whose Divine Orisons, his Daughters obtained their former Features: So taking the Christian Knight in company of the Six Ladies, to an excellent Rich Chamber prepared with all things according to their wishes, where first the Christian Knight was unarmed, then his Wounds washed with White Wine,

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New Milk, and Rose-Water, and so after some dainty Repast, conveyed to his Nights Repose. The Ladies being the joyfullest Creatures under Heaven, never entertained one Thought of Sleep, but passed the Night in their Father's Company (whose Mind was Ravished with unspeakable Pleasures) till the Morning's Messengers bad them Good Morrow.

Thus all things being prepared in a readiness, they departed the Castle, not like Mourners to a heavy Funeral, but in Triumphant manner, marching back to the *Thracian* Palace, with Streaming Banners in the Wind, Drums and Trumpets sounding joyful Melody, and with sweet inspiring Musick caused the Air to resound with Harmony: But no sooner were they entred the Palace which was in distance from the Gyant's Castle, about Ten Miles, but their Triumphs turned to exceeding Sorrow, for *Rosalinde* with the Champion of *Italy*, as you have heard before, was departed the Court; which unexpected News so daunted the whole Company, but especially the King, that the Triumphs for that time were deferred, and Messengers were dispatched in pursuit of the Adventurous *Italian*, and lovely *Rosalinde*.

Likewise when *S. Andrew* of *Scotland* had intelligence how it was one of those Knights which was Imprisoned with him under the wicked Enchantress *Kalyb*, as you heard in the Beginning of the History, his Heart thirsted for his most honourable Company, and his Eyes seldom closed quietly, nor took any rest, until he was likewise departed in the pursuit of his sworn Friend, which was the next Night following, without making any acquainted with his Intent: Likewise when the Six Ladies understood the secret departure of the *Scottish* Champion, whom they affected dearer than any Knight in the World, they stored themselves with sufficient Treasure, and by stealth took their Journeys from their Father's Palace, intending either to find out the Victorious and approved Knight of *Scotland*, or to end their Lives in some Foreign Region.

The Rumour of whose Departure, no sooner came to the King's Ears, but he purposed the like Travel, either to obtain the sight of his Daughters again, or to make his Tomb beyond the Circuit of the Sun: So attiring himself in homely Ruffet, like a Pilgrim, with an Ebon Staff in his Hand, tipped with Silver, took his Journey all unknown from his Palace, whose sudden and secret departure struck such an extream and intolerable heaviness in the Court, that the Palace Gates were Sealed up with Sable Mourning Cloth, the *Thracian* Lords exempted all Pleasure, and like Flocks of Sheep strayed up and down without Shepherds, the Ladies and Courtly Gentiles sat sighing in their
their

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their private Chambers; where we will leave them for this time, and speak of the Success of the other Champions, and how Fortune smiled on their Adventurous Proceedings.

CHAP. VIII. *How S. Patrick, the Champion of Ireland, Redeemed the Six Thracian Ladies out of the Hands of Thirty Bloody-Minded Satyrs, and of their purposed Travel in a Pursuit after the Champion of Scotland.*

BUT now of that Valiant and Bold Knight at Arms, S. Patrick the Champion of Ireland, must I speak, whose Adventurous Accidents were so Nobly performed, that if my Pen were made of Steel, I should wear it out to declare his Prowess, and worthy Adventures. When he departed from the Brazen Pillar, from the other Champions, the Heavens smiled with a kind Aspect, and sent him such a Star to be his Guide, that it lead him to no courtly Pleasures, nor to vain Delights, but to the Throne of Fame, where Honour sat enthroned upon a Seat of Gold. Thither Travelled the Warlike Champion of Ireland, whose Illustrious Battels the Northern Isles have Chronicled in Leaves of Brass: Therefore Ireland be proud, for from thy Bowels did Spring a Champion, whose Prowess made the Enemies of Christ to Tremble, and watered the Earth with Streams of Pagans Blood: Witness whereof the Isle of Rhodes, the Key and Strength of Christendom, was recovered from the Turks by his Martial and Invincible Prowess; where his dangerous Battels, fierce Encounters, bloody Skirmishes, and long Assaults, would serve to fill a mighty Volume, all which I pass over, and wholly Discourse of Things appertaining to this History. For after the Wars of Rhodes were fully ended, S. Patrick (accounted idle Ease the Nurse of Cowardise) bid Rhodes Farewel, being then strongly Fortified with Christian Soldiers, and took his Journey through many an unknown Country, where at last, it pleased so the Queen of Chance, to direct his steps into a solitary Wilderness, Inhabited only by Wild Satyrs, and a People of Inhumane Qualities, giving their wicked Minds only to Murder, Lust, and Rapine; wherein the Noble Champion Travelled up and down many a weary step, not knowing how to qualify his hunger, but by his own Industry in killing of Venison, and pressing out the Blood between two flat Stones, and daily Roasted it by the Heat of the Sun, his Lodging was in the hollow Trunk of a Blasted Tree, which Nightly preserved him from the dropping Showers of Heaven, his chief Companions were sweet-resounding Ecchoes, which commonly re-answered the Champion's Words.

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In this manner lived S. Patrick the *Irish* Knight, in the Woods, not knowing how to set himself at Liberty, but wandring up and down as it were in a Maze wrought by the curious Workmanship of some excellent Gardiner, it was his chance at last to come into a dismal shady Thicket, beset about with baleful Mistletoe, a Place of Horror, wherein he heard the cries of some distressed Ladies, whose bitter Lamentations seemed to pierce the Clouds, and to crave succour of the Hands of God, which unexpected Cries not a little daunted the *Irish* Knight, so that it caused him to prepare his Weapon in readiness against some sudden Encounter; so crouching himself under the Root of an old withered Oak (which had not flourished with Green Leaves many a Year) he espied afar off, a crew of bloody-minded *Satyrs*, haling by the Hair of the Head Six unhappy Ladies, through many a Thorny Brake and Bryar, whereby the Beauty of their Crimson Cheeks was all besprent with Purple Gore, and their Eyes, (within whose clear Glasses one might behold the God of Love Dancing) all-to-be-rent and torn by the Fury of the Briars, whereby they could not see the Light of Heaven, nor the Place of their unfortunate Abiding: Which woful Spectacle forced such a Terror in the Heart of the *Irish* Knight, that he presently made out for the Rescue of the Ladies to Redeem them from the Fury of the merciless *Satyrs*, which were in Number about Thirty, every one having a Club upon his Neck, which they had made of the Roots of Young Oaks and Pine-Trees; yet this Adventurous Champions being nothing discouraged, but with a Bold and Resolute Mind, let drive at the sturdiest *Satyr*, whose Armour of Defence was made of a Bull's Hide, which was dried so hard against the Sun, that the Champion's Cuttle-Ax prevailed not: After which, the fell *Satyrs* encompassed the Christian Knight round about, and so mightily opprest him with downright Blows, that had he not by good Fortune leapt under the Boughs of a spreading Tree, his Life had been forced to give the World a speedy Farewel. But such was his nimbleness and active Policy, that e'er long he sheathed his sharp-pointed Faulchion in one of the *Satyr's* Breasts: Which woful sight caused all the rest to flie from his presence, and left the Six Ladies to the pleasure and disposition of the most Noble and Courageous Christian Champion:

Who after he had sufficiently breathed, and cooled himself in the chill Air, (being almost windless through the long Encounter, and bloody Skirmish) he demanded the cause of the Ladies Travels, and by what means they hapned into the Hands of those merciless *Satyrs*, who Cruelly and Tyrannically attempted the Ruine and endless Spoil
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of their unspotted Virginities. To which courteous Demand, one of the Ladies, after a deep-fetcht sigh or two (being strained from the bottom of her most sorrowful Heart) in the behalf of her self and the other distressed Ladies, replied in this order :

Know, Brave Minded Knight, that we are the unfortunate Daughters of the King of *Thrace*, whose Lives have been unhappy ever since our Births ; for first we did endure a long Imprisonment under the Hands of a cruel Gyant, and after the Heavens to preserve our Chastities from the wicked desire of the said Gyant, Transformed us into the Shape of Swans, in which likeness we remained Seven Years, but at last recovered by a worthy Christian Knight, Named *S. Andrew* the Champion of *Scotland*, after whom we have Travelled many a weary Step, never crossed by any Violence, until it was our angry Fates to arrive in this unhappy Wilderness, where your Eyes have been true Witnesses of our Misfortunes. Which sad Discourse was no sooner finished, but the Worthy Champion thus began to comfort the distressed Ladies.

The Christian Champion after whom you take in hand this weary Travel (said the *Irish* Champion) is my approved Friend, for whose Company and wished for Sight, I will go more weary Miles than there be Trees in this vast Wilderness, and Number my Steps with the Sands hidden in the Seas : Therefore, Most Excellent Ladies, True Ornaments of Beauty, be sad Companions in my Travels, for I will never cease till I have found our Honourable Friend, the Champion of *Scotland*, or some of those Brave Knights, whom I have not seen these Seven Summers.

These Words so contented the sorrowful Ladies, that without any exception they agreed, and with as much willingness contented as the Champion demanded. So after they had recreated themselves, eased their weariness, and cured their Wounds, which was by the secret Vertues of certain Herbs growing in the same Woods, they took their Journeys anew, under the Conduct of this Worthy Champion *S. Patrick*, where after some Days Travel they obtained the sight of a broad beaten Way, where committing their Fortunes to the Fatal Sisters, and setting their Faces toward the East, they merrily Journeyed together. In whose Fortunate Travels we will leave them, and speak of the Seventh Christian Champion, whose Adventurous Exploits and Knightly Honours deserve a Golden Pen, dipt in Ink of true Fame to Discourse at Large.

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CHAP. IX. *How S. David the Champion of Wales, slew the Count Palatine in the Tartarian Court, and after how he was sent to the Enchanted Garden of Ormandine, wherein by Magick Art he Slept Seven Years.*

Saint David the most Noble Champion of Wales, after his departure from the Brazen Pillar, whereat the other Champions of *Christendom* divided themselves severally to seek Foreign Adventures, he achieved many memorable Things, as well in *Christendom*, as in those Nations that acknowledged no True God: Which as for this time I omit, and only Discourse what happed unto him among the *Tartarians*; for being in the Emperor of *Tartary's* Court (a place very much honoured with Valorous Knights, highly graced with a Train of Beautiful Ladies) where the Emperor upon a time Ordained a Solemn Just and Tournament to be holden in Honour of his Birth-Day: Whither resorted at the time appointed, (from all the Borders of *Tartary*) the best and the hardiest Knights there remaining. In which Honourable and Princely Exercise, the Noble Knight S. David was appointed Champion for the Emperor, who was Mounted upon a *Morocco* Steed, betrapped in a rich Caparison, wrought by the curious Work of Indian Women, upon whose Shield was set a Golden Griffin rampant in a Field of Blue.

Against him came the Count *Palatine*, Son and Heir apparent to the *Tartarian* Emperor, brought in by Twelve Knights, Richly furnished with Habiliments of Honour, who paced Three times about the Lists before the Emperor and many Ladies that were present to behold the honourable Tournament. The which being done, the Twelve Knights departed the Lists, and the Count *Palatine* prepared himself to Encounter with the Christian Knight (being appointed chief Champion for the Day) who likewise prepared himself, and at the Trumpet's Sound by the Herald's appointment, they ran so fiercely against each other, that the Ground seemed to shake under them, and the Skies to resound Ecchoes of their mighty Stroaks.

At the Second Race the Champions ran, S. David had the worst, and was constrained through the forcible strength of the Count *Palatine* to lean backward, almost beside his Saddle, whereat the Trumpets began to Sound in sign of Victory: But yet the Valiant Christian nothing dismayed, but with a Courage (within whose Eyes late Knightly Revenge) ran the Third time against the Count *Palatine*, and by the Violence of his Strength, he overthrew both Horse and Man, whereby the Count's Body was so extreemly bruised with the fall of his Horse, that

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his Heart Blood issued forth by his Mouth, and his vital Spirits pressed from the Mansion of his Breast, so that he was forced to give the World Farewel.

This fatal Overthrow of the Count *Palatine*, abashed the whole Company, but especially the *Tartarian* Emperor, who having no more Sons but him, caused the Lists to be broken up, the Knights to be unarmed, and the Murdered Count to be brought, by Four Esquires, into his Palace, where after he was despoiled of his Furniture, and the Christian Knight received in Honour of his Victory, the woeful Emperor bathed his Son's Body with Tears, which dropped like Crystal Pearls from the congealed Blood, and after many sad Sighs he breathed forth this woful Lamentation:

Now are my Triumphs turned into Everlasting Woes, from a Pleasant Pastime, to a Direful and Bloody Tragedy; O most unkind Fortune, never Constant but in Change! Why is my Life deferred to see the downfal of my Dear Son, the Noble Count *Palatine*? Why rends not this accursed Earth whereon I stand, and presently swallow up my Body into her hungry Bowels? Is this the use of Christians, for true Honour to repay Dishonour? Could not base Blood serve to stain his deadly Hands withal, but the Royal Blood of my Dear Son, in whose Revenge the Face of the Heavens is stained with Blood, and cries for Vengeance to the Majesty of Mighty *Jove*. The dreadful Furies, the direful Daughters of Dark Night, and all the baleful Company of Burning *Acheron*, whose Loins shall be girt with Serpents, and Hair be hanged with Wreaths of Snakes, shall haunt, pursue, and follow that cursed Christian Champion, that hath bereaved my Country *Tartary* of so precious a Jewel as my Dear Son the Count *Palatine* was, whose Magnanimous Prowess did surpass all the Knights of our Recovery.

Thus sorrowed the woful Emperor for the Death of his Noble Son: Sometimes making the Ecchoes of his Lamentations pierce the Elements: Another while forcing his bitter Curses to sink to the deep Foundations of *Acheron*: One while intending to be Revenged on *S. David* the Christian Champion, then presently his Intenr was crossed with a contrary Imagination, thinking it was against the Law of Arms, and a great Dishonour to his Country, by Violence to Oppress a strange Knight, whose Actions had ever been guided by true Honour; but yet at last this firm Resolution entred into his Mind.

There was adjoining upon the Borders of *Tartary*, an Enchanted Garden, kept by Magick Art, from whence never any returned that attempted to enter; the Governour of which Garden was a Notable and Famous Necromancer, Named *Ormandine*, to which Magician the

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Tartarian Emperor intended to send the Adventurous Champion *S. David*, thereby to Revenge the Count *Palatine's* Death. So the Emperor after some few Days passed, and the Obsequies of his Son being no sooner performed but he caused the Christian Knight to be brought into his Presence, to whom he committed this heavy Task, and weary Labour.

Proud Knight (said the Angry Emperor) thou knowest since thy Arrival in our Territories, how highly I have Honoured thee, not only in granting Liberty of Life, but making thee chief Champion of *Tartary*, which high Honour thou hast repaid with great Ingratitude, and blemished true Nobility, in Acting my Dear Son's Tragedy: For which unhappy Deed thou rightly hast deserved Death, but yet know Accursed Christian, that Mercy harboureth in Princely Minds, and where Honour sits Enthronized, there Justice is not too Severe: Although thou hast deserved Death, yet if thou wilt Adventure to the Enchanted Garden and bring hither the Magician's Head, I grant thee not only Life, but therewithal the Crown of *Tartary* after my Decease, because I see thou hast a Mind furnished with all Princely Thoughts, and adorned with True Magnanimity.

This heavy Task and strange Adventure not a little pleased the Noble Champion of *Wales*, whose Mind ever Thirsted after Worthy Adventures; and so after some considerate Thoughts, in this manner reply'd:

Most High and Magnificent Emperor, (said the Champion) were this Task which you enjoin me to, as wonderful as the Labours of *Hercules*, or as fearful as the Enterprize which *Jason* made for the Golden Fleece, yet would I Attempt to finish it, and return with Triumph to *Tartary*, as the *Macedonian* Monarch did to *Babylon*, when he had Conquered part of the wide World. Which Words were no sooner ended, but the Emperor bound him by his Oath of Knighthood, and by the Love he bore unto his Native Country, never to follow other Adventure, till he had performed his Promise, which was to bring the Magician *Ormandine's* Head into *Tartary*; whereupon the Emperor departed from the Noble Knight *S. David*, hoping never to see him return, but rather to hear of his utter Confusion, or Everlasting Imprisonment.

Thus the Valiant Christian Champion, being bound to his Promise, within Three Days prepared all Necessaries in readinels for his departure, and so Travelled Westward, till he approached the sight of the Enchanted Garden, the Situation whereof somewhat daunted his Valiant Courage, for it was encompassed with a Hedge of withered Thorns

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Thorns and Bryars, which seemed continually to burn : Upon the Top thereof sate a Number of strange and deformed Things, some in the likeness of Night-Owls, which wondred at the Presence of S. *David*, some in the Shape of *Progne's* Transformation, foretelling his unfortunate Success, and some like Ravens, that with their harsh Throats Ring forth hateful Knells of woful Tragedies : The Element which covered the Enchanted Garden, seemed to be overspread with misty Clouds, from whence continually shot Flames of Fire, as though the Skies had been filled with blazing Comets : Which fearful Spectacle as it seemed the very Pattern of Hell, struck such a Terror into the Champion's Heart, that Twice he was in the Mind to return without performing the Adventure, but for his Oath and Honour of Knighthood, which he had Pawned for the Accomplishment thereof : So laying his Body on the cold Earth, being the first Nurse and Mother of his Life, he made his humble Petition to God, that his Mind might never be oppressed with Cowardice, nor his Heart daunted with faint Fears, till he had performed what the *Tartarian* Emperor had bound him to, the Champion rose from the Ground, and with chearful Looks beheld the Elements, which seemed in his Conceit to smile at the Enterprize, and to foreshew a lucky Event.

So the Noble Knight S. *David* with a Valiant Courage went to the Garden Gate, by which stood a Rock of Stone, overspread with Moss : In which Rock by Magick Art was enclosed a Sword, nothing outwardly appearing but the Hilt, which was the Richest in his Judgment, that ever his Eyes beheld, for the Steel-Work was Engraven very curiously, beset with Jaspers and Sapphire-Stones ; the Pummel was in the Fashion of a Globe, of the purest Silver that the Mines of Rich *America* brought forth : About the Pummel was Engraven with Letters of Gold, these Verses following :

*My Magick Spells remain most firmly bound,
The Worlds strange Wonder unknown by any one,
Till that a Knight within the North be found,
To pull this Sword from out this Rock of Stone :
Then ends my Charms, my Magick Arts and all,
By whose strong Hand, Wise Ormandine must fall.*

These Verses drave such a conceited Imagination into the Champion's Mind, that he supposed himself to be the Northern Knight by whom the Necromancer should be Conquered ; therefore without any further delays, he put his Hand into the Hilt of the Rich Sword, thinking presently to pull it out from the Enchanted Rock of Ormandine :

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But no sooner did he Attempt that vain Enterprize, but his Valiant Courage and Invincible Fortitude failed him, and all his Senses were overtaken with a sudden and heavy Sleep, whereby he was forced to let go his hold, and to fall flat upon the barren Ground, where his Eyes were so fast locked up by Magick Art, and his waking Senses drowned in such a dead Slumber, that it was as much impossible to recover himself from Sleep, as to pull the Sun out of the Firmament. The Necromancer, by his Magick Skill had Intelligence of the Champion's unfortunate Success, who sent from the Enchanted Garden Four Spirits, in the Similitude and Likeness of Four beautiful Damsels, which wrapped the drousie Champion in a Sheet of fine *Arabian* Silk, and conveyed him into a Cave, directly placed in the middle of the Garden, where they laid him upon a soft Bed, more softer than the Down of *Culvers*: Where those beautiful Ladies through the Art of wicked *Ormandine*, continually kept him sleeping for the Term of Seven Years: One while singing with sweet sugared Songs, more sweet and delightful than the Syrens Melody: Another while with rare conceited Musick surpassing the sweetness of *Arion's* Harp which made the Dolphins in the Sea Dance at the Sound of his sweet inspiring Melody; or like the Harmony of *Orpheus* when he Journeyed down into Hell, where the Devils rejoiced to hear his admired Notes, and on Earth Trees and Stones leaped when he did but touch the Silver Strings of his Ivory Harp.

Thus was *S. David's* Adventure cross'd with a wonderful bad Success, whose Days Travels was turned into a Nights Repose, whose Nights Repose was made a heavy Sleep, which endured until Seven Years were fully finished, where we will leave *S. David* to the Mercy of the Necromancer *Ormandine*, and return to the most Noble and Magnanimous Champion *S. George*, where we left him Imprisoned in the Soldan's Court. But now, Gentle Reader, thou wilt think it strange, that all these Champions should meet together again, seeing they be separated into so many Borders of the World: First, *S. Denis* the Champion of *France*, remains now in the Court of *Thessaly* with his Lady *Eglantine*; *S. James* the Champion of *Spain*, in the City of *Sicily* with *Celestine*, the fair Lady of *Jerusalem*; *S. Anthony* the Champion of *Italy*, Travelling the World, in the Company of the *Thracian* Maiden, attired in a Page's Apparel; *S. Andrew* the Champion of *Scotland*, seeking after the *Italian*; *S. Patrick* the Champion of *Ireland*, after the Champion of *Scotland*; *S. David* of *Wales*, sleeping in the Enchanted Garden, adjoining to the Kingdom of *Tartary*; and *S. George* the Famous Champion of *England* Imprisoned in *Persia*; of whom, and whose Noble Adventures, I must a while Discourse, till the

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the honoured Fame of the other Champions compels me to report their Noble and Princely Atchievements.

CHAP. X. *How S. George escaped out of Prison at Persia, and how he Redeemed the Champion of Wales from his Enchantment, with other things that happened to the English Knight: With the Tragical Tale of the Necromancer Ormandine.*

NOW Seven Times had Frosty Bearded Winter covered both Herbs and Flowers with Snow, and behung the Trees with Crystal Icicles: Seven Times had Lady *Ver* beautified every Field with Nature's Ornaments; and Seven Times had withered *Autumn* Robbed the Earth of Spring Flowers, since the unfortunate S. George beheld the chearful Light of Heaven, but lived obscurely in a dismal Dungeon, by the Soldan of *Persia's* commandment, as you heard before in the Beginning of the History: His unhappy Fortune so discontented his restless Thoughts, that a Thousand Times a Year he wisht an end of his Life, and a Thousand Times he cursed the Day of his Creation: His Sighs in Number did countervail a heap of Sand, whose Top might seem to reach the Skies, the which he vainly breathed forth against the Walls of the Prison, many Times making his humble Supplications to the Heavens to Redeem him from the Vale of Misery, and many Times seeking occasion desperately to abridge his Days, and so Triumph in his own Tragedy.

But at last, when Seven Years were fully ended, it was the Champion's lucky Fortune to find in a secret corner of the Dungeon a certain Iron Engine, which Time had almost consumed with Rust, where, with long Labour, he digged himself a Passage through the Ground, till he ascended just in the middle of the Soldan's Court, which was at that time of the Night, when all Things were silent: The Heavens he then beheld beautified with Stars, and bright *Cynthia*, whose glittering Beams he had not seen in many Hundred Nights before, seemed to smile at his safe Delivery, and to stay her wandering Course, till he most happily found means to get without the Compals of the *Persian's* Court, where danger might no longer attend him, nor the strong Gates of the City hinder his flight, which in this manner was performed. For now the Noble Knight being as fearful as the Bird newly escaped from the Fowlers Net, gazed round about, and listened where he might hear the Voice of People, at last he heard the Grooms of the Soldan's Stable, furnishing forth Horses against the next Morning for some Noble Atchievement. Whereupon the Noble Champion S. George taking the Iron Engine, wherewith he Redeemed himself

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out of Prison, he burst open the Doors, where he slew all the Grooms in the Soldan's Stable: Which being done, he took the strongest Palfrey, and the richest Furniture, with other Necessaries appertaining to a Knight at Arms, and so rode in great comfort to one of the City Gates, where he saluted the Porter in this manner:

Porter, Open the Gates, for S. George of *England* is escaped, and hath Murdered the Grooms, in whose Pursuit the City is in Arms. Which Words the simple *Persian* believed for Truth, and so with all speed opened the Gates, whereat the Champion of *England* departed, and left the Soldan in his dead Sleep, little mistrusting his sudden Escape.

But by that time the Purple spotted Morning had parted with her Grey, and the Sun's bright Countenance appeared on the Mountain Tops, S. George had Rode Twenty Miles from the *Persian* Court, and before his departure was bruted in the Soldan's Palace, the *English* Champion had recovered the sight of *Grecia*, past all danger of the *Persian* Knights that followed him with a swift Pursuit.

By this time the Extremity of Hunger so sharply Tormented him, that he could Travel no further, but was constrained to sustain himself with certain wild Chesnuts instead of Bread, and sower Oranges instead of Drink, and such faint Food as grew by the way as he Travelled, where the necessity and want of Victuals compelled the Noble Knight to breath forth this pitiful Complaint:

Oh Hunger! Hunger! (said the Champion) more sharper than the Stroke of Death, thou art the extreamest Punishment that ever Man endured: If I were now King of *Armenia*, and chief Potentate of *Asia*, yet would I give my Diadem, my Scepter, with all my Provinces, for one Piece of Brown Bread: O that this Earth would be so kind, as to open her Bowels and cast up some Food, to suffice my Want; or that the Air might be choaked with Mists, whereby feathered Fowl for want of breath might fall, and yield me some Succour in this my Famishment, and extream Penury; or that the Oceans would outspread their branched Arms, and cover these Sunburnt Valleys with their Treasures, to satisfy my Hunger; but oh! now I see both Heaven and Earth, Hills and Dales, Skies and Seas, Fish and Fowls, Birds and Beasts, and all Things under the Cope of Heaven, conspire my utter Overthrow; better had it been if I had ended my Days in *Persia*, than here to be Famished in the broad World, where all Things by Nature's appointment are ordained for Man's use. Now instead of Courtly Delicates, I am forced to eat the Fruit of Trees, and instead of *Greekish* Wines, I am compelled to quench my Thirst

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Thirst with Morning Dew, which Nightly falls upon the Blades of Grass.

Thus complained S. George, till glittering *Phæbus* had Mounted the Top of Heaven, and drawn the Misty Vapours from the Ground, whereby he might behold the Prospects of *Grecia*, and which way to Travel most safely. And as he look'd he espied directly before his Face a Tower, standing upon a chalky Cliff, distant from him about Three Miles, whither the Champion intended to go, not to seek for Adventures, but to Rest himself after his weary Journey, and get such Victuals as therein he could find to suffice his Want.

So setting forward with a speedy Pace, the Heaven seemed to smile, and the Birds to Ring chirping Peals of Melody, as though they did Prognosticate a fortunate Event. The Way he found so plain, and the Journey so easie, that in half an Hour he approached before the said Tower; where upon the Wall stood a most Beautiful Woman, attired after the manner of a distressed Lady, and her Looks heavy, like the Queen of *Troy*, when she beheld her Palace on Fire. The Valiant Knight S. George, after he had alighted from his Horse, gave her this courteous Salutation:

Lady, (said he) for so you seem by your outward Appearance, if ever you pitied a Traveller, or granted Succour to a Christian Knight, give to me one Meals Meat, now almost Famisht. To whom the Lady after a curst Frown or two, answered in this order:

Sir Knight (quoth she) I advise thee with all speed to depart, for here thou gettest but a cold Dinner: My Lord is a mighty Gyant, and believeth in *Mahomet*, and if he once do but understand that thou art a Christian Knight, not all the Gold of higher *India*, nor the Riches of wealthy *Babylon*, can preserve thy Life. Now by the Honour of my Knighthood (replied S. George) and by the great God that *Christendom* Adores, were thy Lord more stronger than mighty *Hercules* that bore Mountains on his Back, here will I either obtain my Dinner, or Die by his accursed Hand.

These Words so abashed the Lady, that she went with all speed from the Tower, and told the Gyant how a Christian Knight remained at the Gate, which had sworn to suffice his Hunger in despite of his Will: Whereat the furious Gyant suddenly started up, being as then in a sound Sleep, for it was the middle of the Day, who took a Bar of Iron in his Hand, and came down to the Tower Gate. His stature was in heighth Five Yards, his Head bristled like a Boar, a Foot there was betwixt each Brow, his Eyes hollow, his Mouth wide, his Lips were like to flaps of Steel, in all his Proportion more like a Devil than
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a Man. Which deformed Monster so daunted the Courage of *S. George*, that he prepared himself for Death, not through fear of the Monstrous Gyant, but for hunger and feebleness of Body: But here God provided for him, and so restored to him his decay'd Strength, that he endured Battel until the closing up of the Evening, by which time the Gyant grew almost Blind, through the Sweat that ran down from his monstrous Brows, whereat *S. George* got the Advantage, and wounded the Gyant so cruelly under the Short Ribs, that he was compelled to fall to the Ground, and to give end to his Life.

After which happy Event of the Gyant's slaughter, the Invincible Champion *S. George* first gave the Honour of his Victory unto God, in whose Power all his Fortune consisted. Then entring the Tower, whereas the Lady presented him with all manner of Delicates and pure Wines; but the *English* Knight suspecting Treachery to be hidden in her proffered Courtesie, caused her first to Taste of every Dish, likewise of his Wine, lest some violent Poison should be therein mixed: Finding all things pure and wholesome as Nature required, he sufficed his Hunger, rested his weary Body, and refreshed his Horse.

And so leaving the Tower in keeping of the Lady, he committed his Fortune to a New Travel; where his revived Spirits never entertained longer Rest, but to the refreshing of himself and his Horse; so Travelled he through part of *Grecia*, the Confines of *Phrygia*, and into the Borders of *Tartary*, within whose Territories he had not long Journeyed, but he approached the sight of the Enchanted Garden of *Ormandine*, where *S. David* the Champion of *Wales* had so long Slept by Magick Art. But no sooner did he behold the wonderful Situation thereof, but he espied *Ormandine's* Sword enclosed in the Enchanted Rock: where after he had read the Superscription written about the Pummel, he essayed to pull it out by strength, where he no sooner put his Hand into the Hilt, but he drew it forth with much ease, as though it had been hung by a Thred of untwisted Silk: but when he beheld the glittering brightness of the Blade, and the wonderful Richness of the Pummel, he accounted the Prize more worth than the Armour of *Achilles*, which caused *Ajax* to run mad, and more Riches than *Medea's* Golden Fleece: But by that time *S. George* had circumspectly looked into every secret of the Sword, he heard a strange and dismal Voice Thunder in the Skies, a Terrible and Mighty Lumbring in the Earth, whereat both Hills and Mountains shook, Rocks removed, and Oaks rent into pieces: After this, the Gates of the Enchanted Garden flew open, whereat incontinently came forth *Ormandine* the Magician, with his Hair staring on his Head, his Eyes sparkling, his
Cheeks

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Cheeks blushing, his Hands quivering, his Legs trembling, and all the rest of his Body distempered, as though Legions of Spirits had encompassed him about ; he came directly to the worthy *English* Knight that remained still by the Enchanted Rock, from whence he had pulled the Magician's Sword : Whence after the Necromancer had sufficiently beheld his Princely Countenance, whereon true Honour sat Enthronized, and viewed his portly Personage, the Image of true Knighthood, the which seemed in the Magician's Eyes to be the rarest Work that ever Nature framed : First, he took the most Valiant and Magnanimous Champion *S. George of England*, by the Steely Gauntlet, and with great Humility kissed it, then proffering him the Courtesies due unto Strangers, which was performed very graciously ; he afterwards conducted him into the Enchanted Garden, to the Cave where the Champion of *Wales* was kept Sleeping by four Virgins singing delightful Songs, and after setting him a Chair of Ebony, *Ormandine* thus began to relate of Wonderful Things.

Renowned Knight at Arms (said the Necromancer,) Fame's worthiest Champion, whose strange Adventures all *Christendom* in time to come shall applaud ; be silent till I have told my Tale, for never after this, must my Tongue speak again : The Knight which thou seest here wrapt in this Sheet of Gold, is a Christian Champion, as thou art, sprung from the Ancient Seed of *Trojan* Warriours, who likewise attempted to draw this Enchanted Sword, but my Magick Spells so prevailed, that he was intercepted in the Enterprize, and forced ever since to remain sleeping in this Cave : But now the Hour is almost come of his Recovery, which by thee must be Accomplished : Thou art that Adventurous Champion whose Invincible Hand must finish up my detested Life, and send my Fleeting Soul to draw thy Fatal Chariot on the Banks of Burning *Acheron* ; for my time was limited to remain no longer in this Enchanted Garden, but till that from the North should come a Knight that should pull this Sword from the Enchanted Rock, which thou happily hast now performed ; therefore I know my time is short, and my Hour of Destiny at hand. What I report, write in Brazen Lines, for the time will come when this Discourse shall highly benefit thee. Take heed thou observe Three Things : First, That thou take to Wife a pure Maid : Next, That thou erect a Monument over thy Father's Grave : And lastly, That thou continue a professed Enemy to the Foes of Christ Jesus, bearing Arms in the Honour and Praise of thy Country. These things being truly and justly observed, thou shalt attain such Honour, that all Kingdoms of *Christendom* shall admire thy Dignity : What I speak is upon no vain Imagination.

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nation, sprung from a Frantick Brain, but pronounced by this mystical and deep Art of Necromancy.

These Words were no sooner ended, but the most Honourable Fortunate Champion of *England*, requested the Magician to describe his passed Fortunes, and by what means he came to be Governor of the Enchanted Garden.

To tell the Discourse of my own Life (replyed *Ormandine*) will breed a new Sorrow in my Heart, the remembrance of which will rend my very Soul: But yet most Noble Knight, to fulfil thy Request, I will force my Tongue to declare what my Heart denies to utter: Therefore prepare thine Ear to Entertain the wofullest Tale that ever Tongue delivered.

And so after *S. George* had sate a while silent, expecting his Discourse, the Magician speak as followeth.

The Woful and Tragical Discourse pronounced by the Necromancer ORMANDINE, of the Misery of his Children.

I Was in former Time (so long as Fortune smiled upon me) the King and only Commander of *Scythia*, my Name *Ormandine*, Graced in my Youth with Two Fair Daughters, whom Nature had not only made Beautiful, but replenisht them with all Gifts that Art could devise: The Elder whose Name was *Castria*, the Fairest Maid that ever *Scythia* brought forth, her Eyes like flaming Torches, so dazled her Beholders, that like attractive Adamants, they conjured them to admire her Beauty: Among the number of Knights that were ensnared with her Love, there was one *Floridon*, Son to the King of *Armenia*, equal to her in all Ornaments of Nature, a Lovelier Couple never trod on Earth, or Graced any Princes Court in the whole World.

This *Floridon* so fervently burned in Affection with the admired *Castria*, that he Lusted after her Virginity, and practised both by Policy and fair Promises to Enjoy that precious Pleasure, which after fell to his own Destruction: For upon a Time, when the Mantles of dark Night had closed in the Light of Heaven, and the whole Court had entertained a silent Rest, this *Floridon* entred *Castria's* Lodging, furthered by the Chamber-Maid, where to her hard hap, he cropped the Bud of her sweet Virginity, and left such a Pledge within her Womb, that before many Days were expired, her Shame began to Appear, and the deceived Lady was constrained to reveal her Mind to *Floridon*; who in the mean time had betrothed himself to my Younger Daughter, whose

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whose Name was *Marcilla*, no less Beautified with Feature's Gift than her Elder Sister ; but when this Unconstant *Floridon* perceived that her Belly began to grow big with the Burden of his unhappy Seed, he upbraided her with Shame, laying Dishonour in her Dish, calling her Strumpet, with many Ignominious Words, forswearing himself never to have committed any such Infamous Deed, protesting that he ever scorned to sink in Womans Hands, and counted Chamber-Love a deadly Sting, and a deep Infection to the Honour of his Knight-hood.

These unkind Speeches drove *Castria* into such extream Passion of Mind, that she with a shameful Look and blushing Cheeks, after this manner revealed her Sorrows unto him :

What ! knows not *Floridon* (quoth the Lady) her whom his Lust hath stained with Dishonour ? See, see, unconstant Knight, the Pledge of Faithless Vows, behold the Womb where springs thy lively Image ; behold this Mark which stains my Father's Ancient House, and sets a shamefac'd Blush upon my Cheeks, always when I behold the Company of chaste Virgins : Dear *Floridon* shadow this my Shame with Marriage-Rites, that I be not accounted a Byword to the World, nor that this my Babe in time to come, be termed a base-Born Child : Remember what plighted Promises, what Vows and Protestations passed betwixt us, remember the Place and Time of my Dishonour, and be not like furious Tygers that repay Love with Despite.

At which Words *Floridon* with a wrathful Countenance, replied in these Words :

Egregious and Shameless Creature (quoth he) with what brazen Face dar'st thou outbrave me thus : I tell thee, *Castria*, my Love was ever yet to follow Arms, to hear the Sound of Drums, to Ride upon a nimble Steed, and not to Trace a Carpet-Dance, like *Priam's* Son, before the Lustful Eyes of *Menelaus's* Wife : Therefore be gone, disturbing Strumpet, go sing thy harsh Melody in company of Night-Birds, for I tell thee, the Day will Blush to cover thy monstrous Shame.

Which reproachful Speeches being no sooner ended, but *Floridon* departed her Presence, not leaving behind him so much as a kind Look : Whereat the distressed Lady by being oppressed with intollerable Grief, sunk down dead, not able to speak for a time, but at last recovering her Senses, she began anew to Complain.

I that was wont (quoth she) to walk with Troops of Maids, must now abandon and utterly forsake all Company, and seek some secret Cave, wherein I may sit for evermore and bewail my lost Virgi-

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Virginity : If I return unto my Father he will refuse me ; if to my Friends, they will be ashamed of me ; if to Strangers they will scorn me ; if to my *Floridon*, Oh ! he denieth me, and accounts my sight as Ominous as the baleful Crocodiles. O that I might in the Shape of a Bird, or like the Ravished *Philomela*, fly every Wood and WilderNESS with my Dishonour, for now I am neither a chaste Virgin, nor honest Wife, but a shameless Strumpet, and the Worlds vile Scorn : Whereat methinks I see how Vertuous and Chaste Maidens Point and Term me a Vicious Dame : O unconstant *Floridon* ! thou didst Promise to shadow this Fault with Marriage, but now Vows, I see, are Vain : Thou hast forsaken me, and tied thy Faith unto my Sister *Marcilla*, who must Enjoy thy Love, because she continues Chaste, without any spot of Dishonour. Oh ! woe to thee, unconstant Knight, thy flattering Eyes deceived me, and thy smooth Tongue enticed me to commit that Sin, which all the Ocean Streams can never wash away : Why stand I relating thus in vain ? The Deed is done, and *Floridon* will Triumph in the spoil of my Virginity, while he lies dallying in my Sisters Arms : Nay, first, the fatal Lights of Funerals shall Mask about his Marriage-Bed, and his Bridal-Blaze I'll quench with Blood : For I will go into their Marriage-Chamber, whereas these Hands of mine shall rend my Sisters Womb, before she shall Enjoy the Interest of my Bed : Rage Heart ! instead of Love, delight in Murther, let Vengeance be ever in thy Thoughts till thou hast quencht with Blood the Furies of disloyal Love.

Thus complained the woful *Castria*, roving up and down the Court of *Scythia*, until the Mistress of the Night had spent Five Months : At the end of which time, the appointed Marriage of *Floridon* and *Marcilla* drew nigh, the Thought whereof proved an endless Terror to her Heart, and of more intollerable Burthen than the Pains of her Womb, the which she girded in so extreamly, for fear of Suspicion, and partly under Colour to bring about her intended Tragedy, which was in this Bloody and Execrable manner accomplished and brought about.

The Day at last came, whereon *Floridon* and *Marcilla* should tie that Sacred Knot of Marriage, and the Prince, and Potentates of *Scythia*, were all present to see *Hymen's* Holy Rites ; in which Honourable Assemblies, none were more busie than *Castria*, to beautifie her Sisters Wedding. The Ceremonies being no sooner performed, and the Day spent in Pleasures, sitting the Honour of so Great and Mighty a Train, but *Castria* requested the use of the Country, which was this, that the first Night of every Maidens Marriage, a known Virgin

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Virgin should lie with the Bride, which Honourable Task was committed to *Castria*; who provided against the Hour appointed a Silver Bodkin, and hid it secretly in the Tracings of her Hair, wherewith she intended to prosecute Revenge. The Bride's Lodging-Chamber was appointed far from the hearing of any one, lest the Noise of People should hinder her quiet Sleep.

But at last when the Hour of her Wishes approached, that the Bride should take leave of her Ladies, and Maidens that attended her to her Chamber, the New Married *Floridon*, in Company of many *Scythian* Knights, committed *Marcilla* to her quiet Rest, little mistrusting the bloody purpose of her Sisters Mind.

But now behold how every thing fell out according to her Desires: The Ladies and Gentlemen were no sooner departed, and silence taken Possession of the whole Court, but *Castria* with her own Hand Locked the Chamber-Door, and secretly conveyed the Keys under the Beds-Head, not perceived by the betrayed *Marcilla*; which poor Lady after some Speeches departed to Bed; wherein she was no sooner laid, but a heavy Sleep over-mastered her Senses, whereby her Tongue was forced to bid her Sister Good Night, who as then sat discontented by her Bed-side watching the time wherein she might conveniently Act the Bloody Tragedy: Upon a Court Cupboard stood Two burning Tapers, that gave Light to the whole Chamber, which in her Conceit seemed to burn Blue: Which fatal Spectacle encouraged her to a more speedy Performance; and by the Light of the Two Lamps she unbraided her Vestures, and stripped her self into her Milk-White Smock, having not so much upon her Head as a Caul to hold up her Golden Hair: After this, she took her Silver Bodkin, that before she had secretly hidden in her Hair, and with a wrathful Countenance (upon whose Brows sat the Image of pale Death) she came to her New Married Sister, being then overcome with a heavy Slumber, and with her Bodkin pierced her tender Breast; who immediately at the Stroke thereof started from her Sleep, and gave such a pitiful Shriek, that it would have awakened the whole Court, but that the Chamber stood far from the hearing of Company, except her bloody-minded Sister, whose Hand was ready to redouble her Fury, with a Second Stroke.

But when *Marcilla* beheld the Sheets and Ornaments of her Bed bestained with purple Gore, and from her Breast ran Streams of Crimson Blood; which like to a Fountain trickled from her Bosom, she breathed forth this cruel Exclamation against the Cruelty of *Castria*.

O Sister (quoth she) hath Nature harboured in thy Breast a Bloody Mind! What Fury hath incensed thee thus to commit my Tragedy?

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In what have I misdone, or wherein hath my Tongue offended thee? What Cause hath been the occasion that thy remorseless Hand against Nature, hath converted my joyful Nuptials to a woful Funeral: This is the Cause (replied *Castria*, and therewithal shewed her Womb, grown big through the Burthen of her Child) that I have bathed my Hands in thy detested Blood.

See, see, *Marcilla* (said she) the unhappy Bed, wherein thy accursed Husband hath Sown his Seed, by which my Virgins Honour is for ever stained, this is the Spot which thy Heart Blood must wash away, and this is the Shame that nothing but Death shall finish; therefore a sweet Revenge, and a present Murther likewise will I commit upon my self, whereby my loathed Soul, in company of my unborn Babe, shall wander with my Ghost along the *Stygian* Lakes.

Which Words being no sooner finished, but she violently pierced her own Breast, whereby the Two Sisters Blood were equally mingled together: But now *Marcilla* being the first wounded, and the nearer drawing toward Death, she wofully complained with this dying Lamentation.

Draw near (said she) you Blazing Stars, you Earthly Angels, you Embroidered Girls, you Lovely Ladies, and Flourishing Dames of *Scythia*, behold her woful End, whose Glories Mounted to the Elements, behold my Marriage-Bed here Beautified with Tapestry, converted to Death's Bloody Habitation, my brave Attire to Earthly Mould, and my Princely Palaces to *Elizium* Shades, being a Place appointed for those Dames that lived and dy'd true Virgins, for now I feel the pains of Death closing my Life's Windows, and Heart ready to Entertain the Stroke of Destiny. Come *Floridon*, come instead of Arms, get Eagles Wings, that in thy Bosom I may breathe my murdered Ghost. World fare thou well, I was too Proud of thy inticing Pleasures: Thy Princely Pomp and all thy glittering Ornaments, I must for ever bid Adieu. Father, farewell, with all my Masking Train, Courtly Ladies, Knights and Gentlewomen: My Death I know will make thy Palace Death's Gloomy Regiment; and last of all, farewell my Noble *Floridon*, for thy sweet sake *Marcilla* here is murdered.

At the end of which Words the dying Lady being faint with the abundance of Blood that issued from her wounded Breast, gave up the Ghost. No sooner had pale Death seized on her lifeless Body, but *Castria* through the Extremity of her Wounds was ready to Entertain the Stroke of her fatal Sister, who also complained in this manner: Harken to me you Loving Girls, (said she) to you I speak, that
know

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know what endless Grief disloyal and false Love breeds in constant Minds, the Thought whereof is so intollerable to my Soul, that it exceeds the Torments of *Danae's* Daughters, which continually fill Water in Bottomless Tubs in Hell: Oh! that my Ears had never listened to his smooth Speeches, nor never known what Courtly Pleasures meant, where Beauty lives a Bait for every Lustful Eye; but rather to have lived a Country Lass, where sweet Content is harboured, and Beauty shrowded under true Humility, then had not *Floridon* bereaved me of my sweet Virginity, nor had this accursed Hand committed this cruel Murder: But Oh! I feel my Soul passing into *Elizium* Shades, where *Cræsus's* Shadow, and *Dido's* Ghost have their abidings: Thither doth my Spirit flie, to be Entertained amongst those unhappy Ladies whom unconstant Love hath murdered: Thus *Castria* not being able to speak any longer, gave a very grievous Sigh, and so bad Adieu to the World.

Now when the Morning Sun had chased away the dark Night, *Floridon* who little mistrusted the Tragedy of the Two Sisters, repaired to the Chamber-Door, with a Consort of skilful Musicians, where the inspiring Harmony sounded to the Walls, and *Floridon's* Morning Salutations were spent in vain: For Death so stopped the Two Princesses Ears that no resound of Thanks at all re-answered his Words, which caused *Floridon* to depart, thinking them to be asleep, and to return within an Hour after, who without any Company came to the Chamber-Door, where he again found all silent: At which, suspecting some future Event, he burst open the Door, where being no sooner entred, but he found the Two Ladies weltring in their own Gore: Which woful Spectacle presently so bereaved him of his Wits, that like a Frantick Man he raged up and down, and in this manner bitterly complained.

Oh immortal Powers! open the wrathful Gates of Heaven, and in your Justice punish me, for my unconstant Love hath murdered two of the bravest Ladies that ever Nature framed, revive sweet Dames of *Scythia*, and hear me speak, that am the wofullest Wretch that ever spake with a Tongue: If Ghost may here be given for Ghost, dear Ladies take my Life and live, or if my Heart might dwell within your Breasts, this Hand shall equally divide it: But Words I see are vain, and my Proffer cannot purchase Life nor recover your breathing Spirits: Yet Vengeance shall you have, this Hand shall untwine my fatal Twist, and bereave my bloody Breast of Life, whereby my happy Ghost shall follow you through Tartar Gulfs, through burning Lakes, and through the lowring Shades of dreadful *Cocytus*: Gape! gape! sweet Earth, and in thy Womb make all our Tombs together.

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Which woful Lamentation being no sooner breathed from his sorrowful Breast, but he finished his Days, by the Stroke of that same accursed Bodkin, that was the bloody Instrument of the Two Sisters Death; the which he found still remaining in the remorseless Hand of *Castria*.

Thus have you heard (most Worthy Knight) the true Tragedy of Three of the most goodliest Personages that ever Nature framed: But now with diligent Ears listen unto the unfortunate Discourse of my own Misery, which in this unhappy manner fell out: For no sooner came the flying News of the murdered Princesses to my Ears, but I grew into such a discontented Passion that I abandoned my self from company of People, and sate for Seven Months in a solitary Passion, lamenting the Loss of my Children, like weeping *Niobe*, which was the sorrowfullest Lady that ever lived.

During which time, the Report of *Floridon's* unhappy Tragedy was bruited to his Father's Ears, being the sole King of *Armenia*; whose Grief so exceeded the Bounds of Reason, that with all convenient speed he gathered the greatest Strength *Armenia* could make, and in Revenge of his Son's Murder, entred my Territories, and with his well-approved Warriours subdued my Provinces, slaughtered my Soldiers, conquered my Captains, slew my Commons, burnt my Cities, and left my Country Villages Desolate; where, when I beheld my Country overspread with Famine, Fire, and Sword, Three Intestine Plagues, wherewith Heaven scourgeth the Sins of the Wicked, I was forced for the Safeguard of my Life, to forsake my Native Habitation, Kingly Government, only committing my Fortune (like a Banish'd Exile) to wander in unknown Passages, where Care was my chief Companion, and Discontent my only Solicitor: At last it was in my Destiny to arrive in this unhappy Place, which I supposed to be the Walks of Despair, where I had not remained many Days in my Melancholly Passions, but methought the many Jaws of deep *Avernus* opened, from whence ascended a most fearful Devil, that enticed me to bequeath my Fortune to his disposing, and he would defend me from the Fury of the whole World: To which I presently condescended upon some assurance; then presently he placed before my Face this Enchanted Sword, so surely closed in Stone, that it should never be pulled out, but by the Hands of a Christian Knight, and till that Task was performed, I should live exempt from all Danger, although all the Kingdoms of the Earth assailed me: Which Task (most Adventurous Champion) thou hast now performed, whereby I know the Hour of my Death approacheth, and my Time of Confusion is at hand.

This

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This Discourse pronounced by the Necromancer *Ormandine*, was no sooner finished, but the Worthy Champion *S. George* heard such a rattling in the Skies, and such a lumbring in the Earth, that he expected some strange Event to follow: Then casting his Eyes aside, he saw the Enchanted Garden to Vanish, and the Champion of *Wales* to awake from his long Sleep, wherein he had remained Seven Years; who like one risen from a Swoon, for a time stood Speechless, not able to utter one Word, till he beheld the Noble Champion of *England*, that stedfastly gazed upon the Necromancer; who at the vanishing of the Enchantment, presently gave a most terrible Groan and died.

The Two Champions after many courteous Embracings and kind Greetings, revealed each to other the strange Adventures they had passed. *S. David* told how he was Bound by the Oath of Knighthood, to perform the Adventure of *Ormandine*: Whereupon *S. George* presently delivered the Enchanted Sword, with the Necromancer's Head, into the Hands of *S. David*, the which he presently severed from his Body. But here must my weary Muse leave *S. David* Travelling with *Ormandine's* Head to the *Tartarian* Emperor, and speak of the following Adventures that hapned to *S. George*, after his departure from the Enchanted Garden.

CHAP. XI. *How S. George arrived at Tripoly in Barbary, where he Stole away Sabra, the King's Daughter of Egypt, from the Black-Moor King, and how she was known to be a Pure Virgin by the means of a Lion, and what hapned to him in the same Adventure.*

Saint *George*, after the Recovery of *S. David*, as you heard in the former Chapter, dispatched his Journey toward *Christendom*, whose pleaiant Banks he long desired to behold, and Thought every Day a Year, till his Eyes enjoyed a sweet sight of his Native Country of *England*, upon whose Chalky Cliffs he had not Rode in many a weary Summer's Day: Therefore committing his Journey to a fortunate Success, he Travelled through many a dangerous Country, where the People were not only of a bloody Disposition, given to all manner of Wickedness, but the Soil greatly annoyed with Wild Beasts, through which he could not well Travel without Danger: Therefore he carried continually in one of his Hands a Weapon ready Charged to Encounter with the Heathen People, if occasion should serve, and in the other Hand a bright blaze of Fire to defend him from the Fury of Wild Beasts, if by violence they assailed him.

Thus in extream Danger Travelled the Noble and Adventurous Champion *S. George*, till he arrived in the Territories of *Barbary*, in which

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which Country he purposed for a time to remain, and to seek for some Noble Atchievement, whereby his Fame might be Encreased, and his Honoured Name ring through all the Kingdoms of the World: And being Encouraged with this Princely Cogitation, the Noble Champion of *England*, climbed to the Top of a huge Mountain; where he unlocked his Bever, which before had not been lifted up in many a Day, and beheld the wide and spacious Country, how it was beautified with lofty Pines, and adorned with many goodly Palaces. But amongst the Number of the Towers, and Cities which the *English* Champion beheld, there was one which seemed to exceed the rest both in Situation and brave Buildings, which he supposed to be the chiefest City in all the Country, and the place where the King usually kept his Court: To which place *S. George* intended to Travel, not to furnish himself with any needful Thing, but to accomplish some Honourable Adventure, whereby his worthy Deeds might be Eternized in the Books of Memory. So after he had descended from the Top of the steepy Mountain, and had Travelled into a low Valley about Two or Three Miles, he approached an Old and almost Ruinated Hermitage over-grown with Moïs, and other Weeds; before the Entry of this Hermitage sat an Ancient Father upon a round Stone, taking the Heat of the Warm Sun, which cast such a comfortable brightness upon the Hermit's Face, that his White Beard seemed to glitter like Silver, and his Head to exceed the Whiteness of the Northern Icicles; to whom after *S. George* had given the due Reverence that belonged unto Age, he demanded the Name of the Country, and the City he Travelled to, and under what King the Country was Governed: To whom the Courteous Hermit thus reply'd:

Most Noble Knight, for so I guess you are, by your Furniture and outward Appearance, you are now in the Confines of *Barbary*, the City opposite before your Eyes is called *Tripoly*, remaining under the Government of *Almidor*, the Black King of *Morocco*, in which City he now keepeth his Court, attended on by as many Gallant Knights as any King under the Cope of Heaven.

At which Words the Noble Champion of *England* suddenly started, as though he had Intelligence of some baleful News, which deeply discontented his Princely Mind: His Heart was presently incens'd with a speedy Revenge, and his Mind so extreamly Thirsted after *Almidor's* Tragedy, that he could scarce Answer again to the Hermit's Words: But bridling his Fury, the Angry Champion spake in this manner:

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Grave Father (said he) through the Treachery of that accursed King, I endured Seven Years Imprisonment in *Persia*, where I suffered both Hunger, Cold, and extream Misery: But if I had my good Sword *Ascalon*, and my trusty Palfrey, which I left in the *Egyptian* Court, where remains my betrothed Love, the King's Daughter of *Egypt*, I would be Avenged on the Head of *Almidor*, were his Guard more strong than the Army of *Xerxes*, whose Multitudes drank Rivers dry. Why, said the Hermit, *Sabra*, the King's Daughter of *Egypt* is Queen of *Barbary*, and since her Nuptials were solemnly performed in *Tripoly*, are Seven Summers fully finished.

Now by the Honour of my Country, *England* (replied S. George) the Place of my Nativity, and as I am a true Christian Knight, these Eyes of mine shall never close, this undaunted Heart never Entertain one Thought of Peace, nor this unconquered Hand receive one Minutes rest, until I have obtained a sight of the sweet Princess, for whose sake I have endured so long Imprisonment: Therefore dear Father be thus kind to a Traveller, as to exchange thy Cloathing for this my Rich Furniture and Lusty Steed, which I brought from the Soldan of *Persia*, for in the Habit of a Palmer I may enjoy the Fruition of her sight without Suspicion; otherwise I must needs be constrained by Violence with my trusty Falchion to make way into her Princely Palace, where I know she is attended on most carefully, by many Valiant and Courageous Knights; therefore courteously deliver me thy Hermit's Gown, and I will give to boot with my Horse and Armour, this Box of costly Jewels: Which when that Grave Hermit beheld, he humbly thanked the Noble Champion, and so with all the speed they could possibly make, exchanged Apparel, and in this manner departed.

The Palmer being glad, repaired to his Hermitage with S. George's Furniture, and S. George in the Palmer's Apparel towards the City of *Tripoly*, who no sooner came to the sumptuous Buildings of the Court, but he espied a Hundred Poor Palmers kneeling at the Gate, to whom S. George spake after this manner, not with Lofty and Heroical Speeches, befitting a Princely Champion, but with Meek and Humble Words, like an Aged Palmer.

My dear Brethren (said the Champion) for what Intent remain you here, or what expect you from this Honourable Court.

We abide here (answered the Palmers) for an Alms, which the Queen once a Day hath given this Seven Years, for the sake of an *English* Knight, Named S. George, whom she affected above all the Knights in the World: But when will this be given, said S. George?

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In the Afternoon (replied the Palmers) until which time upon our bended Knees we Hourly Pray for the good Fortune of that most Noble English Knight. Which Speeches so pleased the Valiant Min- ded Champion S. George, that he thought every Minute a Year till the Golden Sun had passed away the middle Part of Heaven; for it was but newly risen from *Aurora's* Bed, whose Light as yet with a Shamefac'd Radiant Blush, distained the Eastern Sky.

During which time, the most Valiant and Magnanimous Champi- on, S. George of England, one while remembering the extream Misery he endured in *Persia*, for her sake, whereat he let fall many Crystal Tears from his Eyes; another while thinking upon the Terrible Bat- tel he had with the Burning Dragon in *Egypt*, where he Redeemed her from the Fatal Jaws of Death: At last it was his Chance to walk about the Court beholding the sumptuous Buildings, and the curious Engraven Works by the Atchievement of Man, bestowed upon the glittering Windows; where he heard, to his exceeding Pleasure, the hea- venly Voice of his beloved *Sabra*, descending from a Window upon the West side of the Palace, where she warbled forth this sorrowful Ditty upon her Ivory Lute.

Die all Desires of Joy and Courty Pleasures,

Die all Desires of Princely Royalty,

Die all Desires of Worldly Treasures,

Die all Desires of Stately Majesty:

Since he is gone that pleased most mine Eye,

For whom I wish Ten Thousand Times to Die.

O that mine Eyes might never cease to Weep,

O that my Tongue might evermore Complain,

O that my Soul might in his Bosome Sleep,

For whose sweet sake my Heart doth live in Pain:

In Woe I sing with brinish Tears besprent,

Out-worn with Grief, Consum'd with Discontent.

In time my Sighs will Dim the Heaven's fair Light,

Which Hourly fly from my tormented Breast,

Except S. George that Noble English Knight,

With safe return abandon my unrest;

Then careful Cries shall end with deep annoy,

Exchanging weeping Tears, for smiling Joy.

Before the Face of Heaven this Vow I make,

Tho' unkind Friends have Wed me to their Will,

And Crown'd me Queen my Ardent Flames to slake,

Which in despite of them shall flourish still,

Bear

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*Bear witness Heavens and Earth, what I have said,
For George's sake I live and die a Maid.*

Which sorrowful Ditty being no sooner ended, but she departed the Window, quite from the hearing of the *English* Champion, that stood gazing up to the Casements, preparing his Ears to Entertain her sweet Tuned Melody the Second Time : But it was in vain, whereat he grew in more perplexed Passions than *Aeneas*, when he had lost his beloved *Creusa* amongst the Army of the *Grecians* : Sometimes wishing the Day to vanish in a Moment that the Hour of her Benevolence might Approach, other times comforting his sad Cogitations with the Remembrance of her true Chastity, and long continued Constancy for his sake ; comparing her Love unto *Thisbe's*, her Chastity to *Diana's*, and her Constancy to *Penelope's*.

Thus spent he the Time away, till the glorious Sun began to decline the Western Parts of the Earth, when the Palmers should receive her wonted Benevolence : Against which Time, the *English* Champion placed himself in the midst of them, that expected the wished Hour of her coming, who at the Time appointed, came to the Palace Gate, Attired in Mourning Vesture, like *Polixena*, King *Priam's* Daughter, when she went to Sacrifice ; her Hair after a careless manner hung wavering in the Wind, almost changed from Yellow burnisht Brightness, to the Colour of Silver, through her long continued Sorrows and Grief of Heart, her Eyes seemed to have wept Seas of Tears, and her wonted Beauty (to whose Fairness all the Ladies in the World did sometimes yield obeysance) was now stained with the Pearly Dew that trickled down her Cheeks : Where, after the sorrowful Queen had justly numbred the Palmers, and with vigilant Eyes beheld the Princely Countenance of *S. George*, her Colour began to Change from Red to White, and from White to Red, as though the Lily and the Rose had strove for Superiority : But yet colouring her Cogitations under a smooth Brow, first delivered her Alms to the Palmers, then taking *S. George* aside, with him she thus kindly began to confer : Palmer (said she) thou resemblest both in Princely Countenance and Courteous Behaviour, that Thrice Honoured Champion of *England*, for whose sake I have daily bestowed my Benevolence for this Seven Years ; his Name is *S. George*, his Fame I know thou hast heard Reported in many a Country to be the Bravest Knight that ever Buckled on Steel Helmet. Therefore for his sake will I grace thee with the chiefest Honour in this Court, instead of thy Russet Garberdine, I will Cloath thee in Purple Silk, and instead of thy Ebon

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Staff, thy Hand shall wield the richest Sword that ever Princely Eye beheld. To whom the Noble Champion S. George replied in this Courteous manner.

I have heard (quoth he) the Princely Atchievements and Magnanimous Adventures of that Honoured *English* Knight, which you so so dearly Affected, bruited through many Princes Court, and how for the Love of a Lady, he hath endured a long Imprisonment, from whence he never looked to return, but to spend the remnant of his Days in lasting Misery: At which the Queen let fall from her Eyes such a Shower of Pearled Tears, and sent such Number of strained Sighs from her grieved Heart, that her Sorrow seemed to exceed the Queen's of *Carthage*, when she had for ever lost the sight of her beloved Lord. But the Brave Minded Champion purposed no longer to continue Secret, but with his Discovery to convert her sorrowful Moans to smiling Joy: And so casting off his Palmers Weed, acknowledged himself to the Queen, and therewithal shewed the half Ring whereon was Engraven this Poesie, *Ardeo Affectione*: Which Ring in former time (as you may have read before) they had very equally divided betwixt them to be kept in Remembrance of their plighted Faith.

Which unexpected sight highly pleased the Beauteous *Sabra*, and her Joy so exceeded the Bounds of Reason, that she could not speak one Word, but was constrained through her New-conceited Pleasure to breath a sad Sigh or two into the Champion's Bosom, who like a true Ennobled Knight, entertained her with a loving Kiss, where after these Two Lovers had fully discoursed each to other the Secrets of their Souls, *Sabra* how she continued for his Love a pure Virgin, through the Secret Virtue of a Golden Chain steeped in Tyger's Blood, the which she wore Seven Times double about her Ivory Neck, took him by the Gentle Hand, and led him into her Husband's Stables, where stood his approved Palfrey, which she for Seven Years had Fed with her own Hands: Who no sooner espied the return of his Master, but he was more proud of his Presence, than *Bucephalus* of the *Macedonian* Monarch, when he most joyfully returned in Triumph from any Victorious Conquest.

Now is the Time (said the excellent Princess *Sabra*) that thou mayest Seal up the quittance of our former Loves; therefore with all convenient Speed take thy approved Palfrey, and thy trusty Sword *Ascalon* which I will presently deliver into thy Hands, and with all Celerity convey me from this unhappy Country: For the King my Husband with all his Adventurous Knights, are now rode forth on Hunting

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Hunting, whose absence will further our flight : But if you stay till his return, it is not a Hundred of the hardiest Knights in the World can bear me from this accursed Palace. At which Words S. George having a Mind graced with all excellent Vertues, replied in this manner.

Thou knowest, my Divine Mistress, that for thy Love I would endure as many Dangers, as *Jason* suffered in the *Isle Calcos*, so I might at last Enjoy the Pleasure of true Virginity. For how is it possible thou canst remain a pure Maid, when thou hast been a Crowned Queen these Seven Years, and every Night hast entertained a King into thy Bed ?

If thou findest me not a true Maid (quoth she) in all that thou canst say, or do, send me back hither again unto my Foe, whose Bed I count more loathsome than a Den of Snakes, and his sight more ominous than the Crocodile's. As for the *Morecco* Crown, which by force of Friends was set upon my Head, I wish that it might be turned into a Blaze of quenchless Fire, so it might not endanger my Body : And for the Name of Queen, I account it a vain Title ; for I had rather to be the *English* Lady, than the greatest Empress in the World.

At which Speeches S. George willingly condescended, and with all speed purposed to go into *England* : And therewithal sealed an Assurance with as sweet a Kiss as *Paris* gave to lovely *Hellena*, when she consented to forsake her Native Country, and to Travel from her Husband *Menelaus* into *Troy*. So losing no time, lest delay might breed Danger, *Sabra* furnished her self with sufficient Treasure, and speedily delivered to S. George his trusty Sword, which she had kept Seven Years for his sake, with all the Furniture belonging to his approved Steed ; who no sooner received her proffered Gifts, which he accounted dearer than the *Asian* Monarchy, but presently he Saddled his Horse, and beautified his strong Limbs with rich Caparisons. In the mean time, *Sabra* through fair Speeches and Promises obtained the Good-Will of an Eunuch, that was appointed for her Guard in the King's absence, to accompany them in their Travel, and to serve as a trusty Guide, if occasion required ; which with the Lady stood ready at the Champion's Commandment : Who no sooner had furnished himself with Habiliments of War, belonging to so dangerous a Journey, but he set his beloved Mistress upon a gentle Palfrey, which always kneeled down until she had ascended the Saddle, and likewise her Eunuch was Mounted upon another Steed, whereon all their rich Furniture, with costly Jewels, and other Treasures was born.

So these Three worthy Personages committed their Travels to the Guide of Fortune, who preserved them from the dangers of pursuing Enemies,

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Enemies, which at the King's return from Hunting, followed again to every Port and Haven that divided the Kingdom of *Barbary* from the Confines of *Christendom*: But kind Destiny so guided their Steps, that they Travelled another way, contrary to their Expectations; for when they looked to arrive upon the Territories of *Europe*, they were cast upon the fruitful Banks of *Grecia*: In which Countrey we must tell what hapned to the Three Travellers, and omit the vain Pursuit of the *Morrocco* Knights, the wrathful Melancholy of the King, and the bruited Rumor that was amongst the Commons at the Queens departure, who caused the Larum Bells to be Rung out, and the Beacons set on Fire, as though the Enemy had entred their Country.

But now *Melpomene*, thou Tragick Sister of the Muses, report what unlucky Crosses hapned to these Three Travellers in the Confines of *Grecia*, and how their smiling Comedy was by ill hap turned into a weeping Tragedy; for when they had Journeyed about Three or Four Leagues, over many a lofty Hill, they came nigh unto a Mighty and Vast Wilderness, through which the way seemed so long, and the Sun-Beams so exceedingly glowed, that *Sabra*, what for weariness in Travel, and the extream Heat of the Day, was constrained to rest under the shelter of a mighty Oak, whose Branches had not been lopt in many a Year: Where she had not long remained, but her Heart began to faint for Hunger, and her Colour that was but a little before as fair as any Ladies in the World, began to change for want of a little Drink: Whereat the most Famous Champion *S. George*, half dead with very Grief, comforted her as well as he could, after this manner.

Faint not my dear Lady (said he) here is that good Sword that once preserved thee from the Burning Dragon; and before thou shalt Die for want of Sustenance, it shall make way to every corner of the Wilderness; where I will either kill some Venison to refresh thy Hungry Stomach, or make my Tomb in the Bowels of some Monstrous Beast: Therefore abide thou here under this Tree, in Company of thy Faithful Eunuch, till I return either with the Flesh of some wild Deer, or else some flying Bird to refresh thy Spirits for a New Travel.

Thus left he his beloved Lady with the Eunuch to the Mercy of the Woods, and Travelled up and down the Wilderness, till he espied a Herd of fatted Deer, from which Company he singled out the fairest, and like a tripping Satyr coursed her to Death: Then with a keen-edged Sword cut out the goodliest Haunch of Venison that ever Hunters Eye beheld; which Gift he supposed to be most Welcome to his beloved Lady. But mark what hapned in his absence to the Two weary Travellers under the Tree: Where after *S. George's* departure,

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departure, they had not long fate Discourfing, one while of their long Journeys, another while of their safe Delivery from the Black-Moor King, fpending the ftealing Time away with many an Ancient Story, but there appeared out of a Thicket Two huge and monftrous Lions, which came directly pacing towards the Two Travellers: Which fearful Spectacle when *Sabra* beheld, having a Heart overcharged with the extream Fear of Death, wholly committed her Soul into the Hands of God, and her Body almoft Famifhed for want of Food, to fuffice the Hunger of the Two furious Lions, who by the appointment of Heaven, proffered not fo much as to lay their wrathful Paws upon the fmalleſt Part of her Garment, but with eager Mood affailed the Eunuch, until they had Buried his Body in the empty Vaults of their Hungry Bowels: Then with their Teeth lately imbrued in Blood, rent the Eunuch's Steed into ſmall pieces: Which being done, they came to the Lady, which fate quaking half Dead with Fear, and like Two Lambs couched their Heads upon her Lap, where with her Hands ſhe ſtroaked down their briftled Hairs, not daring almoſt to breath, till a heavy Sleep had over-maſtered their furious Senſes, by which time the Princely-Minded Champion *S. George* returned with a Piece of Veniſon upon the Point of his Sword: Who at that unexpected fight, ſtood in a Maze, whether it was beſt to flee for Safe-guard of his Life, or to venture his Fortune againſt the Furious Lions. But at laſt the Love of his Lady Encouraged him to ſuch a forwardneſs whom he beheld quaking before the diſmal Gates of Death: So laying down his Veniſon, he like a Victorious Champion ſheathed his approved Faulchion moſt furiously in the Bowels of one of the Lions. *Sabra* kept the other Sleeping in her Lap till his Proſperous Hand had likewise diſpatched him: Which Adventure being performed, he firſt thanked Heaven for Victory, and then in this kind manner ſaluted his Lady.

Now (*Sabra* ſaid he) I have by this ſufficiently proved thy true Virginity: For it is the Nature of a Lion, be he never ſo furious, not to harm the unſpotted Virgin, but humbly to lay his briftled Head upon a Maidens Lap. Therefore Divine Paragon, thou art the World's chief Wonder for Love and Chaſtity, whoſe honoured Vertues ſhall ring as far as *Phæbus* ſends his Lights, and whoſe Conſtancy I will maintain in every Land where I come, to be the trueſt under the Circuit of the Sun: At which Words he caſt his Eyes aſide, and beheld the bloody Spectacle of the Eunuch's Tragedy, which by *Sabra* was woefully Discourſed to the Grief of *S. George*, where ſad Sighs ſerved for a doleful Knell to bewail his untimely Death: But having a Noble:

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Noble Mind not subject to vain Sorrow, where all hope of Life is past, ceased his Grief, and prepared the Venison in readiness for his Lady's Repast, which in this order was Dressed.

He had in his Pocket a Firelock, wherewith he struck Fire, and kindled it with Sun-Burnt Moss, and encreased the Flame with other dry Wood, which he gathered in the Wilderness: Against which they Roasted the Venison, and sufficed themselves to their own Contentments. After which joyful Repast, these Two Princely Persons set forward to their wonted Travels, whereby the happy Guide of Heaven so conducted their Steps, that before many Days passed, they arrived in the Grecian Court, even upon that Day when the Marriage of the Grecian Emperor should be solemnly holden: Which Royal Nuptials, in former times had been bruited into every Nation in the World, as well in Europe, as Africa and Asia: At which Honourable Marriage the bravest Knights then living on Earth were present: For Golden Fame had bruited the Report thereof to the Ears of the Seven Champions: In *Thessaly*, to *S. Denis* the Champion of *France*, there remaining with his beauteous *Eglantine*; into *Sevil* to *S. James* the Champion of *Spain*, where he remained with his lovely *Celestine*; to *S. Anthony* the Champion of *Italy*, then Travelling into the Borders of *Scythia*, with his Lady *Rosalinde*; likewise to *S. Andrew*, the Champion of *Scotland*, to *S. Patrick* the Champion of *Ireland*, and to *S. David* the Champion of *Wales*, who all Atchieved many Memorable Adventures in the Kingdom of *Tartary*, as you have heard before Discourfed at large.

But now Fame, and smiling Fortune consented to make their Knightly Atchievements to Shine in the Eyes of the whole World, therefore by the Conduction of Heaven, they generally arrived in the Grecian Emperor's Court: Of whose Tilts and Tournaments therein performed, to the Honour of his Nuptials, my weary Muse is bound to Discourse.

CHAP. XII. *How the Seven Champions Arrived in Grecia at the Emperor's Nuptials, where they performed many Noble Atchievements, and how after open Wars were Proclaimed against Christendom by the Discovery of many Knights, and how every Champion departed into his own Country.*

TO speak of the Number of the Knights that Assembled in the Grecian Court together, were a Labour over-tedious, requiring the Pen of *Homer*: Therefore will I omit the Honourable Train of Knights and Ladies that did attend them to the Church; their costly Garments and glittering Ornaments, exceeding the Royalty of *Hecuba*,
the

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the Beauteous Queen of *Troy*. And also, I pass over the Sumptuous Banquets, the Honourable Services, and Delicious Chear that Beautified the Emperor's Nuptials, with the Stately Masks and Courtly Dances performed by many Noble Personages, and chiefly Discourse of the Knightly Achievements of the Seven Champions of *Christendom*, whose Honourable Proceedings, and Magnanimous Encounters, have deserved a Golden Pen to relate. For after some few Days spent in Chamber-Sports, to the great Pleasure of the *Grecian* Prince, the Emperor presently Proclaimed a solemn Justing to be holden for the space of Seven Days, in the Honour of his Marriage, and appointed for his chief Champions the Seven Christian Knights; whose Names as then were not known by any one except their own Attendants.

Against the appointed Day the Tournaments should begin, the Emperor caused a Wonderful large Frame of Timber-Work to be Erected, whereon the Empress and her Ladies might stand, for the better view of the Tilters, and at Pleasure behold the Champions Encounters, most Nobly performed in the Honour of their Mistresses: Likewise in the Compass of the Lifts were pitched Seven Tents of Seven several Colours, wherein the Seven Champions might remain till the Sound of the Silver Trumpets Summoned them to Appear.

Thus every Thing prepared in readiness, fitting so great a Royalty, the Princes and Ladies placed in their Seats, the Emperor with his New Married Empress invested on their lofty Thrones, strongly Guarded with an Hundred Armed Knights, the King's Heralds Solemnly Proclaimed the Tournaments, which in this most Royal manner began.

The first Day *S. Denis* of *France* was appointed chief Champion against all Comers, who was called by the Title of the *Golden Knight*, who at the Sound of the Trumpet entred the Lifts, his Tent was of the Colour of the Marigold, upon the Top an Artificial Sun framed, that seemed to Beautifie the whole Assembly; his Horse of an Iron-Grey, graced with a spangled Plume of Feathers: Before him rode a Page in Purple Silk, bearing upon his Crest Three Golden *Flower-de-luces*, which did signifie his Arms. Thus in this Royal manner entred *S. Denis* the Lifts; where after he had Traced Twice or Thrice up and down, to the open view of the whole Company, he prepared himself in readiness to begin the Tournament; against whom ran many *Grecian* Knights, which were Foiled by the *French* Champion, to the wonderful admiration of all the Beholders: But to be brief, he so worthily behaved himself, and with such Fortitude, that the Emperor applauded him for the Bravest Knight in the World.

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Thus in great Royalty, to the exceeding Pleasure of the Emperor, was the first Day spent, till the dark Evening caused the Knights to break off Company, and repair to their Nights Repose. And the next Morning no sooner did *Phæbus* shew his splendid Brightness, but the King of Heralds under the Emperor, with a noise of Trumpets awaked the Champions from their silent Sleep, who with all speed prepared for the Second Days Exercises. The chief Champion appointed for that Day, was the Victorious Knight *S. James* of *Spain*: Which after the Emperor and Empress had seated themselves with a stately Train of Beautiful Ladies, entred the Lists upon a *Spanish* Gennet, betrappt with a rich Caparison: Directly over against the Emperor's Throne his Tent was pitcht, which was of the Colour of Quicksilver, wherein was Pourtraied many fine Devices: Before the Tent attended Four Esquires, bearing Four several Escutcheons in their Hands, whereon were curiously painted the Four Elements: Likewise he had the Title of the *Silver Knight*, who behaved himself no less worthy of all Princely Commendations than the *French* Champion the Day before. The Third Day *S. Anthony* of *Italy* was chief Challenger in the Tournament, whose Tent was of the Colour of the Skies, his Steed furnished with costly Habiliments, his Armour after the *Barbarian* manner, his Shield plated round about with Steel, whereon was painted a Golden Eagle in a Field of Blue, which signified the Ancient Arms of *Rome*: Likewise he had the Title of the *Azure Knight*, whose matchless Chivalry for that Day, won the Prize from all the *Grecian* Knights, to the great rejoycing of the Lady *Rosalinde*, the King of *Thracia*'s Daughter, that still remained in Pages Attire, wherein (for the dear Love she bore to *S. Anthony*) disguisedly she stole from the Court, whose discovery shall hereafter be expressed. The Fourth Day by the Emperor's appointment, the Valiant and Worthy Knight *S. Andrew* of *Scotland* obtained the Honour as to be chief Challenger for the Tournament: His Tent was framed in the manner of a Ship swimming upon the Waves of the Sea, invironed about with Dolphins, Tritons, and many strange contrived Mermaids: Upon the Top stood the Picture of *Neptune* the God of the Seas, bearing in his Hand a Streamer, whereon was wrought in Crimson Silk, a corner Cross, which seemed to be his Country's Arms: He was called the *Red Knight*, because his Horse was covered with a bloody Veil, his worthy Achievements obtained such Favour in the Emperor's Eyes, that he threw him his Silver Gauntlet, which was prized at a Thousand Portugues, where after his Noble Encounters he enjoyed a sweet Repose. The Fifth Day *S. Patrick* of *Ireland* as chief Champion entred the Lists upon an *Irish* Hobby,

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Hobby, covered with a veil of Green, attended on by Six *Silvian* Knights, every one bearing upon his Shoulder a Blooming Tree: His Tent resembled a Summer's Bower, at the Entry whereof stood the Picture of *Flora* beautified with a Wreath of sweet smelling Roses: He was Named the *Green Knight*; whose worthy Prowess so daunted the Defendants, that before the Tournament began, they gave him the Honour of the Day. Upon the Sixth Day the Heroical and Noble-Minded Champion of *Wales* obtained such Favour at the Emperor's Hands, that he likewise was chief Challenger, who entred the Lists upon a *Tartarian* Palfrey, covered with a Veil of Black, to signifie a Black and Tragical Day should befall those *Grecian* Knights, that durst approve his Invincible Fortitude: His Tent was pitcht in the manner and form of a Castle in the West side of the Lists, before the Entry whereof hung a Golden Shield, whereon was lively Pourtrayed a Silver Griffin Rampant upon a Golden Helmet, which signified the Ancient Arms of *Britain*. His Princely Atchievements not only obtained due Commendations at the Emperor's Hands, but of the whole Assembly of the *Grecian* Ladies wherewith they applauded him to be the most Noble Knight that ever shivered Launce, and the most Fortunate Champion that ever entred into the *Grecian* Court. Upon the Seventh and last Day of these Honourable Tournaments and most Noble Proceedings, the Famous and Valiant Knight at Arms, *S. George of England*, as chief Challenger, entred the Lists upon a Sable coloured Steed, betrappt with Bars of burnished Gold, his Forehead beautified with a gorgeous Plume of Purple Feathers, from whence hung many Pendants of Gold, his Armour of the purest *Lydian* Steel Nailed fast together with Silver Plates, his Helmet engraven very curiously, beset with *Indian* Pearl, and Jasper-Stones: Before his Breast-Plate hung a Silver Table in a Damask Scarf, whereon was Pictured a Lion Rampant in a Bloody Field, bearing Three Golden Crowns upon his Head: Before his Tent stood an Ivory Chariot, guarded by Twelve Cole Black Negroes; wherein his beloved Lady and Mistres, *Sabra*, sate invested upon a Silver Globe, to behold the Heroical Encounters of her most Noble and Magnanimous Champion *S. George of England*: His Tent was as White as the Swans Feathers, glittering against the Sun, supported by Four Jointless Elephants, framed of the purest Brass, about his Helmet he tied a Wreath of Virgin's Hair, where hung his Lady's Glove, which he wore to maintain her excellent Gifts of Nature to exceed all Ladies on the Earth: These costly Habiliments ravished the Beholders with such unspeakable Pleasure, that they stood gazing

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at his Furniture, not able to withdraw their Eyes from so Heavenly a sight. But when they beheld his Victorious Encounter against the *Grecian* Knights, they supposed him to be the Invincible Tamer of that Seven-Headed Monster that climbed to the Elements, offering to pull *Jupiter* from his Throne. His Steed never gave Encounter with any Knight, but he tumbled Horse and Man to the Ground, where they lay for a time bereft of Sense. The Tournaments lasted for that Day, from the Sun's Rising, till the Cole-Black Evening-Star appeared, in which time he Conquered Five Hundred of the hardiest Knights then living in *Asia*, and shivered a Thousand Launces, to the wonderful admiration of the Beholders.

Thus were the Seven Days brought to an end by the Seven worthy Champions of *Christendom*, in reward of whose Noble Achievements, the *Grecian* Emperor being a Man that highly favoured Knightly Proceedings, gave them a Golden Tree with Seven Branches, to be divided equally amongst them. Which Honourable Prize they conveyed to *S. George's* Pavillion, where in dividing the Branches, the Seven Champions discovered themselves each to other, and by what good Fortune they arrived in the *Grecian* Court, whose long wished sight so rejoiced their Hearts, that they all accounted that happy Day of Meeting, the joyfulest Day that ever they beheld. But now after the Tournaments were fully ended, and the Knights rested themselves some few Days, recovering their wonted agility of Body, they fell to a New Exercise of Pleasure, not appearing in glittering Armour before the Tilt, nor following the loud Sounding Drums and Silver Trumpets, but spending away the Time in Courtly Dances amongst their beloved Ladies and Mistresses, in more Royalty than the *Phrygian* Knights when they presented the Paragon of *Asia* with an Enchanted Mask. There wanted no inspiring Musick to delight their Ears, no pleasant Sonnets to ravish their Senses, nor no curious Dances to please their Eyes. *Sabra* she was the Mistress of the Revels, who graced the whole Court with her excellent Beauty, which seemed to exceed the rest of the Ladies in fairness, as far as the Moon surpasseth her attending Stars in a Frosty Night, and when she Danced, she seemed like *Tbetis* Tripping on the Silver Sands, with whom the Sun did fall in Love: And if she chanced to Smile, the Cloudy Elements would Weep, and drop down Heavenly Dew, as though they Mourned for Love. There likewise remained in the Court the Six *Thracian* Virgins that in former Time lived in the Shape of Swans, which were as Beautiful Ladies, as ever Eye beheld, also many other Ladies attended the Empress, in whose Companies the Seven Champions daily delighted; sometimes

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sometimes discoursing of Amorous Conceits, other times delighting themselves with sweet Sounding Musick; then spending the Day in Banqueting, Revelling, Dancing, and such like Pastimes, not once Injuring their true betrothed Ladies. But their Courtly Pleasures continued not long, for they were suddenly dashed with a certain News of open Wars Proclaimed against all *Christendom*, which fell out contrary to the expectation of the Christian Knights. There arrived in the *Grecian* Emperor's Palace, an Hundred Heralds, of an Hundred several Provinces, which Proclaimed utter Defiance to all Christian Kingdoms, by these Words.

‘ WE, the High and Mighty Emperors of *Asia* and *Africa*, great
‘ Commanders both of Land and Seas, Proclaim by general
‘ Consent of all the Eastern Potentates, utter Ruin and Destruction
‘ to the Kingdoms of *Christendom*, and to all those Nations where any
‘ Christian Knights are harboured: First, The Soldan of *Persia*, in
‘ Revenge of a Bloody Slaughter done in his Palace, by an *English*
‘ Champion: *Ptolomy* the *Egyptian* King, in Revenge of his Daughter,
‘ violently taken away by the same Knight: *Almidor* the Black
‘ King of *Morocco* in Revenge of his Queen, likewise taken away by
‘ the said *English* Champion: The great Governor of *Thessaly*, in
‘ Revenge of his Daughter, taken away by a *French* Knight: The
‘ King of *Jerusalem* in Revenge of his Daughter, taken away by a
‘ *Spanish* Knight: The *Tartarian* Emperor, in Revenge of his Son,
‘ Count *Palatine*, slain by the unhappy Hand of the Champion of
‘ *Wales*: The *Thracian* Monarch, in Revenge of his vain Travel after
‘ his Seven Daughters, now in keeping of certain Christian
‘ Knights: In Revenge of which Injuries, all Kingdoms from the
‘ further Parts of *Prestor John*'s Dominions to the Borders of the Red-
‘ Sea, have sent down their Hands and Seals to be Aiders in this
‘ Bloody War.

This Proclamation was no sooner ended, but the *Grecian* Emperor likewise Consented to their Bloody Determination, and thereupon gave speedy Commandment to Muster up the greatest Strength that *Grecia* could afford, to join with the Pagans; to the utter Ruine and Confusion of *Christendom*: Which Bloody Edict, or rather Inhumane Judgment Pronounced by the accursed Infidels, compelled the Christian Champions to a speedy departure, and every one to hasten to his own Country, there to provide for the Pagans Entertainment: So after due Considerations, the Champions departed, in Company of
their

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their betrothed Ladies, who chose rather to live in their Husbands Bosoms, than with their Misbelieving Parents: Where after some few Days they arrived in the spacious Bay of *Portugal*, in which Haven they Vowed by the Honour of true Knighthood to meet again within Six Months ensuing, there to Join all their Christian Armies into one Legion: Upon which plighted Resolution, the worthy Champions departed one from another: *S. George* into *England*, *S. Denis* into *France*, *S. James* into *Spain*, *S. Anthony* into *Italy*, *S. Andrew* into *Scotland*, *S. Patrick* into *Ireland*, *S. David* into *Wales*. Whose Pleasant Banks they had not beheld in many Years before: Where their Entertainments were as Honourable as their Hearts desired: But to speak of the Mustring up of Soldiers in every Christian Kingdom, and what strength arrived at the appointed time in the Bay of *Portugal*, shall be discoursed in the Sequel of this History, and how troublesome Wars overspread the whole Earth, where the Heroical Deeds of these Noble Champions shall at large be described: Also the Overthrow of many Kings and Kingdoms, Ruines of Towns and Cities, and the decay of many Flourishing Common-Weals; likewise of the Bloody Tragedies of many Unchristian Princes: Whereat the Heavens will Mourn, to see the effusion of Blood trickle from the Breasts of murdered Infants, the heaps of slaughtered Damsels trampled to Pieces by Soldiers Horses, and the Streets of many a City sprinkled with the Blood of Reverend Age: Therefore, *Gentle Reader*, accept of this my Labour with a smooth Brow, and kind Countenance, and may weary Muse shall never rest till I have finished the Pleasant History of these Heroical Champions.

CHAP. XII. *How the Seven Champions of Christendom arrived with all their Troops in the Bay of Portugal; the Number of the Christian Armies, and how S. George made an Oration to the Soldiers.*

AFTER the Seven Champions of *Christendom* arrived in their Native Countries, and by true Reports had blazed abroad to every Princes Ear, the Bloody Resolution of the Pagans, and how the Provinces of *Africa* and *Asia*, had Mustred up their Forces to the Invasion of *Europe*; all Christian Kings then at the entreaty of the Champions, appointed Mighty Armies of well-approved Soldiers, both by Sea and Land, to intercept the Infidels wicked Intention. Likewise by the whole Consent of *Christendom*, the Noble and Fortunate Champion of *England*, *S. George*, was appointed chief General, and principal Leader of the Armies, and the other Six Champions were Elected for his Council and chief Assistants in all Attempts that appertained either to the benefit of *Christendom*, or the furtherance of their Fortunate Proceedings. This

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This Honourable War so fired the Hearts of many Youthful Gentlemen, and so encouraged the Minds of every common Soldier, that some Mortgaged their Lands, and at their own proper Charges furnished themselves: Some sold their Patrimonies to serve in these Honourable Wars; and other some forsook Parents, Kindred, Wife, Children, Friends, and Acquaintance and without constraint of Pressing, offered themselves to follow so Noble a General, as the Renowned Champion of *England*, and to spend their Blood in the Just Quarrel of their Native Country. To be brief, one might behold the Streets of every Town and City throughout all the Dominions of *Europe*, beautified with Troops of Soldiers, which thirsted after nothing but Fame and Honour. Then the joyful Sound of Thundring Drums, and the Ecchoes of Silver Trumpets Summoning them to Arms; that followed with as much willingness as the *Grecians* followed *Agamemnon* to the woful Overthrow of *Troy*: For by that time the Christian Champions had sported themselves in the Bosom of their kind Mistresses, the forward Captains taken their Courtly Pastimes, and the willing Soldiers bid Adieu to their Friends and Acquaintance, the Spring had covered the Earth with a New Livery: Which was the appointed Time the Christian Armies should meet in *Portugal*, there to join their several Troops into one Legion: Which Promise caused the Champions to bid Adieu to their Native Countries, and with all speed to Buckle on their Furnitures, to Hoise up Sails, where after a short Time, the Wind with a Calm and Prosperous Gale, cast them happily into the Bay of *Portugal*.

The First that arrived in that spacious Haven, was the Noble Champion *S. George*, with an Hundred Thousand Couragious *English* Soldiers, whose forwardness betokened a fortunate Success, and their willing Minds a joyful Victory. His Army set in Battel Array, seemed to countervail the Number of the *Macedonian* Soldiers where-with worthy *Alexander* Conquered the Western World; his Horsemen being in Number Twenty Thousand, were Armed all in Black Cor-flets; their Launces bound about with Plates of Steel, their Sueds covered with Mail, Three times doubled; their Colours were the sanguine Cross, supported by a Golden Lion; his sturdy Bow-Men, whose Conquering Grey-Goose Wing in former times hath terrified the circled Earth, being in Number likewise Twenty Thousand, clad all in Red Mandilians, with Caps of the same Colour, bearing thereon likewise a sanguine Cross, being the true Badge and Honour of *England*: Their Bows of the strongest Yew, and their Arrows of the soundest Ash, with forked Heads of Steel, and their Feathers bound

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bound on with Green Wax and Twisted Silk. His Musqueteers being in Number Ten Thousand, their Musquets of the widest Bore, with Firelocks, wrought by curious Workmanship, yet of such wonderful lightness, that they required no rest at all to ease their Arms. His Caliver shot likewise Ten Thousand of the smaller timbred Men, but yet of as Couragious Minds as the tallest Soldiers in his Army. His Pikes and Bills to Guard the waving Ensigns, Thirty Thousand, clad all with glittering bright Armour: Likewise followed Ten Thousand labouring Pioneers, if occasion served, to undermine any Town or Castle, to intrench Forts or Sconces, or to make a Passage through Hills and Mountains, as worthy *Hannibal* did, when as he made a way for his Soldiers through the lofty *Alps*, that divide the Countries of *Italy* and *Spain*.

The next that arrived within the Bay of *Portugal*, was the Princely Minded Champion *S. David* of *Wales*, with an Army of Fifty Thousand true Born *Britains*, furnished with all Habiliments of War, for so Noble and Valiant a Service to the high Renown of his Country, and true Honour of his Progeny: Their Armour in richness nothing inferiour to the *Englishmens*; their Colours were a Golden Cross, supported by a Silver *Griffin*; which Escutcheon signified the Ancient Arms of *Wales*: For no sooner had *S. George* a sight of the Valiant *Britains*, but he caused his Musqueteers presently to entertain them with a Volley of Shot, to express their happy and joyful Welcome to Shoar, which speedily they performed so couragiously with such a rattling Noise, as though the Firmament had burst in sunder, and the Earth made Eccho to their Thundring Melody. But no sooner were the Skies cleared from the Smoak of the reaking Powder, and that *S. George* might at Pleasure discern the Noble and Magnanimous Champion of *Wales*, who as then Rode upon a Milk-White Hobby in Silver Armour, guarded with a Train of Knights in Purple Vestures, but he greeted *S. David* with kind Courtesies, and accompanied him to the *English* Tent, which they had erected close by the Port-side, where for that Night these Two Champions remained, spending the time with unspeakable Pleasure: And so upon the next Day after, *S. David* departed to his own Tent, which he had caused to be pitched a Quarter of a League from the *English* Army.

The next that arrived on the fruitful Banks of *Portugal*, was *S. Patrick*, the Noble Champion of *Ireland*, with an Army likewise of Fifty Thousand, attired after a strange and wonderful manner; their Furnitures were of the Skins of Wild Beasts, but yet more unpierceable than the strongest Armour of Proof: They bore in their Hands
mighty

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mighty Darts, tipp'd at the end with pricking Steel, which the Courageous and Valiant *Irish* Soldiers by the agility of their Arms, could throw a full flight Shot, and with forcible Strength, would strike Three or Four Inches into an Oak, and with such a certain Aim, they would not miss the breadth of a Foot.

These adventurous and hardy Soldiers no sooner arrived on the Shore, but the *English* Musqueteers gave them a Princely Entertainment, and presently conducted the Noble-Minded Champion *S. Patrick* to the *English* Tent, where the Three Champions of *England*, *Wales*, and *Ireland*, passed away the time with exceeding great Royalty, laying down Reasons how to pitch their Camps to the most disadvantage of the Misbelieving Enemy, and setting perfect Directions which way they were best to March, and such like Devices, for their own Safeties, and the Benefit of *Christendom*.

The next that Landed on the Banks of *Portugal*, was *S. Andrew* the worthy Champion of *Scotland*, with Threescore Thousand of well-approved Soldiers: His Horsemen, the old Adventurous *Galloways*, clad in quilted Jackets, with Launces of the *Turkish* Fashion, thick and short, bearing upon their Bevers the Arms of *Scotland*, which was a corner Cross, supported by a Naked Virgin: His Pikemen the bold and hardy Men of *Orcady*, which continually lie upon Freezing Mountains, the Icy Rock and the Snowy Valleys: His Shot, the light Footed *Pallidonians*, that if occasion be, can climb the highest Hill, and for nimbleness in running, over-go the swift Footed Stag. These bold Adventurous *Scottish* Men in all forwardness, deserved as much Honour at the *English* Champion's Hands as any other Nations before, therefore he commanded his Shot on their first Entry on Land, to give them a Noble Entertainment, which they performed most Royally, and also conducted *S. Andrew* to the *English* Tent, where after he had given *S. George* the Courtesie of his Country, departed to his Tent, which was distant from the *English* Tent a Mile.

The next that arrived was *S. Anthony* the Champion of *Italy*, with a Band of Fourscore Thousand Brave *Italian* Soldiers, Mounted on Warlike Coursers; every Horseman attended on by a Naked Negro, bearing in his Hand a Streamer of watchet Silk, with the Arms of *Italy* thereon set in Gold, every Footman furnished with approved Furniture in as Stately a manner as the *Englishmen*, who at their Landing received as Royal an Entertainment as the other Nations, and likewise *S. Anthony* was as highly Honoured by the *English* Champion, as any of the other Christian Knights.

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The next that arrived was *S. Denis* the Victorious Champion of *France*, with a Band of Fourscore Thousand. After him Marched Dukes of Twelve several Dukedoms, then under the Government of the *French King*, every one at his own proper Cost and Charges maintained Two Thousand Soldiers in these Christian Wars; their Entertainments were as Glorious as the rest.

The last of the Christian Champions that arrived upon the fruitful Banks of *Portugal*, was the Magnanimous Knight *S. James* of *Spain*, with a Band likewise of Fourscore Thousand: With him he brought from the *Spanish Mines* Ten Tun of Refined Gold, only to maintain Soldiers in the Defence of *Christendom*; who no sooner Landed with his Troops, but the Six Champions gave him the honourable Welcome of a Soldier, and ordained a solemn Banquet for the general Armies, whose Number justly surmounted Five Hundred Thousand; which Legions they conjoined into one Camp Royal, and after placed their Wings and Squadrons Battel-wise, chiefly by the Direction of *S. George*, being then chief General by the Consent of the Christian Kings: Who after he had over-viewed the Christian Armies, his Countenance seemed to Prognosticate a Crowned Victory, and to foretell a fatal Overthrow to the Misbelieving Potentates: Therefore to Encourage his Princely Followers to persevere in their wonted willingness, pronounced this Princely Oration.

YOU Men of Europe (said he) and my Country-men, whose Conquering Fortunes never yet have feared the Enemies of Christ, you see we have forsook our Native Lands, and committed our Destinies to the Queen of Chance, not to Fight in any Unjust Quarrel, but in the true Cause of *Israel's Anointed*, not against Nature to climb to the Heavens, as *Nimrod* and the Giants professed in former Time; but to prevent the Invasion of *Christendom*, the Ruine of Europe, and the intended Overthrow of all Christian Provinces, the Bloody-Minded Infidels have Mustered up Legions, in Numbers like Blades of Grass, that grow upon the Flourishing Downs of *Italy*, or the Stars of Heaven in the coldest Winter's Night, protesting to fill our Countries with Seas of Blood, to scatter our Streets with mangled Limbs, and convert our Glorious Cities into Flames of quenchless Fire; therefore dear Country-men, live not to see our Christian Virgins spoiled by Lustful Rape, nor dragged along our Streets like Guiltless Lambs to a Bloody Slaughter: Nor to see our harmless Babes, with bruised Brains dashed against hard Flinty Stones, nor to see our unlusty Age, whose Hair resembles Silver Mines, lie bleeding on the Marble Pavements; but like true Christian Soldiers Fight in the Quarrel of your Countries. What, though the Pagans be in Number Ten to One, yet Heaven I know will Fight for *Christendom*, and cast them down before our Faces, like Drops

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Drops of April Showers. Be not dismayed to see them in ordered Ranks, nor fear not when as you behold the Streamers hovering in the waving Wind, when as their steeled Pikes, like to a Thorny Forrest will overspread whole Countreys: Thousands of them I know will have no Heart to Fight, but flie with cowardly Fear like Flocks of Sheep before the greedy Wolf. I am the Leader of your Noble Minds, that never fought in Vain, nor ever entred Battle but returned with Conquest. Then every one with me build upon this Princely Resolution: For Christendom we Fight: For Christendom we Live and Die.

This Soldierlike Oration was no sooner finished, but the whole Army with a general Voice cried, To Arms, To Arms, with Victorious George of England: Which Noble Resolution of the Soldiers, so rejoiced the English Champion, and likewise encouraged the other Christian Knights with such a forwardness of Mind, that they gave speedy Commandment to remove their Tents, and to March with easie Journeys towards Tripoly in Barbary, where Almidor the Black King of Morocco had Residence, in which Travel we must leave for a while the Christian Army, and speak of the innumerable Troops of Pagan Knights, that arrived at one instant in the Kingdom of Hungary, and how they fell at variance in the Election of a General: Which civil Mutiny caused much effusion of Blood, to the great hurt both of Africa and Asia, as here followeth.

CHAP. XIV. Of the Dissention and Discord that hapned amongst the Army of the Pagans in Hungary; the Battle betwixt the Christians and the Moors in Barbary; and how Almidor the Black King of Morocco was Scalded to Death in a Cauldron of boiling Lead and Brimstone.

THE ireful Pagans after they had Levied their Martial Forces both by Sea and Land, repaired to their general Place of Meeting, there to conclude of the utter Ruine of Christendom: For no sooner could Winter withdraw his chill Frost from the Earth, and Flora took Possession of his Place, but the Kingdom of Hungary suffered excessive Penury, through the numberless Armies of accursed Infidels, being their appointed Place of Meeting: For though Hungary of all other Countreys both in Africa and Asia, then was the richest and plentifullest of Victuals to maintain a Camp of Men, yet was it mightily overprest and greatly burthened with Multitudes, not only with want of Necessaries to relieve Soldiers, but with extream cruelty of those bloody-minded Miscreants, that through a Civil Discord which hapned amongst them, about the Election of a General, they

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converted their Union into a most inhuman Slaughter, and their Triumphant Victory to a dismal Bloody Tragedy: For no sooner arrived their Legions upon the Plains of *Algernos*, being in length and breadth One and Twenty Leagues, but the King of *Hungary* caused their Muster-Rolls to be publickly read, and justly numbred in the hearing of the Pagan Knights, which in this manner was Proclaimed through the Camp.

First, Be it known unto all Nations that Fight in the Quarrel of *Africa* and *Asia*, under the Conduct of our Three great Gods, *Mahomet*, *Tarmagant*, and *Apollo*, what Invincible Forces be now arrived in this Renowned Kingdom of *Hungary*, a Land honoured through the World, not only for Arms, but curious Buildings, and plentifulled with all manner of Riches.

Second, We have from the Emperor of *Constantinople*, Two Hundred Thousand. From the Emperor of *Grecia*, Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand. From the Emperor of *Tartary*, an Hundred Threescore and Three Thousand. From the Soldan of *Persia*, Two Hundred Thousand. From the King of *Jerusalem*, Four Hundred Thousand. Of *Moors*, One Hundred and Twenty Thousand. Of *Col-Black Negroes*, One Hundred and Forty Thousand. Of *Arabians*, One Hundred and Sixty Thousand. Of *Babylonians*, One Hundred and Thirty Thousand and odd. Of *Armenians*, One Hundred and Fifty Thousand. Of *Macedonians*, Two Hundred and Ten Thousand. Of *Siracusians*, Fifteen Thousand Six Hundred. Of *Hungarians*, Three Hundred and Six Thousand. Of *Sicilians*, Seven Thousand Three Hundred. Of *Scythians*, One Hundred and Five Thousand. Of *Parthians*, Ten Thousand Three Hundred. Of *Phrygians*, Seven Thousand Three Hundred. Of *Ethiopians*, Sixty Thousand. Of *Thracians*, Fourscore Thousand. Likewise from the Provinces of *Prestor John*, Three Hundred Thousand of unconquered Knights, with many other petty Dominions and Dukedoms, whose Number I omit for this time, lest I should seem over-tedious to the Reader.

But to conclude, such a Camp of Armed Soldiers arrived in *Hungary*, that might in one Month have destroyed *Christendom*, had not God defended them from those Barbarous Nations, and by his Invincible Power confounded the Pagans in their own Practices: For no sooner had the Heralds Proclaimed through the Camp what a Number of Nations joined in Arms together, but the Soldiers fell at Dissention one with another, about the Election of a General: Some vowed to follow none but the King of *Jerusalem*; some *Ptolomy* the *Egyptian* King; and some the Soldan of *Persia*, either to persevere in their own Wills, or to lose their Lives in the same Quarrel. Thus

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Thus in this manner, Parts were taken on all sides, not only by the meaner sort, but by Leaders and Commanders of Bands; whereby the Kings and Potentates were forced to commit their Wills to their Soldiers Pleasure. This civil Broil so discouraged the whole Army, that many withdrew their Forces and presently Marched homewards, as the King of *Morocco* with his Tawny Moors, and Cole-Black Negroes: Likewise the Soldan of *Persia*, *Ptolomy* the Egyptian King, the Kings of *Arabia* and *Jerusalem*, every one departed to their own Countries, cursing the time they attempted first so vain an Enterprize. The rest not minding to put up abuses, fell from brawling Boasts to downright Blows, whereby grew such sharp and bloody Wars, that it cost more Soldiers Lives than the Civil Mutiny at the Destruction of *Jerusalem*. Which Battel by the ireful Pagans continued without ceasing for the space of three Days, in which Encounters, the Murdered Infidels, like scattered Corn, over-spread the Fields of *Hungary*: The fruitful Valleys lay drowned in Purple Gore; the Fields of Corn consumed with Flames of Fire; their Towns and Cities Ruinated with wasting War; wherein the Fathers were sad Witnesses of their Childrens Slaughters, and the Sons beheld their Parents Reverend Hairs, more White than tried Silver, besmeared with clotted Blood: There might the Mothers see their harmless Babes born up and down the Streets upon Soldiers Launces; there might they see their Silken Ornaments and rich Attire in Pools of Blood lie swimming up and down; there might they see the Brains of honest Dames and pure Virgins dash'd against hard flinty Stones, there might they see their Courts and Palaces by Soldiers burned to the Ground; there might they see how Counsellors in their Scarlet Gowns lay burning in the Fire; there might they see how Kings and Queens were Arm in Arm consumed to Ashes; there might they behold and see melted Gold in choaked Sinks lie every where; there might they see the bloodiest Tragedies that ever Eye beheld, and the wofullest News that ever Christians Ears heard told. In this long and bloody War one sucking Child was not left alive to report the Story to succeeding Ages, no not so much as a Soldier to carry Arms throughout the Kingdom of *Hungary*, so justly was the Vengeance of God thrown upon the Heads of these misbelieving Miscreants, that durst attempt to lift their Hands against his true anointed Nations; for no doubt but the Invincible Army of Pagans had Ruinated the Borders of *Europe*, had not the mighty Hand of God with his unspeakable Mercy been *Christendom's* Defence, and confounded the Infidels in their own civil Wars, which bloody and strange Overthrow of those unchristian People,
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let us for ever bury in the Lake of Oblivion, and persevere in the fortunate Proceedings of the Seven Champions of *Christendom*, who had entred the Borders of *Barbary*, before *Almidor* the Black King of *Morocco*, with his scattered Troops of *Moors* and *Negroes* returned from *Hungary*, and by Fire and Sword had wasted many of their chiefest Towns and Forts, whereby the Countrey was much weakened, and the Commons compelled to sue for Mercy at the Champions Hands, who bearing true Christian Minds, within their Hearts continually pity harboured, vouchsafed to grant Mercy to those that yielded their Lives to the Pleasure of the Christian Knights: But when *S. George* had Intelligence of *Almidor's* approach with his weakned Troops, he presently prepared his Soldiers in readiness to give the *Moors* a bloody Banquet, which was the next Morning by break of Day performed, to the high Honour of *Christendom*: But the Night before the *Moors* knowing the Country better than the Christians, got the Advantage both of Wind and Sun; whereat *S. George* being something dismayed, but yet not discouraged, imboldned his Soldiers with many Heroical Speeches, proffering them frankly the Enemies Spoils, and so with the Sun's uprising entred Battel, where the *Moors* fell before the Christians Swords as Ears of Corn before the Reapers Sickles.

During this Conflict, the Seven Champions still in the fore Front of the Battel, so adventurously behaved themselves, that they slew more *Negroes* than a Hundred of the bravest Knights in the Christian Armies. At last, Fortune intended to make *S. George's* Prowess to shine brighter than the rest, singled out the *Morocco* King, betwixt whom and the *English* Champion was a long and dangerous Fight: But *S. George* so Couragiously behaved himself with his trusty Sword, that *Almidor* was constrained to yield to his Mercy. The Army of the *Moors* seeing their King taken Prisoner, presently would have fled; but that the Christians being the lighter of Foot, overtook them, and made the greatest slaughter of them that ever hapned in *Barbary*.

Thus after the Battel ended, and the joyful Sound of Victory rang through the Christian Army, the Soldiers furnished themselves with the Enemies Spoils, and Marched by *S. George's* Direction to the City of *Tripoly*, being then almost unpeopled through the late slaughter which was there made: In which City after they had rested some Days, and refreshed themselves with wholesome Food, the *English* Champion, in Revenge of his former proffered Injuries by the *Morocco* King, gave this severe Sentance of Death.

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First, He commanded a brazen Cauldron to be filled with boiling Lead and Brimstone: Then *Almidor* to be brought to the Place of Death by Twelve of the Noblest Peers in *Barbary*, therein to be consumed, Flesh, Blood, and Bones; which was duly performed within Seven Days following. The brazen Cauldron was erected by the appointment of *S. George*, directly in the middle of the chiefeſt Market-Place, under which a mighty hot Fire continually burned, for the ſpace of Eight and Forty Hours; whereby the boiling Lead and Brimstone ſeemed to ſparkle like fiery Furnaces in Hell, and the heat to exceed the burning Oven at *Babylon*.

Now all things being thus prepared in readineſs, and the Chriſtian Champions preſent to behold the woful Spectacle, the Condemned *Blackmoor* King came to the Place of Execution in a Shirt of fine *Indian* Silk, his Hands pinioned together with a Chain of Gold, and his Face covered with a Damask Scarf, his Attendants and chief Conductors Twelve Moors, Peers, clad in Sable Gowns of Taffaty, carrying before him the Wheel of Fortune, with the Picture of an Uſurper climbing up, with this Motto on his Breſt, *I will be King in ſpite of Fortune*: Upon the Top of the Wheel the Picture of a Monarch vaunting, with this Motto on his Breſt, *I am a King in ſpite of Fortune*: Laſtly, On the other ſide of the Wheel, the Picture or perfect Image of a Depoſed Potentate, falling with his Head downward, with this Motto on his Breſt, *I have been a King while it pleaſed Fortune*: Which plainly ſignified the Chance of War, and of inconstant Deſtiny: His Guard was a Hundred Chriſtian Soldiers, holding Fortune in Diſdain: After them attended a Hundred of *Morocco* Virgins in Black Ornaments, their Hair bound up with Silver Wires, and covered with Veils of Black Silk, ſignifying the Sorrow of their Country for the loſs of their Sovereign. In this Mournful manner came the unfortunate *Almidor* to the boiling Cauldron; which when he came near, his Heart waxed cold, and his Tongue devoid of utterance for a time; at laſt he brake forth into theſe earneſt Proteſtations, proffering more for his Life than the whole Kingdom of *Barbary* could perform.

Moſt Mighty and Invincible Champion of *Chriſtendom*, (quoth he) let my Life be Ransomed, and Thou ſhalt Yearly receive Ten Tuns of tryed Gold, Five Hundred Webs of Woven Silk, the which our *Indian* Maids ſhall ſit and Spin with Silver Wheels: An Hundred Ships of Spices and Refined Sugar ſhall be Yearly paid Thee by our *Barbary* Merchants: An Hundred Waggonſ likewise laden with Pearl and Jasper Stones, which by our cunning Lapidists ſhall be Yearly choſen forth and brought Thee home to *England*, to make that bleſſed Country

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Country the richest within the Dominions of *Europe*: Likewise I will deliver up my Diadem, with all my Princely Dignities, and in company of these *Morocco* Lords, like bridled Horses draw thee daily in a Silver Chariot up and down the circled Earth, till Death give end to our Lives Pilgrimage; therefore most admired Knight at Arms, let these Salt Tears that trickle from the Conduits of my Eyes, obtain one grant of Comfort at thy Hands, for on my bended Knees I beg for Life, that never before this Time did Kneel to Mortal Man.

Thou speakest in vain (reply'd S. George) not the Treasures hidden in the deepest Seas, nor all the Golden Mines of rich *America* shall redeem thy Life: Thou knowest, accursed Villain thy wicked Practices in the *Egyptian* Court, where thou proffered'st wrongfully to bereave me of my Life; through thy Treachery I endured a long Imprisonment in *Persia*; where for Seven Years I drank foul Channel-Water, and sufficed my Hunger with Bread of Bran Meal: My Food was loathsome Flesh of Rats and Mice, and my resting Place a dismal Dungeon, where neither Sun nor the chearful Light of Heaven lent me comfort during my long continued Misery: For which inhumane Dealing, and proffered Injuries, the Heavens enforce me to a speedy Revenge, which in this manner shall be accomplished.

Thou seest the Torment prepared for thy Death, this brazen Cauldron filled with boiled Lead and Brimstone, wherein thy accursed Body shall be speedily cast, and boiled till thy detested Limbs be consumed to a watry Substance in this sparkling Liquor: Therefore prepare thy self to entertain the violent Stroke of Death, and willingly bid all thy Kingly Dignities Farewel: But yet I let thee understand, that Mercy harbours in a Christian's Heart, and where Mercy dwells, there Faults are forgiven upon some humble Penitence, though thy Trespases deserves no Pity, but severe Punishment, yet upon these Considerations I will grant thee Liberty of Life: First, That thou wilt forsake thy Gods, *Tarmagant* and *Apollo*, which be the vain imagination of Men, and believe in our True and Ever-living God, under whose Banner we Christians have taken in Hand this long War. Secondly, Thou shalt give Commandment that all thy Barbarous Nations be Christened in the Faith of *Christ*. Thirdly, and Lastly, That thy Three Kingdoms of *Barbary*, *Morocco*, and *India*, swear true Allegiance to all Christian Kings, and never to bear Arms, but in the true Quarrel of *Christ* and his anointed Nations. These things duly observed, thy Life shall be preserved, and thy Liberty obtained, otherwise look for no Mercy, but a speedy and most terrible Death.

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These Words more displeased the unchristian King of *Morocco*, than the Sentence of his Condemnation, whereupon in these brief Speeches he set down his Resolution.

Great Potentate of *Europe* (replied *Almidor*) by whose Mightiness Fortune sits fettered in the Chains of Power, my Golden Diadem and Regal Scepter by constraint I must deliver up : But before I will forsake my Country Gods, I will endure a Hundred Deaths ; and before my Conscience be reformed to a new Faith, the Earth shall be no Earth, the Sea no Sea, the Heaven no Heaven. Thinkest thou now proud Christian, by thy threatned Torments, to make me forget my Creator, and believe in thy God the supposed King of the *Jews*, and basely born under an Ox's Stall ? No, no accursed Christians, you Off-spring of *Cain*, you Generation of *Ismael*, you Seed of Vipers, and accursed through the World, look for a speedy Shower of Vengeance to Rain from Heaven upon your wicked Nations : Your bloody Practices have pierced the Battlements of *Jove*, and your Tyrannies beaten open the Gate of Mighty *Mahomet*, who had provided Whips of burning Wire to scourge you for your Cruelties, proffered to, and against his blessed Worshipers : Now with this deadly Curse I bid you all Farewel : The Plagues of *Egypt* light upon your Kingdom, the Curse of *Cain* upon your Children, the Famine of *Jerusalem* upon your Friends, and the Misery of *Oedipus* upon your selves.

This wicked Resolution and baleful Curse, was no sooner ended by the desperate Minded *Almidor*, but the impatience of *S. George* was so highly moved, that he gave present Commandment to the appointed Executioners to cast him into the boiling Cauldron ; which incontinently they performed to the Terror of all the Beholders : To see this woful Spectacle, the Battlements of the Temple were so thronged with People, the Houses covered with Women and Children, and the Streets filled with Armed Soldiers that it was a wonder to behold : Amongst which Multitudes, there were some particular Persons, that at the sight of *Almidor's* Death, fell down and brake their Necks, but the general number, as well of Pagans as Christians, cry'd with chearful Voices, *Honour and Victory follow S. George of England, for he hath Redeemed Barbary from a miserable Servitude.* Which joyful hearing so delighted the Seven Champions of *Christendom*, that they caused their Conduits to run with Wines, the Streets to be beautified with Bonfires, and a sumptuous Banquet to be Proclaimed through the City, which after continued for the space of Seven Days, in more magnificent Royalty, than the Banquet of *Babylon* when the *Macedonian* Monarch returned from the World's Conquest.

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The Champions Liberty procured such faithful Love in the Hearts of the *Morocco* Peers, that with a general Consent they chose *S. George* for their Lawful King, where after they had invested him in the Princely Seat of the *Morocco* Potentate, they set the Crown upon his Head, and after presented him with an Imperial Pall, which the Kings of *Barbary* usually wore upon their Coronation-Day, protesting to forsake their Profane Religion, and be Christened in the Faith of *Christ*.

This promised Conversion of the Infidels, more highly delighted the *English* Champion, than to have the whole World's Honour at Command: For it was the chiefest Point of his Knightly Oath to advance the Faith of *Christ*, and to enlarge the Bounds of *Christendom*: After his Coronation was so solemnly performed, the other Six Champions conducted him to a Princely Palace, where he took true Allegiance of the *Morocco* Lords, by plighted Oath to be true to his Crown: After this, he established the Christian Laws to the benefit of the whole Country: Then he commanded all the Ceremonious Rites of *Mahomet* to be trodden under Foot, and the True Gospel of *Christ* to be Preached: Likewise he caused all that did remain in *Barbary* to be Christened in the New Faith: But these Observations continued but for a time, as hereafter shall be discovered at large: For Fame not intending to let the worthy Champion long to remain in the idle Bowers of Peace, summoned them to persevere in the Noble Achievements, and to Muster up anew their Soldiers, whose Armour Cankered Ease had almost stained with Rust: Therefore *S. George* committed the Government of the Country to Four of the principal Peers of *Morocco*, and Marched towards the Country of *Egypt*, where lived Treacherous *Ptolomy*, the Father of his beloved Lady *Sabra*, whom he had left in the Kingdom of *England*: In which Journey and happy Arrival in *Egypt*, we will leave the Seven Champions for a time, and speak of the Faithless Infidels in *Barbary*, after the departure of the Christians, whose former Honours they slightly regarded: For no sooner had *S. George* with his Martial Troops bidden their Country Adieu, but the Faithless Moors reconciled themselves to their former Gods, and purposed a speedy Revenge for the Death of *Almidor*, against all Christians that remained within the Limits of that Heathen Nation: For there were many Soldiers wounded in the late Battel, likewise a number oppressed with sickness, which the Christian Champions had left behind for their better recoveries, upon whom the Barbarous Moors committed their first Tyranny; for they caused the distressed Soldiers to be drawn upon Sleds to the uttermost Parts of the City, and there put them into a large and old Monastery, which they

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they presently set on Fire, and most inhumanly burned the Christian Soldiers, and after converted the place into a filthy Laystall: Many Women and succourless Children they dragged up and down the Streets, till their Brains were dashed against the Stones and the blood had covered the Earth with a Purple Hue: Many other Cruelties were committed by the wicked Infidels, against the distressed Christians, which I purpose to pass over, and wholly Discourse of the woful and bloody Murder of an *English* Merchant and his Wife in the same City of *Tripoly*: The report whereof may force even merciless Tygers to relent, and those Eyes to shed springs of Tears that never wept before. The bloody-minded *Negroes* violating both Oaths and Promises before plighted to *S. George*, by Violence set upon the Merchant's House, where first they made a Massacre of his Servants, and before his Face cast their dead Bodies to hunger-starv'd Dogs: Then coming to the Merchant, they bound him fast with Hempen Cords to the strongest Post in the House, and after took his Children, being Seven of the goodliest Boys that ever Nature framed, whom they likewise tied round about him: Then one of the Moors being crueller than the rest, proffered to devour the Merchant's Wife before his Face; but she in Chastity like *Camma*, choosing rather an honourable Death than an infamous Life, spit in the *Negro's* Face, and most bitterly reviled him, yielding neither to his Force, nor his bloody Threats; but snatching a Knife from his Girdle, vowed to sheath it in her Bosom, before she would lose her precious Gem of Honour, that once being gone, could not be recovered for all the World's Treasure.

This Resolution of the *English* Merchant's Wife, caused the stern *Negro* to exceed in Cruelty, but the Principal of that wicked Company being a bloody and merciless Tyrant, stabbed one of the harmless Children before the Mother's Face.

Now stubborn Dame (quoth he) wilt thou yield to my desires, and preserve the Lives of the other six Children? Otherwise shalt thou behold them Butchered in the same manner. To sell my Honour for the Lives of my Children (replied she) will be an Offence to God, and a continual Corrosive to my Husband's Heart, if we live together: Therefore accursed Monster, prosecute your Tyranny; it is not all your Threats and bloody Dealings shall Convert my Chaste Mind, nor once enforce my thoughts to give any consent thereunto.

These Words being no sooner ended, but the lustful Moor took another of her Children, and stabbed before her Husband's Face, thinking thereby to force the Merchant to intreat his Wife, to consent to

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the wicked *Negro's* determinations ; but he being as resolute as his Vertuous Wife, spake in this manner :

O you Curfed black Dogs of *Barbary*, more worse in Quality than bloody Tygers, and more merciless than wicked Canibals, think you that the Murder of our Children shall enforce our Hearts to yield to your Lustful Desires ? No, no. persevere in your Tyrannies : If I had an hundred Children, twice the number of King *Priam's*, yet would I lose them all, before I would endure to see my Wife's Dishonour. Children may be begotten again, but her Honour never recovered.

These Words pricked the *Negro's* to the Gall, and caused them to commit the wickedest Deed that ever was practised under the Celestial Globe of Heaven : First, they sheathed their Poniards in the Breasts of all the Merchant's Children, whose guileless Blood stained all the Chamber with a crimson Colour, then with their Faulchions did they cut their Bodies in sunder, and caused seven Pies to be made of their Flesh, and after served in a Banquet to their woful Parents, whom the Merciless *Moors* set at a square Table, the Merchant placed directly opposite against his Wife, where they were constrained either to feed upon their own Children, or starve for want of other Sustenance.

This woful Spectacle struck such a Grief into the *English* Merchant's Heart, that he could scarce endure to speak for weeping : his Wife, when she beheld the Heads of her lovely Sons lying upon the Table, as it were looking to Heaven for Revenge, breathed forth this dying Lamentation.

O Innocent Babes, would you had been strangled in my Womb at your first Conception ! Then should not these accursed Infidels have triumph'd thus in your unhappy Tragedies, nor your unfortunate Parents beheld this luckless day, whereon I pray that never Sun may shine again, but be accounted an ominous day, throughout the whole World ; for Heaven I hope (poor Babes) will Rain a showre of Vengeance on their Heads, that have caused this our untimely Death, and with this Prayer I bid the World farewell.

At which Words her Grief so exceeded the bounds of Reason, that it stayed the Passage of her Breath, whereby she was forced to yield her Soul to the Paradise of Peace. She being no sooner dead, but the sorrowful Merchant likewise bitterly exclaimed against the Injustice of Fortune, and the Tyranny of the Barbarous *Moors*, accounting his Destiny more hapless than the *Thracian* King's, that buried his Children in his own Bowels : and the Cruelty of these Infidels to exceed the Tyranny of *Nero*, that caused his Mother's Womb

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to be opened, that he might behold the Place of his Conception : But when the Merchant had sufficiently bewail'd the Murther of his Children, the Death of his Wife, and his own Misery, he yielded his Soul to the furious stroke of Death. The end of whose long Languishments, when the wicked *Moors* had intelligence of, they caused their dead Bodies to be carried to the top of a high Mountain, and there left for the Prey of hungry Ravens : But the Sun consumed them like the Morning Dew ; and by the wonderful Workmanship of Heaven, in the same place sprung a Bower of Roses, to signifie the unspotted Honour of the Merchant and his Vertuous Wife ; which Miracle we leave to the wonder of the *Moors*, and speak of the Christian Champions Proceedings, that by this time were arrived in the Kingdom of *Egypt*.

CHAP. XV. *How the Christians arrived in Egypt, and what happened to them there. The Tragedy of the Lustful Earl of Coventry. How Sabra was bound to a Stake to be burnt : And how S. George Redeemed her. Lastly, How the Egyptian King cast himself from the top of a Tower, and broke his Neck.*

DURING the time of the bloody Murder wrought by the Barbarous *Moors* upon the *English* Merchant and his Wife, with his seven Children, as you heard in the former Chapter, the Champions of Christendom arrived upon the Territories of *Egypt*, where they supposed to have adventured their Lives upon the chance of War, but all things fell out contrary to their expectations : they found the Gates of every City set open, and every Village and Town unpeopled ; for the Commons at the report of the *Christians* Arrival, secretly hid their Treasure in the Caves of the Earth, in deep Wells and such like obscure Places, and a general Fear and extream Terror assailed the *Egyptians*, as well the Peers of the Land, as the simple Country People : Many fled into Woods and Wildernesses, and closely hid themselves in hollow Trees ; many digged Caves in the Ground, where they thought best to remain in safety : And many fled to high Mountains, where they long time lived in great extremity, feeding upon the Grass of the Ground : So greatly the *Egyptians* feared the Army of the *Christians*, that they expected nothing but the Ruine of their Country, with the loss of their own Lives, and the murder of their Wives and Children.

But to speak of the *Christian* Champions, who finding the Country desolate of People, suspected some deep Policy of the *Egyptians*, thinking them to have Mustred their Warlike Forces to bid them
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Battel: Therefore *S. George* gave Commandment through the whole Camp, that not a Man, upon pain of Death, should break his Rank, but March Advisedly, with their Weapons ready prest to encounter Battel, as though the Enemies had directly placed themselves opposite against them: Which special Charge the *Christian* Soldiers, duly observed, looking neither after the Wealth of Cities, nor the Spoil of Villages, but circumspectly Marched according to their Leaders' directions along the Country of *Egypt*, till they approach'd the sight of King *Ptolomy's* Court: Which when the Noble Champion of *England* beheld, in this manner encouraged he his Followers.

Behold (said he) you invincible Captains of *Christendom*, yonder those cursed Towers where wicked *Ptolomy* keeps his Court: Those Battlements, I say, were they as richly built as the great Pyramids of *Greece*, yet should they be subverted and laid as level with the Ground, as the City of *Carthage*; there hath that accursed *Ptolomy* his Residence, that for preserving his Daughter from the burning Dragon, Treacherously sent me into *Persia*, where for seven Years I lived in great extremity in a dismal Dungeon, where the Sun did never give me light, nor the Company of People comfort: In Revenge whereof, my heart shall never rest in quiet, till I see the Buildings of his Palace set on fire, and converted into a place of Desolation, like to the Glorious City in *Phrygia*, now overspread with stinking Weeds and loathsome Puddles: Therefore let all *Christian* Soldiers, that fight under the Banner of *Christendom*, and all that love *George* of *England* your chosen General, draw forth your Warlike Weapons, and like the angry *Greeks* overturn those glittering Battlements; leave not one stone upon another, but lay it as level with the ground, as the Harvest Reapers do Fields of ripened Corn; let your wrathful Furies fall upon these Towers like drops of *April* Showers, or like Storms of *Winters* Hail, that it may be bruited through the whole World, what just Vengeance did light upon the Pride of *Egypt*: Leave not (I say) as you love your General, when you have subverted the Palace, one Man alive, no not a sucking Babe, but let them suffer Vengeance for the wickedness of their King: This is my Decree, brave Knights of *Christendom*, therefore March forwards; Heaven and Fortune be your good speed.

At which Words the Soldiers gave a general shout, in sign of their willing Minds. Then began the silken Streamers to flourish in the Air, the Drums chearfully to found forward, the Silver Trumpets recorded Echoes of Victory, the barbed Steeds grew proud of this Attempt, and would stand upon no Ground, but leapt and danced
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with as much Courage, as did *Bucephalus* the Horse of the Macedonian *Alexander*, always before any notable Victory; yea, every thing gave an evident sign of good success, as well senseless things as living-Creatures.

With this Resolution marched the *Christians*, purposing the utter confusion of the *Egyptian*, and the woful Ruine and Destruction of *Ptolomy's* sumptuous Palace. But when the *Soldiers* approached the Gates with wrathful Weapons ready to Assault, there came pacing out thereat, the *Egyptian* King, with all the Chiefest of his Nobles, Attired in black and mournful Ornaments, bearing in their Hands Olive-Branches: Next them the bravest Soldiers in *Egypt*, bearing in their Hands broken Weapons, shivered Launces, and torn Ancients: Likewise followed Thousands of Women and Children, with Cypress Wreaths about their Heads, and in their Hands Olive-Branches, crying for Mercy to the Christians, That they should not utterly destroy their declining Country, but shew Mercy to unhappy *Egypt*: This unexpected Sight, or rather admirable Wonder, caused *S. George* to sound a Retreat, and gave Commandment through the *Christian* Army, to with-hold their former vowed Vengeance from the *Egyptians*, till he understood what they required: Which Charge being given and duly observed, *S. George* with the other six Champions came together, and admitted the *Egyptian* King with his Nobles to their Presence, who in this manner began to speak for his Country.

You Unconquered Knights of *Christendom*, whose worthy Victories and Noble Achievements the whole World admires, let him that never kneeled to any Man till now, and in former times disdained to humble himself to any Potentate on Earth; let him I say, the most unfortunate Wretch alive, crave Mercy, not for my self, but for my Country; my Commons Blood will be required at my Hands: Our Murdered Infants will call to Heaven for Revenge, and our slaughtered Widows sink down to Hell for Revenge: So will the Vengeance of Heaven light upon my Soul, and the Curse of Hell upon my Head.

Renowned Champion of *England*, under whose Custody my dear Daughter is kept, even for the love of her be merciful to *Egypt*.

The former Wrongs I proffered thee when I sent thee, like a guiltless Lamb, into *Persia*, was contrary to my Will; for I was incensed by the flattery of that accursed *Black-moor* King, whose Soul for ever be scourged with Whips of Wyre, and plagued with the Punishment of *Tantalus* in Hell: If my Life will serve for a just Revenge, here is my Naked Breast, let my Heart Blood, stain some Christian's

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Christian's Sword, that you may bear the Bloody Witness of my Death into *Christendom*, or let me be torn into a thousand pieces by mad untamed Steeds, as was *Hippolitus* Son of *Theseus* in his charmed Chariot.

Most Mighty Controulers of the World, command the dearest things in *Egypt*, they be at your Pleasures, we will forsake our Gods, and believe in that God which you commonly adore, for he is the true and living God, ours false and hateful in the sight of Heaven.

This Penitent Lamentation of the Egyptian King caused the Christian Champions to relent, but especially *S. George*, who having a Heart beautified with a well spring of Pity, not only granted Mercy to the whole Country, but vouchsafed *Ptolomy* liberty of Life, upon Condition that he would perform what he had promised; which was to forsake his false Gods, and believe in our true God, Christ Jesus.

This Kindness of *S. George*, almost ravished *Ptolomy* with Joy, and the whole Land, both Peers and Commons, more rejoiced at the Friendship of the Christians, than if they had been made Lords of the Western World. The News of this happy Union was bruited in all the Parts of *Egypt*; whereby the Commons that before fled for fear into Woods and Wilderesses, Dens and Caves, Hills and Mountains, returned joyfully to their own Dwellings, and caused Bonfires to be made in every City, Town, and Village; the Bells of *Egypt* rung Day and Night, for the space of a Week; in every Place was seen Banqueting, Dancing, and Masking; Sorrow was Banished, Wars forgotten, and Peace Proclaimed.

The King at his own Charges ordained a sumptuous and costly Banquet for the Christian Champions, wherein for Bounty it exceeded that which the Trojans made, when *Paris* returned from *Greece* with the Conquest of *Menelaus's* Queen. The Banqueting-House was built with Cypress Wood, covered with the pure Adamant stone; so that neither Steel, nor base Iron could come therein, but it was presently drawn to the top of the Roof: As for the variety of Services which graced forth the Banquet, it were too tedious to repeat; but to be brief, what both the Land and Sea could afford, was there present. The Servitors that attended the Champions at the Banquet, were attired in Damask Vestments wrought with the purest Silk the Indian Virgins spun upon their Silver Wheels; at every Course the Servitors brought in a Consort of Egyptian Ladies, who on their Ivory Lutes strained forth such admired Harmony, that it surpassed *Orion's* Musick, which when he was cast into the Sea, caused the Dolphins to bring him safe to the Shore, or the swiftness of *Or-*

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Orpheus his Silver Harp, which made both Stones and Trees to Dance; or the Melody of *Apollo's* inspiring Musick, when he descended to the lower Parts for the Love of *Daphne*. These Pleasures so ravished the Christian Champions, that they forgot the sound of Warlike Drums, which were wont to call them forth to bloody Battels. But these Delights continued but a short time, for there arrived a Knight from *England*, that brought such unexpected News to *S. George*, that changed his Joys into extream Sorrow; for after this manner began the Messenger to tell his woful Tale:

Fair *England's* Champion (said he) instead of Arms get Swallows Wings, and fly to *England*, if ever thou wilt see thy beloved Lady, for she is judged to be burned at a Stake for murdering the Earl of *Coventry*; whose lustful Desires would have stained her Honour with Infamy, and made her the scorn of Vertuous Women: Yet this Mercy is granted by the King of *England*, that if within Twelve Months a Champion may be found, that for her Sake will venture his Life, if it be his Fortune to overcome the Challenger of her Death, she shall live: But if it be his fatal Destiny to be Conquered, then must she suffer the heavy Judgment before pronounced; therefore as you love the Life of your chaste and beloved Lady; haste into *England*, delay no time, for delay is dangerous, and her Life in hazard to be lost.

This Woful Discourse struck such a Terror to *S. George's* Heart, likewise to the Egyptian King her Father, that for a time they stood gazing one in anothers Face, as though they had been bereaved of their Wits, not able to speak one word; but at last *S. George* recovered his former Sense, and breathed forth this sorrowful Lamentation.

O *England*! O unkind *England*! Have I adventured my Life in thy Defence, and for thy Defence have lain in the Field of *Mars*, buckled on my Armour in many a parching Summers Day, and many a freezing Winters Night, when you have taken your quiet Sleeps on Beds of Down; and will you repay me with this Discourtesie, or rather undeserved Wrong, to adjure her spotless Body to consuming Fire; whose Blood, if it be spilt before I come, I vow never to draw my trusty Sword in *England's* Quarrel more, nor never account my self her Champion, but I will rend my Warlike Colours into a Thousand Pieces, the which I wear on my Burgonet, (I mean the Crimson Cross of *England*) and wander unknown Countries, obscurely from the sight of any Christians Eye. Is it possible that *England* will be so ungrateful to her Friend? can that Renowned Country harbour such a Lustful Monster, to seek to Dishonour her, within whose Heart the Fountain of Vertue springs? Or can that Noble City, the Nurse and Mother of my
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Life, entertain so vile a Homicide, that will offer Violence to her, whose Chastity and true Honour hath caused tameless Lions to sleep in her Lap.

In this sorrowful manner wearied *S. George* the time away, until the *Egyptian King*, whose Sorrow being as great as his, put him from his Complaints, and requested the *English Knight* to tell the true Discourse of *Sabra's* proffered Violence, and how she murdered the Lustful Earl of *Coventry*; to whom, after a bitter sigh or two, the Messenger thus replied, in this manner:

Most Noble Princes and Potentates of the Earth, prepare your Ears to entertain the wofullest Tale that ever English Knight discoursed, and your Eyes to weep Seas of brackish Tears, I would I had no Tongue to tell it, nor Heart to remember it; but seeing I am compelled through the Love and Duty I owe the Noble Champions of *Christendom* to express it, then thus it was.

It was the Fortune, nay I may say, unhappy Destiny of your beloved Lady, upon an Evening, when the Sun had almost lodg'd in the West, to walk without the Walls of *Coventry*, to take the Pleasures of the sweet Fields and flourishing Meadows, which *Flora* had beautified in a Summers Livery; but as she walked up and down, sometimes taking Pleasure to hear the chirping Birds how they strained their Silver Notes; other times taking Delight to see how Nature had covered both Hills and Dales, with sundry sorts of Flowers, then walking to see the Crystal running Rivers, the murmuring Musick of whole Streams exceeded the rest for Pleasure, but she (kind Lady) delighting her self by the River side, a sudden and strange Alteration troubled her Mind; for the Chain of Gold that she did wear about her Neck, presently changed Colour, from a yellow burnisht brightness, to a dim paleness: Her Rings fell from her Fingers, and from her Nose fell drops of Blood, whereat her Heart began to throb, her Ears to glow, and every Joint to tremble with fear. This strange Accident caused her speedily to haste homewards: But by the way she met the Earl of *Coventry*, walking at that time to take the Pleasure of the Evening Air, with such a Train of worthy Gentlemen, as though he had been the greatest Peer in *England*: Whose sight when she beheld afar off, her Heart began to misgive, thinking that Fortune had allotted those Gentlemen to proffer her some Injury; so that upon her Cheeks Fear had set a Vermilion dye, whereby her Beauty grew admirable; which when the Earl beheld, he was ravished therewith, and deemed her the Excellentest Creature that ever Nature framed, their Meeting was Silent: She shewed

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shewed the Humility of a Vertuous Lady, and he the Courtesie of a kind Gentleman : She departed homewards, and he into the Fields, she thinking all danger past, but he practised in his Mind her utter Ruine and Downfal : For the Dart of Love had shot from her Beauteous Cheeks into his Heart, not true Love, but Lust ; so that nothing might quench his Desire, but the Conquest of her Chastity, such extream Passion bewitched his Mind, that he caused his Servants every one to depart : And then like a discontented Man, he wandred up and down the Fields, beating in his Mind a thousand sundry Ways to obtain his Desire : For without he enjoyed her Love, he was likely to live in endless Languishment : But at last he sighed out this Passion of Love.

Oh you immortal Powers ! why have you transported her from an Earthly Lady to an Heavenly Angel ? *Sabra* is no worldly Creature but a Divine Substance ; her Beauty is a stain unto the Queen of Love, and her Countenance of more Majesty than *Juno's* Grace : Her twinkling Eyes that glitter like the flaming Stars, and her Beauteous Cheeks more pleasant than Roses dipt in Milk, have pierced my Heart with the pricks of Love, and her Love I will Enjoy, or lose my self. Oh ! but there is a Bar which thwarts kind Affection, and hinders my desires : *S. George*, I mean, is her true and lawful Husband, the Honour of whose Bed she will not violate for all the Kingdoms of the World. Tush, faint-hearted Fool that I am, *Sabra* is Beautiful, and therefore to be tempted : She is a Woman, and therefore easie to be won, her Husband he is Sporting in the Fields of *Mars*, then why may not she take Pleasure in the Chamber of *Venus* ; I will use my flattering Glosses, many kind Speeches, and many sweet Embraces, but I will crop that Bud, which but to taste I would give my whole Lands and Revenues : I will tell her Saint *George* is a Wanderer, and one that will never return, whereas I am a mighty Peer in *England*, and one that can accomplish whatsoever she desires. Many other Circumstances this Lustful Earl used to flatter himself in this vain Conceit. At last the scowling Night with pitchy Clouds began to overspread the brightsome Heavens, whereby he was forced to repair homewards, and to smother up his Love in silence, no quiet Sleep that Night could enter into his Eyes but fond and restless Dreams : Sometimes he thought he had his Lovely Mistress in his Arms, dallying like the *Paphian* Queen upon her Minions Knee ; but presently awaking, he found it but a gilded Shadow, which added new Grief to his Love-sick Passions : then by and by he thought he saw how the Wrathful Champion with his

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dreadful and bloody Fauchion came to revenge his Lady's Ravishment; whereat the troubled Earl started from his Bed, and with a loud Voice cried to his Chamberlain for help, saying, That S. George was come to Murder him: Which sudden Outcry not only awaked the Chamberlain, but the whole House, which generally came to bear him Company: They set up Camphire Tapors to give Light, and made him Musick to comfort him, and to drive all fond Fantasies from his Mind: But no sooner ceased the Musick, but he fell into his former Cogitations, pondering in his Mind which way he might obtain his purpose: Whereat a dismal Night-Raven beat her Wings against his Chamber Windows, and with a harsh Voice gave him warning of a sad Success. Then presently began the Tapors to burn blue, as though a Troop of ghastly Spirits did encompass his Lodging, which was an evident Sign that some strange and unhappy Murder should worthily follow. All which could not withdraw the Lustful Earl from his wicked Enterprize, nor convert his Mind from the spoil of so sweet a Lady. In this manner spent he the Night away, till the Sun's bright Countenance summoned him from his restless Bed: From whence being no sooner risen, but he sent for the Steward of his House, and gave him a charge to provide a most sumptuous and costly Banquet, for he intended to invite thereunto all the principal Ladies in *Coventry*: What Bountiful Cheer was provided, I think it needless to repeat; but to be short, at the time and hour appointed, the invited Ladies repaired; the Banquet was brought in by the Earl's Servants, and placed upon the Table by the Earl himself: Who after many Welcomes given, began thus to move the Ladies to Delight.

I think my House most highly honoured (said he) that you have vouchsafed to Grace it with your Presence, for methinks you Beautifie my Hall, as the twinkling Stars Beautifie the Veil of Heaven: But amongst the number of you all, you have a *Cynthia*; a glittering Silver Moon, that for Brightness exceeded all the rest; for she is Fairer than the Queen of *Cyprus*, Lovelier than *Dido*, when *Cupid* late upon her Knee, Wiser than the Prophetess of *Troy*, of Personage, more Comely than the *Grecian* Dame, and of more Majesty than the Queen of Love: So that all the Muses with their Ivory Pens may write continually, and yet not sufficiently describe her Excellent Ornaments of Nature.

This Commendation caused a general Smile of the Ladies, and made them look one upon another whom it should be. Many other Courtlike Discourses pronounced the Earl to move the Ladies Delight,

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Delight, till the Banquet was ended, which being finished, there came in certain Gentlemen by the Earl's Appointment, with most Excellent Musick: Some others that danced most Curiously, with as much Majesty as *Paris* in the *Grecian* Court. At last the Earl requested one of them to choose out his beloved Mistress, and lead her some stately Corants: Likewise requesting that none should be offended what Lady soever he did affect to Grace with that Courtly Pastime: At which request all of them were silent, and Silence is commonly a Sign of Consent; therefore he emboldned himself the more to make his desires known to the Beholders. Then with exceeding Courtesie, and great humility, he kissed the Beauteous Hand of *Sabra*, who with a blushing Countenance and bashful look, accepted his Courtesie, and like a kind Lady disdained not to dance with him. So when the Musicians strained forth their inspiring Melody, the Lustful Earl led her a first Course about the Hall, in as great Majesty as *Mavors* did the Queen of *Paphos* to gain her Love, and she followed with as much Grace, as if the Queen of Pleasure had been present to behold their Courtly Delights; and so when the first Course was ended, he found fit Opportunity to unfold his secret Love, and reveal unto the Lady his extream Passion of Mind, which were in these Speeches expressed.

Most Divine and Peerless Paragon! (said he) thou only Wonder of the World for Beauty, and excellent Ornaments of Nature, know that thy two twinkling Eyes that shine more brighter than the Lights of Heaven, being the true Darts of Love, have pierced my Heart, and those thy crimson Cheeks, as lovely as *Aurora's* Countenance, when she draws the Curtains of her purple Bed to Entertain her wandering Lover, those Cheeks I say have wounded me with Love: Therefore except thou grant me kind Comfort, I am like to spend the Remnant of my Life in Sorrow, Care, and Discontent: I blush to speak what I desire, because I have setled my Love where it is unlawful, in a Bosome where Kings may sleep and surfeit with Delight, thy Breast I mean, most Divine Mistress, for there my Heart is kept Prisoner, Beauty is the Keeper, and Love the Key, my Ransome is a Constant Mind: Thou art my *Venus*, I will be thy *Mars*; thou art my *Helen*, I will be thy *Mahomet*; thou art my *Cressida*, I will be thy *Croilus*; thou art my *Love*, and I will be thy *Paramour*. Admit thy Lord and Husband be alive, yet hath he most unkindly left thee to spend thy Young Years in solitary Widowhood? He is Unconstant like *Aneas*, and thou more hapless than *Dido*. He marcheth up and down the World in glittering Armour, and never
doth

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doth intend to return: He abandoneth thy presence, and lieth sporting in strange Ladies Laps; therefore, Dear *Sabra*, live not to consume thy Youth in singleness, for Age will overtake thee too soon, and convert thy Beauty to wrinkled Frowns.

To which Words, *Sabra* would have presently made answer, but that the Musick called them to Dance the Second Course, which being ended, she replied in this manner.

Most Noble Lord (said she) for our bounteous Banquet, courteous Entertainment, I give the humble Thanks of a Poor Lady; but for your Suit and unlawful Desire, I do detest as much as the sight of a Crocodile, and your flattering Glosses I esteem as much as doth the Ocean of a drizzling Shower of Rain; your Syrens Songs shall never entice me to listen to your Fond Requests: But I will, like *Ulysses*, stop my Ears, and bury all your flattering Inticements in the Lake of Forgetfulness: Think you that I will stain my Marriage-Bed with the least Spot of Infamy, that will not proffer me one thought of wrong, for all the Treasures of the wealthy Seas? Surely the gorgeous Sun shall lose his Light by Day, and the Silver Moon by Night, the Skies shall Fall, the Earth shall Sink, and every thing shall change from Kind and Nature, before I will falsifie my Faith, or prove Disloyal to my beloved *George*; attempt no more, my Noble Lord, to batter the Fortrefs of my good Name with the Gun-Shot of your Flattery, nor seek to stain my Honour with your Lustful Desires. What if my Lord and Husband prove Disloyal and chose out other Loves in Foreign Lands? yet will I prove as constant to him, as *Penelope* to her *Ulysses*; and if it be his Pleasure never to return, but spend his Days among strange Ladies, yet will I live in single Solitariness like to the Turtle Dove when she hath lost her Mate, abandoning all Company, or as the Mournful Swan that swims upon *Meander's* Silver Streams, where she Records her dying Tunes to raging Billows; so will I spend away my lingering Days in Grief, and Die.

This Resolution of the vertuous Lady so daunted the Earl, that he stood like a senseless Image gazing at the Sun, not knowing how to reply; but yet when they had Danced the Third Course, he began anew to assault her unspotted Chastity, in these Terms.

Why, my dear Mistress, have you a Heart more hard than Flint, that the Tears of my true Love can never Mollifie? Can you behold him Plead for Grace, that hath been sued unto by many worthy Dames? I am a Man that can Command Countries, yet can I not command thy stubborn Heart. Divine *Sabra*, if thou wilt grant me thy Love, and yield to my Desire, I will have thee clad in Silken Robes,

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Robes, and Damask Vestures, imboss with Indian Pearls, and rich Refined Gold, perfumed with Camphire, Biss, and Syrian sweet Perfumes : By Day a Hundred Virgins like to *Thetis*, tripping on the Silver Sands, shall usually attend thy Person ; by Night a Hundred Eunuchs with their strained Instruments shall bring thy Senses into a golden Slumber : If this procureth not thy sweet Content, I will prepare a sumptuous Chariot made with Gold, wherein thou shalt be drawn by Sable spotted Steeds along the Fields and gallant Pastures adjoining to our City Walls, whereas the Evening Air shall breathe a Coolness, far more sweet than Balm upon thy Cheeks, and make thy Beauty glitter like the Purple Pillars of *Hyperion*, when he leaves *Aurora* blushing in her Bed, whereby the Heavens and all the Powers therein shall stand and wonder at thy Beauty, and quite forget their usual Courses : All this, my dear Divine and dainty Mistress, is at thy Command, and more, so that I may enjoy thy Love and Favour : Which if I have not, I will discontentedly end my Life in Woods and Desert Places, Tygers and untamed Beasts being my chief Companions.

These vain Promises caused the Beauteous *Sabra* to blush with Bashfulness, and to give him this sharp Answer : Think you, my Lord, with Golden Promises to obtain the precious Gem, the which I will not lose for *Europe's* Treasury ? Henceforth be silent in that Enterprize, and never after this, Attempt to practise my Dishonour, which if you do, I vow by Heaven to make it known to every one within the City, and to fill all Places with the Rumour of thy wilful Lust : A Troop of modest Maids I will procure to haunt thee up and down the Streets, to wonder at thee like an Owl, that never comes abroad but in the darkest Night, this I am resolved to do, and so farewell.

Thus departed *Sabra* with a sad Countenance, whereby the rest of the Ladies suspected the Earl had attempted her dishonour by secret Conference, but they all assuredly knew that she was as far from yielding to his Desires, as is the aged Man to be young again, or as the Azure Firmament to be a place for Silvan Swains to inhabit. In such like Imaginations they spent away the Day, till the dark Night caused them to break off Company. The Earl smothered his Grief under a smiling Countenance, till the Ladies were every one departed, whom he courteously caused his Servants to conduct homewards with Torch-lights, because it began to be very dark. After their Departure, he accursed his own Fortune, and like a Lyon wanting Food, raged up and down his Chamber, and filling every corner

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corner with bitter Exclamations, rending his Garments from his back, tearing his Hair, beating his breast, and using all the violence he could against himself.

In this manner spent he away the Night, suffering no sleep to close the Windows of his Body: His melancholy and extream Passion so discontented his Mind, that he purposed to give end to his Sorrows by some untimely Death: So when the Morning appeared, he made his repair to an Orchard, where *Sabra* commonly once a Day walked to take the Air. The place was very Melancholy, and far from the Noise of People; where after he had spent some certain time in Exclaiming against the unkindness of *Sabra*, he pulled his Poiniard from his side, and prepared his Breast to entertain the Stroke of Death; but before the pretended Tragedy, with his Dagger he Engraved these Verles following, upon the Bark of a Walnut-Tree.

Oh Heart more hard than bloody Tygers fell!

O Ears more deaf than senseless troubled Seas,

O cruel Foe! thy rigour doth excel:

For thee I die, thy anger to appease:

But time will come, when thou shalt find me slain,

Then thy Repentance will encrease thy pain.

I bere Engrave my Will and Testament,

That my sad grief thou may'st behold and see,

How that my woful Heart is torn and rent,

And gor'd with bloody Blade for Love of thee;

Whom thou disdain'st, as now the end doth try,

That thus distress'd doth suffer me to die.

Oh Gods of Love, if so there any be,

And you of Love that feel the deadly pain,

Oh Sabra, thou that thus afflictest me,

Hear these my words which from my heart I strain:

E're that my Corps be quite bereav'd of breath,

Here I'll declare the cause of this my Death.

You Mountain Nymphs which in the Desarts Reign,

Leave off your Chase from Savage Beasts a while,

Prepare to see a Heart oppress'd with Pain,

Address your Ears to hear my doleful Stile:

No Strength nor Art can work me any weal,

Since she's unkind and Tyrant-like doth deal.

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*You Fairy Nymphs of Lovers much ador'd,
And gracious Damsels which in Evenings fair
Your Closets leave, with heavenly Beauty stor'd,
And on your Shoulders spread your golden Hair;
Record with me that Sabra is unkind,
Within whose Breast remains a double Mind.*

*Ye Savage Bears in Caves and Dens that lie,
Remain in Peace, if you may sorrows bear;
And be not moved at my Misery,
Tho' too extream my Passions do appear:
England Farewel, and Coventry Adieu,
But, Sabra, Heaven above still prosper you.*

These Verses being no sooner finished, and Engraven about the bark of a Walnut-Tree, but with a grisly Look and wrathful Countenance he lift up his Hand, intending to strike the Poiniard up to the Hilt in his Breast; but at the same instant he beheld *Sabra* entring the Orchard to take her wonted Walks of Pleasure, whose sight hindred his Purpose, and caused other bloody Cogitations to enter into his Mind. The Furies did incense him to a wicked Deed; the which my trembling Tongue faints to report: For after she had walked to the farthest side of the Melancholy Orchard, he rigorously ran unto her with his Dagger drawn, and catching her about the slender Waist, thus frightfully threatned her.

Now, stubborn Dame (quoth he) will I obtain my long desired purpose, and Revenge by Violence thy former proud Denials: First I will wrap this Dagger in thy Locks of Hair, and Nail it fast into the Ground; then will I Ravish thee by Force and Violence, and Triumph in the Conquest of thy Chastity; which being done, I will cut thy Tongue out of thy Mouth, because thou shalt not reveal nor descry thy bloody Ravisher: Likewise with this Poniard will I chop off both thy Hands, whereby thou shalt never write with Pen thy stain of Honour, nor in Sampler sow this proffered Disgrace. Therefore, except thou wilt yield to quench my desired Love with the Pleasures of thy Marriage-Bed, I will by Force and Violence inflict those vowed Punishments upon thy delicate Body: Be not too resolute in Denials, for if thou bee'st, the gorgeous Sun shall not glide the Compass of an Hour before I obtain my long desired purpose: And thereupon he stepped to the Orchard-Door, and with all expedition locked it, and put the Key in his Pocket. Then returned he like an
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hunger-starved Wolf, to seize upon the silly Lamb : Or like the chafed Boar when he is wounded with the Hunter's Launce, came running to the helpless Lady, intending her present Rape, and foul Dishonour : But she thinking all hope of aid and succour to be void fell into a dead Swoon, being not able to move, for the space of a Quarter of an Hour : But yet at last, having recovered her dead Senses to their former vital Moving, she began in this pitiful manner to defend her assailed Chastity from the wicked Earl that stood over her with his bloody Dagger, threatening most cruelly her final Confusion.

My Lord of *Corventry* (said she, with weeping Tears and kneeling upon the Ground) is Vertue banished from your Breast ? have you a mind more Tyrannous than the Tygers in *Hyconia*, that nothing may suffice to satisfy your Lustful Desires but the stain of mine Honour, and the Conquest of my Chastity ? If it be my Beauty that hath inticed you, I am content to have it converted to a loathsome Leprosie whereby to make me Odious in your Eyes ; If it be my rich and costly Garments that make me Beautiful, and so intangle you, henceforth I will attire my Body in poor and simple Array, and for evermore dwell in Country Caves and Cottages ; so that I may preserve my Chastity unspotted. If none of these may suffice to abase your Tyrannous Intent, but that your Lust will make me Time's Wonder, and pointing stock, and scorn of Vertuous Ladies, then will the Heavens Revenge my Wrongs, to whom I will uncessantly make my Petitions : The Birds in the Air after their Kind, will evermore Exclaim against your Wickedness : The Silvan Beasts that abide in Woods and Desarts, will breathe forth Clamours of your Wickedness : The creeping Worms that live within the Crevices of the Earth, will give dumb Signs and Tokens of your Wickedness : The running Rivers will Murmur at your Wickedness : The Woods and Trees, Herbs and Flowers, with every senseless thing, will sound some Motions of your Wickedness. Return, return, my Noble Lord, unto your former Vertues ; banish such fond Desires out of your Mind ; stain not the Honour of your House with such black Scandals and Disgrace, bear this in Mind before you do attempt so vile a Sin : What became of *Hellen's* Ravishment, but the Destruction of Renowned *Troy* ? What of Roman *Lucretia's* Rape, but the Banishment of *Tarquin* ? And what of *Progne's* foul Desflourment by her Sister's Husband the Lustful King of *Thrace*, but the bloody Banquet of his Young Son *Itis*, whose tender Body they served to his Table, baked in a Pye ? At which Speeches the ireful Earl wrapped his Hands within her Locks of Hair, which was covered with a costly Caul of Gold, and in this manner presently replied unto her.

What

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What tellest thou me of Poets Tales (said he) of *Progne's Rape*, and *Terius's bloody Banquet*? thy Ravishment shall be an Induction to thy Tragedy, which if thou yield not willingly, I will obtain by Force and Violence: Therefore prepare thy self either to entertain the Sentence Pronounced, or yield thy Body to my Pleasure. This unrecanting and vowed Resolution of the Earl, added Grief upon Grief, and heaped Mountains of Sorrow upon her Soul: Twice did the hapless Lady cast her Eyes to Heaven, in hopes the Gods would pity her Distress, and twice unto the Earth, wishing the Ground might open and devour her, and so deliver her from the Fury of the wicked Earl: But at last when she saw that neither Tears, Prayers, nor Wishes could prevail, she gave an outward Sign of consenting upon some Conditions, under Colour to devise a present means to preserve her Chastity, and deliver her self from his Lustful Assaultments. There is no Condition (said the Earl) but I would yield unto, so thou wilt grant my Desire, and make me chief Commander of thy Love.

First, My Lord (quoth she) shall you suffer me to sit some certain Hours upon this Bed of Violets, and bewail the Loss of my good Name, which shortly shall be yielded up to your Pleasure; then shall you lie and dally in my Lap, thereby to make my Affections, yet freezing Cold, to Flame with burning Brands of Love; that being done, you shall receive your wished Desires. Those Words caused the Earl to convert his furious Wrath to smiling Joy, and casting down his Dagger, he gave her a courteous Kiss, which she in his Conceit graciously accepted; whereby his Mind was brought into such a vain Opinion, that he thought no Heaven but in her Presence, no Comfort but in her Sight, and no Pleasure but in her: Then caused he *Sabra* to sit down upon a Bed of Violets, beset about with divers Sorts of Flowers, whose Lap he made his Pillow, whereupon he laid his Head, intending, as he thought, to increase Desire: But Women in Extremity have the quickest Wits; so *Sabra* busied her self by all means possible, either now or never to remove the cause of her deep Distress, by practising his Death, and so quit her self from her importunate Suitor; one while she told him pleasant Tales of Love, in hope to bring his Senses to a Slumber, the better to accomplish her Desires; other while she play'd and sported with his Hair that hung dangling below his Shoulders like to Threds of Silk: But at last, when neither Tales, Discourses, nor dallying Pastime with his Hair could not bring him asleep, she strained forth the Organs of her Voice, and over his Head sung this woful Ditty:

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Thou God of Sleep, and Golden Dreams, appear ;

That bring'st all things to Peace and quiet Rest,
Close up the Glasses of his Eyes so clear,

Thereby to make my Fortune ever blest :

His Eyes, his Heart, his Senses, and his Mind,
In Peaceful sleep let them some Comfort find.

Sing sweet you pretty Birds in Tops of Trees,

With warbling Tunes and many a pleasant Note :

Till your sweet Musick close his watchful Eyes,

That on my Love with vain Desires doth dote :

Sleep on my Dear, Sleep on, my Love's Delight,
And let this Sleep be thy Eternal Night.

You gentle Bees, the Muses lovely Birds,

Come aid my doleful Tunes with Silver sound,

Till your inspiring Melody records

Such Heavenly Musick that may quite confound

Both Wit and Sense, and tire his Eyes with sleep,

That on my Lap in sweet Content I keep.

You Silver Streams, which Murmuring Musick make,

And fill each Dale with pleasant Harmony,

Whereat the floating Fish much Pleasure take,

To hear your sweet recording Melody,

Assist my Tunes his slumbring Eyes to close,

That on my Lap now takes a sweet repose.

Let whispering Winds in every senseless Tree,

A solemn, sad, and doleful Musick sing :

From Hills and Dales, and from each Mountain high,

Let some inspiring Sound or Eccho ring,

That he may never wake from Sleep again,

Which sought my Marriage-Bed with Lust to stain.

This delightful Song rocked his Senses to such a careless Slumber, that he slept as soundly upon her Lap as on the softest Bed of Down ; whereby she found a fit Opportunity to deliver her undefiled Body from his Lustful Desires. So taking the Poiniard in her Hand, which he had cast a little aside, and gazing thereon with an ireful Look, she made this sad Complaint.

Grant, You Immortal Powers of Heaven (said she) that of these Two Extrems I choose the best ; either must I yield my Body to be dishonoured by his unchaste Desires, or stain my Hands with the
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trickling Streams of his Heart-Blood. If I yield unto the First, I shall be then accounted for a Vicious Dame; but if I commit the Last, I shall be Guilty of a wilful Murther, and for the same the Law will adjudge me a Shameful Death. What, shall I fear to Die, or lose my Vertue and Renown? No, my Heart shall be as Tyrannous as *Danaus's* Daughters, that slew their Fifty Husbands in a Night; or as *Medea's* Cruelty, which scattered her Brother's bloody Joints upon the Sea Shore, thereby to hinder the swift pursuit of her Father, when *Jason* got the Golden Fleece from *Calcos* Isle. Therefore stand still you glittering Lamps of Heaven, stay wandring Time, and let him sleep Eternally.

Where art thou, sad *Melpomene*, that speakest of nothing but of Murthers and Tragedies? Where be those Dames that evermore delight in Blood? Come, come, assist me with your Cruelties, let me exceed the Hate of *Progne* for her Ravishment: Rage Heart, and take delight in Blood, banish all Thoughts of Pity from thy Breast, be thou as Merciless as King *Priam's* Queen, that in Revenge of Five and Twenty Murdered Sons, with her own Hands stained the Pavements of *Agamemnon's* Court with Purple Gore.

These Words were no sooner ended, but with a wrathful and pale Countenance, she sheathed the Poiniard up to the Hilt in the closure of his Breast, whereat he started, and would have got upon his Feet, but the Streams of Blood so violently gushed from his Wound, that he declined immediately to the Earth, and his Soul was forced to give the World a doleful Adieu.

When *Sabra* beheld the Bed of Violets stained with Blood, and every Flower converted to a Crimson Colour, she sighed grievously: But when she saw her Garments all to be sprinkled with her Enemies Blood, and he lay wallowing at her Feet in Purple Gore, she ran speedily unto a flowing Fountain, that stood in the farther side of the Orchard, and began to wash the Blood out of her Cloaths, but the more she washed, the more it encreased: A Sign that Heaven will never suffer wilful Murder to be hid, for what cause soever it is done.

This strange Spectacle, or rather wonderful Accident, so amazed the sorrowful Lady, that she began anew to Complain: Oh that this wicked Murder had never been done! (said she) or that my Hand had been struck lame by some unlucky Planet, when it first did attempt the Deed! Whither shall I flee, to shrowd me from the Company of Vertuous Women, which will for evermore shun me as a detested Murderer? If I should go into some Foreign Country,
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there Heaven will cast down Vengeance for my Guilt ; if I should hide my self in Woods and solitary Wilderesses, yet would the Winds discover me, and blow this bloody Crime to every corner of the World ; or if I should go live in Caves, or dark Dens within the deep Foundations of the Earth, yet will his Ghost pursue me there, and haunt me Day and Night ; so that in no place a Murderer can live in rest, such discontented Thoughts shall still oppress his Mind. After she had breathed forth this comfortless Lamentation to the Air, she tore her blood-stained Garment from her Back, and cast it into the Fountain, where it turned the Water into the Colour of Blood, so heinous is Murther in the sight of Heaven.

Thus being disrobed into her Petticoat, she turned to the slaughtered Earl, whose Face she found covered with Moss, which added more Grief unto her Soul, for she greatly feared her Murther was descryed : But it fell not out as she mistrusted, for it is the Nature and Kind of the *Robin-Red-Breast* and other Birds, always to cover the Face of any dead Man, and those were they that bred this Fear in the Ladies Heart. By this time the Day began to shut up his bright Windows, and Sable Night entred to take Possession of the Earth, yet durst not the woful distressed *Sabra* make her repair homewards, lest she should be descryed without her upper Garment.

During which time, there was a general search made for the Earl by his Servants, for they greatly suspected some Danger had befallen him, considering that they heard him the Night before so woefully complain in his Chamber. At last, with Torch-Lights they came to the Orchard Gate, which they presently burst open ; wherein no sooner entring, but they found their Murdered Master lying by a Bed of Violets, covered with Moss ; likewise searching to find out the Murderer, at last they espied *Sabra* in her bare Petticoat, her Hands and Face besprinkled with Blood, and her Countenance as Pale as Albes ; by which Signs they suspected her to be the Bloody bereaver of their Lord and Master's Life : Therefore because she descended from a Noble Lineage, they brought her the same Night before the King, which did then keep his Court in the City of *Coventry*, who immediately upon the Confession of the Murther, gave this severe Judgment against her.

First, to be conveyed to Prison, there to remain for the Term of Twelve Months, and at the end thereof to be Burned like a most wicked Offender : Yet because she was the Daughter to a King, and a Loyal Lady to so Noble a Knight, his Majesty in Mercy granted her this Favour, that if she could get any Knight at Arms, before the

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the time were expired, that would be her Champion, and by Combat redeem her from the Fire, she should live, otherwise, if her Champion were Vanquished, then to Suffer the former Punishment.

Thus have you heard the Discourse of all things which happened till my departure from *England*, where I left her in Prison, and since that time Five Months are fully expired: Therefore, most Renowned Champion, as you love the Life of your Lady, and with her Delivery, make no tarriance, but with all speed post into *England*, for I greatly fear, before you arrive on the blessed Shore, the time will be finished, and *Sabra* suffer Death for want of a Champion to defend her Cause.

This doleful Discourse drove *S. George* with the other Knights and Champions to such an extasie of Mind, that every one departed to their Lodging Chambers with dumb Signs of Sorrow, being not able to speak one Word; where for that Night they Lamented the Misfortune of so vertuous a Lady. The *Egyptian* King her Father, he abandoned the sight of all Companies, and repaired to the Top of a high Tower Built of Marble Stone, wherein he barred himself so fast with Iron Bolts, that none could come within the hearing of his Lamentation: Then raged he up and down like Frantick *Oedipus*, tearing his Eyes from their Natural Cells, accusing Heaven of Injustice, condemning the Earth of Iniquity, and accursing Man for such an execrable Crime; one while wishing that his Daughters Birth-Day had been her Burial-Day; another while that some unlucky Planet would descend the Firmament, and fall upon his miserable Head. Being in this extream Passion, he never hoped to see his Daughters Countenance again; and so about Midnight, being a time when desperate Men practise their own Destruction, he cast himself headlong from the Top of the Tower, and broke his Neck, and all besprinkled the Flinty Pavements with his Blood and Brains.

No sooner was the Night vanished, and bright *Phæbus* entered the Zodiack of Heaven, but his bruised Body lifeless and senseless, was found by his Servants lying in the Palace Yard all beaten in Pieces against the Ground. The woful News of this self-willed Murder they told to certain *Egyptian* Knights, who took his scattered Limbs and carried them to *S. George's* Chamber, whom they found arming himself for his departure towards *England*; but at this woful Spectacle he took a second conceited Grief in such extream manner, that it had almost cost him his Life, but that the *Egyptian* Knights gave him many comfortable Speeches, and by the consent of many Dukes, Earls, Lords, and Barons, with many other of the Late King's Privy-Council,

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Council, they Elected him the true succeeding King of *Egypt*, by the Marriage of *Ptolomy's* Daughter; which Royal Proffer *S. George* refused not, but took upon him the Government of the whole Country, so that for a short time his Journey towards *England* was stayed, and upon the Third Day following, his Coronation was appointed, which they solemnly performed, to the high Honour of all the Christian Champions: For the *Egyptian* Peers caused *S. George* to be Apparelled in Royal Vestures like a King, he had on a Suit of flaming Green, like an Emerald, and a Mantle of Scarlet very richly Furr'd, and wrought curiously with Gold: Then the other Six Champions led him up to the King's Throne, and set him in a Chair of Ebony, which had Pummels of Silver, which stood upon an Alabaster Elephant; then came Three of the greatest Lords in *Egypt*, and set a Crown of Gold upon his Head; then followed the Knights with a Scepter and a Naked Sword, to signify that he was chief Governor of the Realm, and Lord of all that appertained to the Crown of *Egypt*. This being performed in most Sumptuous and Stately manner, the Trumpets with other Instruments began to Sound, whereat the general Company with joyful Voices cryed altogether, *Long live S. George, true Champion for England, and King of Egypt*. Then was he conducted to the Royal Palace, where for Ten Days he remained among his Lords and Knights, spending the time in great Joy and Pleasure; the which being finished, his Lady's distress constrained him to a sudden departure, therefore he left the Guiding of his Land to Twelve *Egyptian* Lords, binding them all by Oath to deliver it at his return; likewise charging them to inter the Body of *Ptolomy* in a Sumptuous Tomb, befitting the Body of so Royal a Potentate: Also appointed the Six Champions to raise their Tents, and Muster up anew their Soldiers, and with all speed march into *Persia*, and there by dint of Bloody War, Revenge his former Injuries upon the accursed Soldan.

This Charge being given, the next Morning by break of Day he buckled on his Armour, mounted on his swift-footed Steed, and bad his Friends in *Egypt* for a season, Adieu; and so in Company of the Knight that brought him that unlucky News, he took his Journey with all speed toward *England*; in which Travel we will leave him for a time; also passing over the speedy Provision made by the Christian Champions in *Egypt*, for the Invasion of *Persia*, and return to sorrowful *Sabra* being in Prison, waiting each Minute to receive the final Stroke of impartial Death: For now had the rowling Planets brought their Years Journey to an end; yet *Sabra* had no Intelligence
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of any Champion that would defend her Cause, therefore she prepared her delicate Body to receive her latest breath of Life. The time being come, she was brought to the Place of Execution, whither she went as willingly, and with as much Joy, as ever she went before time unto her Marriage: She had made humble submission to the World, and unfeignedly committed her Soul to God. She being at the Stake, where the King was present with many Thousands, as well of woful Personages, as of common People, to behold this woful Tragedy, the Deaths-Man stripping off her Garment, which was of Black Sarsenet, and in her Snow-white Smock bound her with an Iron Chain unto the Stake; then placed they round about her tender Body, both Pitch, Turpentine, and Gunpowder, with other merciless things, thereby to make her Death the more easie, and her Pain the shorter; which being done, the King caused the Herald to summon in the Challenger, who at the Sound of the Trumpet came tracing in upon a Roan coloured Steed, without any kind of Mark, and Trapped with Rich Trappings of Gold and precious Stones of great Price; there came out at the Horse's Mouth two Tusks like unto an Elephants, his Nostrils were very large and big, his Head little, his Breast somewhat broad, well pitcht, and so hard that no Sword, were it never so sharp, was able to enter in thereat. The Champion was called the Baron of *Chester*, a bolder and hardier Knight they thought lived not then upon the Face of the whole Earth; he so advanced himself up and down as though he had been able to Encounter with an Hundred Knights. Then the King caused the Herald to Summon in the Defendant, if there were any to defend her Cause; both Drums and Trumpets sounded Three several times up and down the Fields, betwixt every rest, was a full Quarter of an Hour, but yet no Defendant did appear, therefore the King commanded the Executioner to set the Stake on Fire.

At which Words *Sabra* began to grow Pale as Ashes, and her Joints to tremble like to Aspen Leaves; her Tongue that before continued silent, began to record a Swan like dying Tale, and in this manner uttered the Passion of her Heart: Be Witness Heaven and all your bright Cœlestial Angels; be Witness Sun and Moon, all true Beholders of my Fact; be Witness thou clear Firmament, and all the World be Witness of my Innocency; the Blood I shed was for the Safeguard of my Honour and unspotted Chastity: Great God of Heaven, if the Prayers of my unstained Heart may move thy mighty Majesty, or my true Innocency prevail with thy immortal Power, command that either my Lord may come to be my Cham-

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Champion, or sad Beholder of my Death. But if my Handwere stained with the Blood about some wicked Enterprize, then Heaven shew present Vengeance upon me, else by some Noble Champion save my Body alive. At which instant she heard the Sound of a shrill Trumpet, the which *S. George* caused to be winded (for as then he was near;) which caused the Execution a while to be deferred. At last, they beheld afar off a stately Banner waving in the Air, the which a Squire carried before *S. George*; then they espied near unto the Banner a most Valiant Armed Knight, mounted upon a Coal-Black Palfrey, with a Warlike Launce standing in his Rest: By which sudden approach they knew him to be the same Champion that would defend the distressed Lady's Life. Then the King commanded the Drums and Trumpets to Sound; whereat the People gave a general shout, and the Poor Lady half dead with Fear began to revive, and her blushing Cheeks to be as Beautiful as Red Roses dipt in Milk, or as Blood mingled with Snow. But when *S. George* approached the sight of his constant Lady, whom he found Chained to a Stake, encompassed with many Instruments of Death, his Heart so relented with Grief that he almost fell beside his Horse: Yet remembring wherefore he came, he recalled his Courage, and intended to try his Fortune in the Combat, before he would discover himself unto his Lady. And when the Trumpets sounded Death's Alarm, the two Knights set Spurs to their Horses, and made them run so fiercely, that at the First Encounter they shivered both their Launces to their Hands, then rushed they together so rigorously with their Bodies and Helmets, that they fell down both to the Earth; but *S. George* who was the more Lusty Knight, nimbly leap'd upon his Feet without any hurt, but the Baron of *Chester* lay still with his Head downward, casting from his Mouth abundance of Blood, for he was mightily bruised with the fall; but when he revived from his Trance, he took his Shield, drawing out a mighty Faulchion, and with wrathful Countenance ran at *S. George*. Now, proud Knight (quoth he) I swear by all the Saints of Heaven, to Revenge my Blood which thou hast shed; and therewithal he struck so violently upon *S. George's* Shield, that it cleaved quite asunder. Then began he to wax Angry, and took his Sword in great Wrath and gave the Baron of *Chester* such a stroke, that he cut away Arm and Shoulder and all the Flesh of his side to the bare Ribs, and likewise cut his Leg almost quite in sunder, in the thickest Place of his Thigh, and yet for all that, the Sword entred half a Foot into the Earth; then fell the Baron of *Chester* to the Ground, and breathed forth this lamentable Cry.

Now

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Now Frown, you fatal Stars Eternally, that did Predominate at my Birth, for he is Slain and Vanquished, that never stoopt to any Knight before this Day. And thereupon the Blood stopped the Passage of his Speech, and his Soul went flying to *Elizium*: Whereat the whole Company admired, and applauded *S. George* for the most fortunate Knight in the World: Then the King delivered *Sabra* with his own Hands to *S. George*, who most courteously received her, and like a courteous Knight cast a Scarlet Mantle over her Body, the which a Lady standing by, bestowed upon him; yet he minding not to discover himself, but set her upon his portly Steed (that presently grew proud in carrying so rich a Burthen) and with his own Hands led him by the Bridle Reins. So great was the Joy throughout the City, that the Bells rung without ceasing, that whole Day together, the Citizens through every Place *S. George* should pass, did hang forth at their Windows, and on their Walls, Cloath of Gold and Silk, with Rich Carpets, Cushion-coverings of Green Velvet lay abroad in every Window: The Clergy in Copes of Gold and Silk, met them with solemn Procession: The Ladies and Beautiful Damsels strewed every Street whereas he passed, with Roses and most Pleasant Flowers, and Crowned him with a Wreath of Green Bays, in Sign of his Triumphant Victory and Conquest.

In this manner went he to the King's Palace, not known by any what he should be, but that he was a Knight of a strange Country: Yet *Sabra* many times as they passed along, desired to see his Face, and know his Name, for that he had adventured so far for her sake, and that for her Delivery he had vanquished the bravest Knight in *England*. Yet for all her Perswasions, he kept himself undiscovered till a Troop of Ladies in Company of *Sabra*, got him into a Chamber richly hung with Arras Cloth, and there unlac'd his Bever; whose Countenance when she beheld, and saw that it was her Lord and Husband which had redeemed her from Death, she fell into a dead Swoon for very Joy, but *S. George* sprinkled a little cold Water on her Face and revived her presently. After this he gave her many a kind and loving Kiss, calling her the most True, and the most Loyal Lady that ever Nature framed, that to the very Death would not lose one Jot of her unspotted Honour. Likewise she accounted him the truest Knight, and Loyallest Husband that ever Heavenly *Hymen* linkt in Bands of Marriage with any Woman. But when the King had notice that it was *S. George*, his Countries Champion, which atchieved that Noble Conquest in vanquishing the Baron of *Chester*, he was ravished with such Joy, that he came running in all

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haste to the Chamber, and most kindly embraced him, and after he was unarmed, and his Wounds washed with White-Wine and New-Milk, the King conducted him with his Lady to his Banqueting-House, where they Feasted for that Evening, and after he kept open Court for all Comers so long as S. George continued there, which was for the space of one Month: At the end whereof, he took his Lady and one Page with him, and bad *England* Adieu; and then he Travelled towards *Persia*, to the other Christian Champions, whose dangerous Journey, and strange Adventures you may read in this Chapter following.

CHAP. XVI. *How S. George in his Journey towards Persia, arrived in a Country Inhabited only by Maids, where he atchieved many strange and wonderful Adventures: Also of the Ravishment of Seven Virgins in a Wood, and how Sabra preserved her Honour from a terrible Giant.*

AFTER S. George with his vertuous Lady departed from *England*, and had Travelled through many Countries, taking their direct Courses towards *Egypt*, and the Confines of *Persia*, where the other Six Champions remained with the Warlike Legions, at last they arrived in the Country of the *Amazonians*, a Land Inhabited by none but Women: In which Region S. George Atchieved many Brave and Princely Adventures, which are most wonderful to rehearse, as after is declared: For Travelling up and down the Country, they found every Town and City desolate of People, yet very sumptuously Built, the Earth likewise untilld, the Pastures uncherished, and every Field overgrown with Weeds, whereby he deemed that some strange Accident had befallen the Country, either by War, or Mortality of some grievous Plague, for they could neither set Eye of Man, Woman, nor Child, whereby they were forced to feed upon Roots, and instead of brave Palaces, they were constrained to lie on broad Pastures, upon the Banks of Moss, and instead of Curtains of Silk, they had black and dark Clouds to cover them.

In this extremity they Travelled up and down for Thirty Days, but at last it was their happy Fortunes to arrive before a Rich Pavilion, situated and standing in the open Fields, which seemed to be the most glorious sight that ever they beheld, for it was wrought of the Richest Works in the World, all of Green and Crimson Sattin, bordered with Gold and Azure, the Posts that bare it up were of Ivory, the Cords of Green Silk, and on the Top thereof there stood an Eagle of Gold, and at the Two Corners, Two Green Silver Grifons shining against the Sun, which seemed in richness to exceed the

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the Monument of *Mausolus*, being one of the Worlds Twelve Wonders. They had not there remained long, admiring at the Beauty of the Workmanship, but at the Entry of the Pavilion there appeared a Maiden Queen Crowned with an Imperial Diadem, who was the fairest Creature that ever he saw. On her attended *Amazonian* Dames, bearing in their Hands Silver Bows of the Turkish Fashion, and at their Backs hung Quivers full of Golden Arrows, upon their Heads they wore Silver Cornets, beset with Pearls and precious Stones, their Attire Comely and Gallant, their Faces fair and gentle to behold, their Foreheads plain and white, the Tracings of their Hair like burnished Gold; their Brows small and proper, somewhat drawing to a brown Colour, their Visage plain, neither too Long nor too Round, but coloured like Roses mixed with Lilies, their Noses Long and Streight, their Ruddy Cheeks somewhat Smiling, their Eyes Lovely, and all the rest of their Parts and Lineaments, by Nature framed most Excellent, who had made them in Beauty without compare: The Queen her self was cloathed in a Gown of Green, strait girt unto her Body with a Lace of Gold, so that somewhat her Round and Lily-White Breast might be seen, which became her wonderful well; beside all this, she had on a crimson Kirtle, lined with Violet coloured Velvet, and her wide Sleeves were likewise of Green Silk, Embroidered with Flowers of Gold, and with rich Pearls. When *S. George* had sufficiently beheld the Beauty of this Maiden Queen, he was almost entrapped in her Love, but that the dear Affection he bare to his own Lady prevented him, whom he would not wrong for all the Treasures betwixt the highest Heaven and the lowest Earth. At last, he alighted from his Horse and humbled himself unto her Excellency, and thus courteously began to question with her after this manner:

Most Divine and Fair of all Fairs, Queen of sweet Beauty (said he) let a Travelling Knight obtain this Favour at your Hands, that both himself and his Lady, whom you behold here wearied with Travel, may take our rest within your Pavilion for a Night: For we have wandred up and down this Country many a Day, neither seeing Man to give us Lodging, nor finding Food to cherish us, which made us wonder that so brave a Country, and so beautified with Nature's Ornaments as this is, should be left desolate of People, the cause whereof is strange I know, and full of Wonder.

This Question being Courteously demanded by *S. George*, caused the *Amazonian* Queen as kindly to reply: Sir Knight (quoth she) (for so you seem both by your Behaviour and Gallant Stature) what Favour

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Favour my Pavilion may afford, be assured off; but the Remembrance of my Country's Desolation which you speak of, breeds a Sea of Sorrow in my Soul, and maketh me sigh when I remember it; but because you are a Knight of a strange Land, I will report it, though unto my Grief: About some Twelve Years since, it was a Necromancer's chance to arrive within this Country, his Name is *Osmond*, the cunningest Artist this Day living upon the Earth, for he can at his call Raife all the Spirits out of Hell, and with his Charms make Heaven to Rain continually Showers of Blood: My Beauty at that instant tempted him to Love, and drowned his Senses so in Desire, that he assailed by all Perswasions that either Wit or Art could devise, to win me to his Will; but I having vowed my self to *Diana's* Chastity, to live in singleness among these *Amazonian* Maids, contemned his Love, despised his Person, and accounted his Perswasions as ominous as Snakes; for which he wrought the Destruction of this my Realm and Kingdom; for by his Magick Art and Damned Charms, he raised from the Earth a Mighty Tower, the Mortar whereof he mingled with Virgins Blood, wherein are such Enchantments wrought, that the Light of the Sun, and the Brightness of the Skies is quenched, and the Earth blasted with a terrible Vapour, and black Mist, that ascended from the Tower, whereby a general Darknes overspread our Land, the compass of Four and Twenty Leagues, so this Country is clean wasted and destroyed, and my People fled out thereof. This Tower is haunted Day and Night with ghastly Fiends; and at his departure into *Persia*, where he now by Enchantment aids the Soldan in his Wars against the Christians, he left the Guarding of the same to a mighty and terrible Giant, for Shape the ugliest Monster that ever Eye beheld, or ever Ear heard tell of, for he is Thirty Foot in length; his Head Three times larger than the Head of an Ox: His Eyes bigger than two Pewter Dishes, and his Teeth standing out of his Mouth more than a Foot, wherewith he will break both Iron and Steel: His Arms big and long without any Measure, and his Body as black as any Coal, and as hard as Brasse; also of such a strength, that he is able to carry away at once Three Knights Armed; and he never eateth any other Meat, but raw Flesh of Mankind; he is so light and swift, that a Horse cannot run from him, and oftentimes he hath assailed with great Troops of Armed Men, but all of them could never do him any harm, neither with Sword, Spear, Cross-Bow, nor any other Weapon.

Thus have you heard, most Noble and Courteous Knight, the true Discourse of my utter Ruine, and the Vengeance shewed upon
my

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my Country by this wicked Necromancer ; for which I have remained ever since in this Pavilion amongst my Maidens, where we pray both Day and Night, that some unhappy Fortune or terrible Vengeance may fall upon this wicked Conjuror.

Now as I am a true *English* Knight, (replied *S George*) no sooner shall the Morning Sun appear, but I will take my Journey to that Enchanted Tower, in which I'll enter in despite of the Giant, and break the Enchantment, or make my Grave within the Monsters Bowels ; which if I happily perform, then will I Travel into *Persia*, and Fetter up the most wicked Necromancer, and like a Blood-Hound lead him up and down the World in Chains.

Most dangerous is the Adventure (quoth the *Amazonian Queen*) from whence as yet did never Knight return ; but if you be so Resolute and Noble-Minded, as to attempt the Enterprize, then happy be your Fortune, and know, Brave Knight, that this Tower lieth Westward from hence about Thirteen Miles. And thereupon she took him by the Hand, and caused *Sabra* likewise to alight from her Palfrey, and led them both into her Pavilion, where they were Feasted most Royally, and for that Night slept securely. But when the Day's bright Windows opened, and the Morning-Sun began to glitter, in all haste *S. George*, that Valiant-Minded Champion arose from his sweet Content, and Armed himself ; where after he had taken his Leave of the Queen, and gave her Thanks for his courteous Entertainment, he also took his leave of *Sabra*, whom he left in Company of the Queens Maidens till his return with Conquest, and so rode forth till it was Noon, and then he entred into a deep Valley, and he rode lower and lower. It was then a fair Day, and the Sun shined clear ; but by that time he had ridden Ten Miles and a half, he had lost both the Light and the Sun, and also the sight of Heaven, for it was there as dark as Night, and more dismal than the deepest Dungeon.

At last he found a mighty River with Streams as black as Pitch, and the Banks were so high, that the Water could scarce be seen running underneath, and it was so full of Serpents, that none could enter among them that ever returned back with Life : About his Head flew monstrous Birds, and divers Griffons, who were able to bear away an Armed Knight Horse and all, and were in as great Multitudes as though they had been Starlings : Also there were Flies as big as Nuts, and as black as Pitch, which stung him and his Horse so grievously, that there issued down such store of Blood that it changed his Horse from a Sable to a Crimson Colour, likewise the
Griffons

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Griffons struck at *S. George* with their Talons so furiously, that had he not defended himself with his Shield, which covered his whole Body, he had been pierced to the Heart.

In this dangerous manner rode he on, till he came to the Gates of the Inchanted Tower, whereas the Giant sat in his Iron Coat, upon a Block with a Mace of Steel in his Hand, who at the first sight of *S. George*, beat his Teeth so mightily together, that they rang like the Stroke of an Anvil, and he ran raging like a Fiend of Hell, thinking to have taken the Champion's Horse and all in his long Teeth that were as sharp as Steel, and to have born them presently into the Tower: But when *S. George* perceived his Mouth open, he took his Sword and thrust it therein so far, that it made the Giant to roar aloud, that the Elements seemed to Thunder, and the Earth to Tremble, his Mouth Smoak'd like a Fiery Furnace, and his Eyes rowled in his Head like Brands of flaming Fire; the Wound was so great, and the Blood issued so fast from the Giant's Mouth, that his Courage began to quail, and against his will he was forced to yield to the Champion's Mercy, and to beg for Life; to which *S. George* agreed, but upon Condition that the Giant would discover all the Secrets of the Tower, and ever after be sworn his true Servant, and attend on him with all Diligence: To which the Giant swore by his own Soul, never to leave him in Extremity, and to answer him truly to all Questions whatsoever. Then *S. George* demanded the Cause of the Darkness, and how it might be ceased. To which the Giant answered in this manner.

There was in the Country about Twelve Years since, a cunning Necromancer, that by Inchantment Built this Tower, the which you now behold, and therein caused a terrible Fire to Spring from the Earth, that cast such a Smoak over the whole Land, whereby the People that were wont to dwell therein are fled and famished for Hunger: Also this Enchanter by his Art made the River that you have passed, the which did never Man before this time, without Death: Also within the Tower, near unto the Fire, there stands a fair and Pleasant Fountain, to which if any Knight be able to attain and cast the Water thereof into the Fire, then shall the Darkness ever after cease, and the Inchantment end, for which cause I have been bound to guard and keep the Tower from the Atchievement of any Knight.

Then when the Giant had ended his Discourse, *S. George* commanded him to remain at the Gate, for he would Adventure to end the Inchantment, and deliver the Country from so grievous a Plague.

Then

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Then went he close by the Windows of the Tower, the which were Sixteen Yards in length and breadth, till he came to a little Wicket, through which he must needs enter: Yet was it set as thick with Pikes of Steel as the Prickles of an Urchin's Skin, to the intent that no Knight should approach near unto the Door, nor once attempt to enter into the Tower; yet with great danger he opened the Wicket, whereout came such abundance of Smoak, that the Darknes of the Country doubled, so that neither Torch nor Candle would burn in that Place; yet nevertheless *S. George* entred, and went downwards upon Stairs, where he could see nothing, but yet felt so many great blows upon his Burgonet, that he was constrained to kneel upon his Knees, and with his Shield to defend himself, or else he had been bruised to Pieces. At last he came to the bottom, and there he found a fair great Vault, where he felt so terrible a heat that he sweat exceedingly, and as he felt about him, he perceived that he approached near the Fire, and going a little further, he espied out the Fountain, whereat he greatly rejoyced: And so he took his Shield, and bear therein as much Water as he could, and cast it into the Fire: In conclusion, he laboured so long till the Fire was clean quenched: Then began the Skies to receive their perfect lightness, and the Golden Sun to shine most clearly about him, where he plainly perceived how there stood upon the Stairs many great Images of Brasse, holding in their Hands mighty Maces of Steel, the which had done him much trouble at his coming down, but then their power was ended, the Fire quenched, and the Inchantment finished.

Thus when *S. George*, through his Invincible Fortitude had performed this dangerous Adventure, he grew weary of Travel, what with heat and sweating, and the mighty blows he received from the Brazen Images, that he returned again to the Wicket, whereat the deformed Giant still remained: Who when he beheld the Champion returned both safe and sound, he fell upon his Knees before him, and said:

Sir Knight, you are most welcome, and happily returned, for you are the Flower of *Christendom*, and the bravest Champion of the World. Command my Service, Duty, and Obedience; for whilst I live, I do profess by the Burning Banks of *Acheron*, never to follow any other Knight but you, and hereupon I kiss your Golden Spur, which is the Noble Badge of Knighthood.

This humble submission of the Giant caused the Champion to rejoyce, not for his Overthrow, but that he had gotten so mighty a Servant; then unlaced he his Helmet, and laid down after his weary

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Encounter, where after he had sufficiently rested himself, he took his Journey in company of the Giant, to the *Amazonian* Queen, where he left his Lady in company of her Virgins, who like a kind, modest and vertuous Wife, during all the time of her Husband's absence, continually prayed to the immortal Powers of Heaven for his fortunate Success and happy Return, otherwise resolving her self, if the lowring Destinies should cross his intent, and unluckily end his Days before the Adventure were accomplished; then to spend the remainder of her Life among those happy Virgins. But on the sudden, before the Queen and her Virgins were aware, *S. George* arrived before the Pavilion, dutifully attended on by the Giant, who bore upon his Shoulder the Body of a tall Oak, by which the Queen knew that his Prowess had redeemed her Country from Darkness, and delivered her from her Sorrow, Care, and Trouble: So in company of her Maids, very gorgeously attired, she conducted the Champion to a Bower of Roses, intermingled with creeping Vines, the which in his absence they planted for his Lady's delight. There found he *Sabra* at her Divine Prayers, like to a solitary Widow clad in Mourning Habillments; but when she beheld her Lord return in Safety, she banished Grief, and in haste ran unto him, and in his Bosom ravished her self with Pleasure.

But to speak how the *Amazonian* Queen feasted them, and in what manner she and her Maids devised Pastime for their Contents, were too tedious to repeat, but when Night gave end to their Pleasures, and sleep summoned all things to a quiet silence, the Queen brought them to a very sumptuous Lodging, wherein stood a Bed framed with Ebony-Wood, over-hung with many Pendants of Gold, the Tick was stuffed with Down of Turtle-Doves, the Sheets of *Median* Silk, thereon lay a rich Quilt wrought with Cotton, covered with Damask, and stitch'd with Threads of Gold. The Queen bestowed upon *S. George* at his going to Bed, an imbroidered Shirt, curiously wrought with many rare Devices; as the Labours of *Hercules*, the Triumphs of *Mars*, and the Loves of many Potentates, wrought in such curious manner, as though Art it self had been the Contriver.

Sabra at her going to Bed, was likewise presented by the Queens Maids with a light Kirtle of changeable Violet, somewhat blushing on a red Colour. Also, they put a white Kerchief of Silk upon her Head, somewhat loose and untied, so that under the same, her Ivory Throat might be easily seen, and her fair Golden-Hair lying about her Neck; over them was cast a Mantle of Green Silk, which made the Bed seem more beautiful than *Flora's* rich Ornaments. By them
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the Queen and her Virgins fate, making sweet Musick upon their Silver Tuned Lutes, till Golden Sleep had closed up their Eyes; the which being done, the Queen with her Ladies departed likewise to their natural Rests. But all this while the Giant never entred the Pavilion, but slept as soundly at the Root of a Pine-Tree, as Saint George did in his imbroidered Bed, for he knew not what Pleasures belonged thereunto, nor never before that time beheld any Womans Face. At last, the Night withdrew her black Curtains, and gave the Morning leave to appear, whose pleasant Light caused S. George to forsake his Bed, and to walk some few Miles to over-view the Country; in which Journey he took such exceeding Pleasure, that he thought it the goodliest Realm that ever he saw, for he perceived well how it was full of Worldly Wealth.

At last, he climbed up to the Top of an high Mountain, being about Two Miles from the Queens Pavilion, whereon he stood and beheld many stately Towns and Towers, high and mighty Castles, many large Woods and Meadows, and many pleasant Rivers; and about the Towns, fair Vines, goodly Pastures and Fields. At last, he beheld the City of *Argenia* shining against the Sun, the Place where the Queen in former time was wont to keep her Court; which City was invironed with deep Ditches, the Wall strongly Buildd, and more than Five Hundred Towers made of Lime and Stone; also he saw many fair Churches covered with Lead, having Tops and Spires of Gold, shining most gorgeously; with Weather-Cocks of Silver, glittering against the Sun. Also he saw the Burgeses Houses stand like Palaces closed with high and strong Walls, Barred with Chains of Iron from House to House, whereat in his Heart he praised much the Nobleness and Richness of the City, and said to himself that it might well be called *Argenia*, for it seemed to be of *Argent*, that is as much as to say, of Silver.

During the time of the Champion's pleasurable Walk which continued from the break of Day, to the closing of the Evening, happened a woful Tragedy, near unto the Queens Pavilion, committed by the Monstrous Giant whom S. George brought from the Enchanted Tower: For that same Morning, when the Sun had Mounted some few Degrees unto the Firmament, Seven of the Queens Virgins in *Sabra's* Company, walked into a pleasant Thicket of Trees adjoining to her Pavilion, not only to take the Pleasure of the Morning Air, but to hear the chirping Melody of Birds, in which Thicket or Grove, under a Pine-Tree, this Giant Lodged the passed Night: But no sooner came these Beautiful Ladies under the Bran-

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Branches of the Trees, but the Giant cast his Eyes upon them, whose rare Perfections so fired the Heart of the Lustful Giant, that he must either quench his Desires with the Spoils of their Chastities, or end his Days in some Monstrous manner; therefore he started up from the Place where he lay, and with a wrathful Countenance ran amongst the Ladies, and catching them all Eight at once betwixt his Arms, he bore them to the further side of the Grove, where he Ravished Seven of the Queens Maidens, and afterwards devoured them alive into his loathsome Bowels, *Sabra* being the Eighth of that woful Number, which in her sight she beheld Butchered by that bloody Wolf: but continuing the time of their Ravishment, she made her supplication to the Gods, that they would in mercy defend her Chastity from the Lustful Rape of so wicked a Monster: And immediately upon these Words she saw an ugly Toad come crawling before her, through which by Policy, she saved her Life, and preserved her Honour: For she took the Toad betwixt her Hands, and crushed the Venom from her impoisoned Bowels, wherewith she all besprinkled her Face, so that presently her fair Beauty was changed into loathsome Blisters, for she seemed more like a Creature deformed with Leprosie, than a Lady of excellent Feature. At length, she being the last of all, her time came that she should be Defloured; and the Lustful Giant came to fetch her; but when he beheld her Visage so envenomed, he loathed her sight, seeking neither to Ravish her, nor proffering to Devour her, but discontentedly wandring away, greatly grieved at the committed Crime, and sorely repenting himself of so wicked a Deed, not only for the Spoil of the Seven Virgins, but for the wrong proffered to so Noble a Knight; who not only granted him Liberty of Life, but received him into his Service: Therefore he raged up and down the Grove, making the Earth to tremble at his Exclamations, one while cursing his Fortune and Hour of Creation, another while banning his Sire and Devilish Dam: But when he remembered the Noble Champion *S. George*, whose angry Frown he would not see for all the World, then to prevent the same, he ran his Head most furiously against a knobbed Oak, and brained himself, where we will leave him now weltring in his Blood, and speak what became of *Sabra* after this bloody Accident: for after she had wandred up and down the Thicket many a weary step incensing Heaven against the Giant's Cruelty, the Sun began to set, and the dark Night grew on, which caused her thus to complain.

Oh you Immortal Powers of Heaven! and you Coelestial Planets, being the true Guiders of the Firmament, open your bright Coelestial Gates,

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Gates, and send some fatal Planet, or some burning Thunder bolt, to rid me from the Vale of Misery, for I will never more return to my Lord, since I am thus deformed, and made an ugly Creature, my loathsome Face will prove a Corrosive to his Heart, and my Body a Torment to his Soul: My Sight will be unpleasant, my Company hated, my Presence loathed, and every one will shun my sight, as from a Crocodile; therefore I will remain within this Grove, till Heaven either bring me to my former Beauty, or end my Languishing Misery; yet Witness Heaven, of my Loyalty unto my Lord, and in what extremity I have maintained my Chastity; in remembrance of my true Love, here will I leave this Chain of Gold for my beloved Lord to find, that he may know for his sake I have endured a World of Woe.

At which Speeches she took her Chain which was doubled Twenty times about her Neck, and left it lying all besmeared in the Blood of those Virgins whom the Giant had Ravished and slain, and so betook her self to a sad solitary Life, intending never to come in the sight of Men, but to spend her Days wandring in the Woods; where we will likewise leave her for a time, and speak of *S. George*, who by this time, was returned to the Queen's Pavilion, where he missed his Lady, and had Intelligence, how that she in company of Seven other Ladies, walked in the Morning into a pleasant Grove to hear the Melody of Birds, and since that time no News hath been heard of them; for as then it grew toward Night, which caused *S. George* greatly to mistrust that some Mischance had befallen his Lady. Then he demanded what was become of the Giant, but answer was made, that he was never seen nor heard of since Morning; which caused him greatly to suspect the Giant's Treachery, and how by his means the Ladies were prevented of their purposed Pleasures.

Therefore in all haste like a frantick Man he ran into the Thicket, filling every corner with Clamours and resounding Ecchoes of her Name, and calling for *Sabra*, through every Bramble Bush: But there he could neither hear the Voice of *Sabra*, nor the Answer of any other Lady, but the woful Ecchoes of his Exclamations, which rattled through the Leaves of the Trees. Then began he to wax somewhat Melancholy and Passionate, passing the time away till bright *Cynthia* mounted on the Hemisphere, by whose glittering Beams he saw the Ground besprinkled with purple Gore; and found the Chain that *Sabra* was wont to wear about her Neck, all besmeared in Blood: He bitterly complained against his own Fortune, and his Ladies hapless Destiny, for he supposed then that the Giant had Murdered her.

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O discontented sight (said he) here lies the Blood of my beloved Lady, the truest Woman that ever Knight enjoyed: That Body which for Excellency deserved a Monument of Gold, more rich than the Tomb of *Angelica*, I fear lies buried in the Bowels of that Monstrous Giant, whose Life unhappily I granted. Here is the Chain besmeared in Blood, which at our first Acquaintance I gave her in a Courtly Mask: This Golden Chain, I say, stained with the Blood of my dear Lady, shall for evermore be kept within my Bosom, near unto my bleeding Heart, that I may still remember her true Love, Faith, and Constancy. But fond Fool that I am, why do I talk in vain? it will not recompence her Murdered Soul, the which methinks I hear how it calls for Revenge in every corner of the Grove. It was I that left her carelessly within the Danger of the Giant, whom I little mistrusted, therefore I will meet her in *Elysium* Shades, and crave Remission for my committed Trespas, for on this Oak I will abridge my Life, as did the worthy Knight *Melme-ropolion* for the Love of *Sillara*.

Which Lamentation being no sooner ended, but he took the Chain of Gold, and fastned one end to the Arm of a great Oak, and the other end to his Neck, intending presently to strangle himself; but Heaven prevented his desperate Intent after a strange manner: For under the same Tree the brained Giant lay, not yet fully dead, who in this manner spake to *S. George*.

O stay thy hand, most Noble and Invincible Knight, the World's chief Wonder for admirable Chivalry, and let my dying Soul convert thee from so wicked a Deed: Seven Virgins in this Thicket have I Ravished, and buried all their Bodies in my accursed Bowels, but before I could deflour the Eighth, in a strange manner her bright Beauty was changed into a loathsome Leprosie, whereby I detested her sight, and left her Chastity undefiled, but by her sad complaints, I since have understood, how that she is your Lady and Love, and to this Hour she hath her Residence within this Thicket: And there-upon with a doleful Groan which seemed to shake the Ground, he bad Adieu to the World.

Then *S. George* being glad to hear such Tidings, reverted from his desperate Intent, and searched up and down the Grove till he had found *Sabra*, where she sat sorrowing under the Branches of a Mulberry-Tree, betwixt whom was a sad and heavy Greeting; and as they walked back to the Queens Pavilion, she discoursed to him the Truth of this bloody Stratagem, where she remained till the *Amazonian* Queen had cured her Leprosie by the secret Virtue of her Skill; of whom

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whom after they had taken leave, and given her Thanks for her kind Courtesies, S. George with his Lady took their Journey towards *Persia*, where the Christian Armies lay Encamped, at whose arrival you shall hear strange and wonderful Things, the like was never done in any Age.

CHAP. XVII. *How S. George and his Lady lost themselves in a Wilderness, where she was Delivered of Three goodly Boys. The Fairy Queen's Prophecy upon the Children's Fortunes. Of S. George's return into Bohemia, where he Christened his Children, and of finding his Father's Grave, over which he Built a Stately Tomb.*

Saint George having Achieved the Adventure of the Enchanted Tower, and Sabra the Fury of the Lustful Giant, they took their Journey towards *Persia*, where the Christian Champions lay Encamped before the Soldan's great City of *Belgor*, a place most strongly Fortified with Spirits, and other ghastly Illusions, by the Enchantment of *Osmond*, whom you heard before in the last Chapter, to be the rarest Necromancer in the World: But as the *English* Champion with his Lady Travelled thitherward, they hapned into a Desart and mighty Wilderness, overgrown with lofty Pines, Cedar-Trees, and many huge and mighty Oaks, the spreading Branches whereof seemed to with-hold the Light of Heaven from their untrodden Passages, and Tops for exceeding height, to reach into the Elements, the Inhabitants were Silvans, Satyrs, Fairies, and other Woody Nymphs, which by Day sported up and down the Forest, and by Night attended the Pleasures of *Proserpine* the Fairy Queen. The Musick of Silver-sounding Birds, so chearfully resounding through the Woods, and the Whistling Wind made such Melody amongst the Leaves of Trees, that it ravished their Senses like Harmony of Angels, and made them think they had entred the Shades of gladsome *Elysium*: One while they wondred at the Beauty of the Woods, which Nature adorned with a Summers Livery, another while at the Green and fragrant Grass, drawn out in round Circles by Fairies Dances, so long till they had lost themselves amongst the unknown Passages, not knowing how, nor by what means to recover the perfect Path of their Journey, but were constrained to wander in the Wilderness, like solitary Pilgrims, spending their Day with weary Steps, and the Night with vain Imaginations, even as the Child when he hath lost himself in a populous City, runneth up and down, not knowing how to return to his Native Dwelling; even so it hapned to these two lost and disconsolate Travellers, for when they had wandred many Days

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one way, and finding no end of their Toils, they retired backward to the Place of their first setting forth, where they were wont to hear the Noise of People resounding in Country Villages, and to meet Travellers passing from place to place; but now they heard nothing but blustering of Wind, rattling in the Wood, making the Brambles to whistle, and the Trees to groan, and now and then to meet a Speckled Beast like to the Rain-Bow, weltring from his Den to seek his natural Sustainance; in their Travel by Night they were wont to hear the Crowing of the Cock, recording glad Tydings of the cheerful Days approach, the Neighing of Horses in Pasture Fields, and the Barking of Dogs in Farmers Houses: But now they were affrighted with the Roaring of Lions, Yelling of Wolves, the Croaking of Toads in Roots of Rotten Trees, and the ruful Sound of *Pragne's* Ravishment, recorded by the Nightingale.

In this solitary manner wearied they the rowling Time away, till Thrice Three times the Silver Moon had returned her borrowed Light, by the which time the Burthen of *Sabra's* Womb began to grow Painful, and the Fruit of her Body ready to wax Ripe, the Hour of her Delivery drew on, wherein she required *Lucina's* help, to make *S. George* the Father of a Princely Son: Time called for Midwives to aid and bring her Babe into the World, and to make her a happy Mother; but before the painful Hour of her Delivery approached, *S. George* had provided her a Bower of Vine-Branches which he Erected between two Pleasant Hills, where instead of a Princely Cabinet, behung with Arras, and Rich Tapestry, she was constrained to suffice her self with a simple Lodging covered with Roses, and other fragrant Flowers; her Bed he made of Green Moss and Thistle-down, beset curiously round about with Olive Branches, and the Sprigs of an Orange-Tree, which made it seem more beautiful than *Flora's* Pavillion, or *Diana's* Mansion: But at last, when she felt the Pain of her Womb grow intollerable, and the Seed ready to be reaped, and how she was in a Wilderness void of Womens Company, that should be ready to assist her in so secret a matter, she cast her self down upon her Mossie Bed, and with a blushing Countenance she discovered her Mind in this manner to *S. George*.

My most dear and loving Lord (quoth she) my true and only Champion at all times and seasons, except at this Hour, for it is the painful Hour of my Delivery, therefore depart from out of the hearing of my Cries, and commit my Fortune to the Pleasures of the Heavens: For it is not convenient for any Man's Eye to behold the Secrets of a Woman in such a case: Stay not, I say, dear Lord to see the
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the Infant, now sprawling in my Womb, to be delivered from the Bed of his Creation; forsake my Presence for a time, and let me, like the Noble Queen of *France*, obtain the Favour of some Fairy to be my Midwife, that my Babe may be as happily Born in this Wilderness as was her Valiant Sons *Valentine* and *Orson*, the one of them was cherish'd by a King, and the other by a Bear, yet both of them grew Famous in their Deeds; my pain is great, dear Lord, therefore depart my Cabinet, and before *Phœbus* lodgeth in the West, I shall either be a happy Mother, or a lifeless Body, thou a joyful Father, or a sorrowful Widower. At which Words *S. George* sealed the Agreement with a Kiss, and departed silently without any reply, but with a Thousand Sighs he bad her Adieu, and so took his way to the Top of a Mountain, being in distance from his Lady's abiding, a quarter of a Mile, there kneeled he during the time of her Travel, with his bare Knees upon the Bosome of the Earth, never ceasing Prayers, but continually soliciting the Majesty of God, to grant his Lady a speedy and easie Delivery; at whose Divine Orisons the Heavens seemed to relent, and all the time of her Pain, covered the Place with a Vale of Darkness, by great Flights of Birds, with Troops of untamed Beasts that came flocking about the Mountain where he kneeled, and in their Kinds assisted his Cœlestial Contemplations; where I will leave him for a time, and speak what hapned to *Sabra* in the middle of her Pains, and extremity of her Travel: For after *S. George's* departure, the Fury of her Grief so raged in her Womb, that it exceeded the Bounds of Reason, whereby her Heart was constrained to breathe so many scorching Sighs, that they seemed to blast the Leaves of Trees, and to wither the Flowers which beautified her Cabinet, her burthened Torments caused her Star-bright Eyes, like Fountains to distill down Silver Drops, and all the rest of her Body to tremble like a Castle in a terrible Earthquake; so grievous were her Pains, and ruful were her Cries, that she caused merciless Tigers to relent, and untamed Lions, with other Wild Beasts, like silly Lambs, to sit and Bleat: Her grievous Cries, and bitter Moans, caused the Heavens, as it were, to bleed their Vapours down, and the Earth to weep a Spring of Tears, both Herbs and Trees did seem to drop; hard Stony Rocks to Sweat when she complained.

At last, her pitiful Cries pierced down to the lowest Vaults of direful *Dis*, where *Proserpine* sits Crowned amongst her Fairies, and so prevailed, that in all hast she ascended from her Regiment to work this Lady's safe Delivery, and to make her Mother of Three goodly Boys; who no sooner arrived in *Sabra's* Lodging, but she practised
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the Duty of a Midwife, eased the Burden of her Womb, and safely brought her Babes into the World: At whose first Sight the Heavens began to smile, and the Earth to rejoyce, as a Sign and Token, that in times to come they would prove Three of the Noblest Knights in the World.

This courteous Deed of *Proserpine* was no sooner performed, but she laid the Three Boys in Three sumptuous Cradles, the which she caused the Fairies to fetch Invisibly from Three of the Richest Knights in the World, and therewithal Mantles of Silk with other things thereunto belonging; likewise she caused a winged Satyr to fetch from the farthest Borders of *India*, a covering of Damask Taffaty embroidered with Gold, the most richest Ornament that ever Mortal Eye beheld, for thereon was wrought and lively Pourtrayed by the curious Skill of *Indian* Weavers, how God Created Heaven and Earth, the wandring Courses both of Sun and Moon, and likewise how the Golden Planets daily do Predominate; also there is no Story in any Age remembred since the Beginning of the World, but it was thereon most perfectly wrought: So excellent it was, that Art her self could never devise a cunninger. With this rich and sumptuous Ornament she covered the Lady's Child Bed, whereby it seemed to surpass in bravery the gorgeous Bed of *Juno* the brave Queen, when first she entertained imperious *Jove*. After this, *Proserpine* laid under every Child's Pillow a Silver Tablet, whereon were written in Letters of Gold their good and happy Fortunes.

Under the First was these Verses Charactered, who at that time lay frowning in his Cradle like the God of War.

*A Soldier bold, a Man of wondrous Might,
A King likewise this Royal Babe shall die;
Three Golden Diadems in bloody Fight,
By this brave Prince shall also Conquered be:
The Towers of old Jerusalem and Rome,
Shall yield to him in happy time to come.*

Under the Pillow of the Second Babe, was Charactered these Verses following, who lay in his Cradle smiling like *Cupid* upon the Lap of *Dido*, whom *Venus* Tranformed to the likeness of *Ascanius*.

*This Child shall likewise live to be a King,
Time's Wonder for Device and Courtly Sport;
His Tilt and Tournaments abroad shall Ring,
To every Coast where Noble Knights resort:
Queens shall attend, and humble at his Feet,
Thus Love and Beauty shall together meet.*

Lastly,

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Lastly, Under the Pillow of the Third was these Verses likewise Charactered, who blushed in his Cradle like *Pallas* when she strove for the Golden Apple with *Venus*, and the Queen of Heaven.

*The Muses Darling for true Sapience,
In Princes Courts this Babe shall spend his Days,
Kings shall admire his Learned Eloquence,
And write in bracken Books his endless Praise:
By Pallas's Gifts he shall atchieve a Crown,
Advance his Fame, and lift him to Renown.*

Thus when the Fairy Queen had ended her Prophecy upon the Children, and had left them Golden Fortunes lying in their Cradles, she vanished away, leaving the Lady rejoycing at her safe Delivery, and wondring at the Gifts of *Proserpine*, which she conjectured to be but Shadows to dazle her Eyes, and things of fading Substance; but when she had laid her Hands upon the rich Covering of Damask Taffaty, which covered her Mossie Bed, and felt that it was the self-same Form that it seemed; she cast her Eyes, with a chearful Look, up to the Majesty of Heaven, and not only gave Thanks to immortal *Jove* for her rich received Benefits, but for his merciful kindness in making her the happy Mother of Three such goodly Children. But we will now return again to the Noble Champion *S. George*, whom we left Praying upon the Mountain Top, and as you heard before, the Skies were overspread with Sable Clouds, as though they had been Mourning Witnessees of his Ladies Torment; but before the Golden Sun had dived into watry *Tbetis's* Lap, the Element began to clear, and to withdraw her former mourning Mantles, by which he supposed that Heaven had pitied his Ladies pains, and granted her a safe Delivery; therefore in all haste he retired back to the Silvan Cabin, the which he found most strangely deckt with sumptuous Habilliments, his Lady lying in her Child-Bed, as glorious as if she had been the greatest Empress in the World, and Three Princely Boys sweetly sleeping in their severall Cradles, at whose first sight his Heart was so Ravished with Joy, that for a time it with-held the Passage of his Tongue; but at last when he found the Silver Tablets lying under the Pillows, and read the Happy Fortunes of his Children, he ran unto his Lady, Embracing her lovingly, and kindly demanded the true Discourse of this Accident, and by whose means the Bower was beautified so gorgeously, and the Propounder of his Childrens Prophecie; who with a Countenance blushing like the Purple Morning, replied in this manner:

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My most dear and well-beloved Lord, the Pains I have endured to make you the happy Father of Three lovely Boys, hath not been more painful than the Stroke of Death, but yet my Delivery more Joyful than the Pleasures of this World: The Winds carried my Groans to every Corner of this Wilderness, whereby both Trees and Herbs assisted my Complaints, Beasts, Birds, and feathered Fowls, with every senseless thing that Nature framed on this Earth, seem'd to pity my Moans; but in the midst of my Torments, when my Soul was ready to forsake this worldly Habitation, there appeared to me a Queen Crowned with a Golden Diadem, in State and Gesture like Imperious *Juno*, and in Beauty to Divine *Diana*; her Garments for Bravery seem'd to stain the Rain-Bow in her brightest hue, and for diversity of Colours, to surpass the Flowers of the Field: On her attended many beautiful Nymphs, some clad in Garments in Colour of the Crystal Ocean, some in Attire as Gallant as the Pleasant Rose, and some more glorious than the Azured Firmaments: Her Wisdom might compare with *Apollo's*, her Judgment with *Pallas*, and her Skill with *Lucina's*; for no sooner entred she my Presence, but my Travels ceased, and my Womb delivered up my grievous Burden; my Babes being brought to Light by the virtue of her Skill, she prepared these rich and sumptuous Cradles, the which were brought invisibly to my Cabin; likewise these Mantles, and this Imbroidered Coverlet, she frankly bestowed upon me, and so immediately vanished away.

At which Words *S. George* gave her so many kind Embraces; and Kissed her so Lovingly, as though it had been the First Day of their Nuptials. At last, her Hunger increased, and her Desire thirsted so much after Food, that except she received some comfortable Sustenance, her Life were in Danger. This extream Desire of *Sabra* caused *S. George* to Buckle on his Armour, and to unsheath his trusty Sword, ready to Goar the Intrails of some Deer; who swore by the Honour of true Knighthood, never to rest in Peace, till he had purchased her Hearts content.

My Love (said he) I will Adventure for thy sake, more Dangers than *Jason* did for *Medea's* Love: I will search the thickest Groves, and chase the nimble Doe to Death, the flying Fowl I'll follow up and down from Tree to Tree, till over-wearied they do fall down and Die, for love of thee and these my tender Babes, whom I esteem more dear than the Conquest of rich *Babylon*; I will adventure more Dangers than did *Hercules* for the Love of *Dejanira*, and more Extreames than *Turnus* did in his bloody Battles. And thereupon with his Fau-
chion

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Fauchion ready charged, he traced the Woods, leaving no Thorny Brake nor Mossie Cave unsearched, till he had found a Herd of Fallow Deer; from which number he singled out the fattest to make his Lady a bountiful Banquet; but in the time of his absence, there hapned to *Sabra* a strange and wonderful Accident; for there came weltring into the Cabin Three most Wild and Monstrous Beasts, a Lioness, a Tygres, and a She Wolf, which took the Babes out of their Cradles, and bore them to their Secret Dens.

At which sigh *Sabra* like one bereft of Sense, started from her Bed, and to her weak Power offered to follow the Beasts, but all in vain; for before she could get without her Cabin, they were past sight, and the Childrens cry without her hearing: Then like a Discontented Woman she turned back, beating her Breast, rending her Hair, and Raging up and down her Cabin, using all the Rigour she could devise against her self; and had not *S. George* return'd the sooner, she had most violently committed her own slaughter; but at his return, when he beheld her Face stained with Tears, her Head disrobed of Ornaments, and her Ivory Breast all to be-rent, he cast down his Venison in all-hast, and asked the cause of her Sorrow.

Oh (said she) this is the wofullest Day that ever hapned to me, for in the time of your unhappy Hunting, a Lioness, a Tygres, and a Wolf came into the Cabin, and took my Children from their Cradles; what is become of them I know not, but greatly I fear by this time they are intombed within their hungry Bowels.

Oh simple Monuments (quoth he) for such sweet Babes: Well *Sabra*, if the Monsters have bereaved me of my Children, this bloody Sword that dived into the Entrails of the fallow Deer, shall rive my woful Heart in twain. Accursed be this fatal Day, the Planets that Predominate, and Sun that Shines thereon; Heaven blot it from the Year, and let it never more be numbred, but accounted for a dismal Day throughout the World; let all the Trees be blasted in those accursed Woods; let Herbs and Grass consume away and Die, and all things Perish in this Wilderness. But why breath I out these Curses in vain, when as methinks I hear my Children in untamed Lions Dens, crying for help and succour? I come, sweet Babes, I come, either to redeem you from Tygers wrathful Jaws, or make my Grave within their hungry Bowels.

Then took he up his Sword besmeared all in blood, and like a Man bereaved of Wit and Sense, ranged up and down the Wilderness, searching every corner for his Children; but his Lady remained still in her Cabin, lamenting for their loss, washing their Cradles with
her

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her pearled Tears that run down her stained Cheeks like Silver Drops.

Many ways wandred S. George, sometimes in Valleys where Wolves and Tygers lurk; sometimes in Mountain Tops, where Lions Whelps do sport and play, and many times in dismal Thickets, where Snakes and Serpents live.

Thus wandred S. George up and down the Wilderness for the space of two Days hearing no News of his unchristened Children. At last he approached the sight of a pleasant River, which smoothly glided down betwixt two Mountains, into whose Streams he purposed to cast himself; and so by a desperate Death give end to his Sorrows; but as he was committing his Body to the Mercy of the Waters, and his Soul to the Pleasure of the Heavens, he heard afar off the ruful Shriek, as he thought, of a comfortless Babe: Which sudden Noise caused him to refrain from his desperate Purpose, and with more discretion to tender his own Safety. Then casting his Eyes aside, it was his happy Destiny to espy Three inhumane Beasts lying at the Foot of a Hill, tumbling themselves against the warm Sun, and his Three pretty Babes sucking from their Dugs, their most unkind Milk; which Spectacle so encouraged the Champion, that without farther Advise-ment, with his single Sword, he assailed at one time the Three Monsters, but so furiously they pursued him, that he little prevailed; and being almost breathless, was forced to get into an Orange-Tree, else he had been buried in their merciless Bowels: But when the Three Wild Beasts perceived him above their reaches, and that by no means they could come near him, with their wrathful Jaws, they so rent and tore the Root of the Tree, that if by Policy he had not prevented them, the Tree had been pulled in Pieces, for at that time it was so full of ripe Oranges, and so overladen, that the Branches seemed to bend, and the Boughs to break, of which Fruit he cast such abundance down to the Beasts, whereby they restrained their Furies, and fed so fast thereon, that in short time they grew Drunk, and quite overcome with a dead and heavy Sleep: This good and happy Fortune caused S. George nimbly to leap off the Tree, and with his keen edged Sword, cut off their Heads from their Bodies, the which being done, he went to his Children, lying comfortless upon a Mossie Bank; who so pleasantly smiled in his Face, that they made him greatly to rejoice, and to receive as great Pleasure in their sights, as though he had been honoured with the Conquests of *Cæsar*, or the Royalty of *Alexander*; therefore after he had given them his Blessing, he took them up in his Arms, and spake these Words following.

Come,

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Come, come, my pretty Babes, your safe Deliveries from these inhumane Monsters, will add long Life unto your Mother, and hath preserved your Father from a desperate Death ; from henceforth let Heaven be your Guide, and send you as happy Fortunes as *Remus* and *Romulus* the First Founders of Imperious *Rome*, which in their Infancies were Nursed with the Milk of a Ravenous Wolf, and as Prosperous in your Adventures, as was that *Persian* Potentate, which fed on the Milk of a Bitch.

At the end of which Speeches, he approached the Cabin, where he left his Lady mourning for the Loss of her Children ; but at his return he found her without Sense or Moving ; being not able to give him a joyful Welcome, whereat he fell into this extream Passion of Sorrow.

O Fortune ! Fortune ! (quoth he) how many Grievs heapest thou upon my Head ? Wilt thou needs enjoin me to an endless Sorrow ? See *Sabra*, see, I have redeemed our Sons, and freed them from the Tygers bloody Jaws, whose wrathful Countenance did threaten Death.

Which comfortable Speeches caused her presently to revive, and to take the silly Infants in her Arms, laying them sweetly upon her Ivory Bosome, at which they seemed to smile as pleasantly as *Cupid* in the Lap of *Dido*, when *Aeneas* sported in the Court of *Carthage*. The kind Embraces, loving Speeches, and joyful Conference that passed betwixt the Champion and his Lady, were now too long to be discoursed : But to be short, they remained in the Wilderness without farther Disturbance, either of Wild Beasts, or other Accident, till *Sabra* had recovered her Child-Bed sickness : And then being conducted by happy Stars, they returned back the ready way to *Christendom*, where after some few Days Travel, they arrived in the *Bohemian* Court, where the King of that Country, with two other Bordering Princes, most Royally Christened his Children. The Eldest they Named *Guy*, the Second *Alexander*, and the Third *David* ; the which being performed, and the Triumphs ended, which in most sumptuous manner continued for the space of one Month, then the *Bohemian* King, for the great Love he bare to *S. George*, provided most honourably for his Childrens bringing up.

First, He appointed Three several Ambassadors, with all things necessary for so Princely a Charge, to conduct the Three Infants to Three several Countries. The First, and Eldest, whose Fortune was to be a Soldier, he sent to the Imperial City of *Rome*, (being then the Wonder of the World for Martial Discipline) there by the Em-
peror

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Emperor to be Trained up. The Second, whose Fortune was to be a Courtly Prince, he sent to the Rich and Plentiful Country of *England*, being the Pride of *Christendom* for all delightful Pleasures: The Third and Last, whose Fortune was to be a Scholar, he sent into *Germany*, unto the University of *Wittenburg*, being thought at that time to be the excellentest Place of Learning that remained throughout the whole World.

Thus were *S. George's* Children provided for by the *Bohemian* King, for when the Ambassadors were in readines, the Ships for their Passage furnished, and Attendance appointed, *S. George*, in Company of his Lady, the King of *Bohemia* with his Queen, and a Train of Lords and Gentlemen, and Ladies, conducted them on Ship-Board, where the Wind served them prosperously, that in a short time they had bid Adieu to the Shore, and Sailed chearfully away. But as *S. George* returned back to the *Bohemian* Court, it was his chance to come by an old Ruinated Monastery, under whose Walls in former time his Father was Buried, the which he knew by certain Verses carved in Stone over his Grave, by the Commons of the Country (as you may read before in the Beginning of this History.) Over the same he requested of the King that he might Erect a Stately Monument, that the remembrance of his Name might live for ever, and not be Buried in the Grave of Obscurity. To which reasonable Demand, the King most willingly consented, and presently gave special Commandment that the cunningest Architects that remained within his Dominion, should forthwith be sent for, and withal, gave a Tun of Gold forth of his own Treasury, towards the performance thereof. The sudden Report of this memorable Deed being bruited abroad, caused Workmen to come from every place of their own accord, with such willingness, that they in short time finished it; the Foundation of the Tomb was of purest Marble, whereon was Engraven the frame of the Earth, and how the watry Ocean was divided, with Woods, Groves, Hills, and Dales; so lively Pourtrayed, that it was a Wonder to behold: The Props and Pinnacles of Alabaster, beset with Knobs of Jasper Stone; the sides and Pillars of the clearest Jet; upon the Top stood Four Golden Lions, holding up, as it were an Element, wherein was curiously contrived the Golden Sun and Moon, and how the Heavens have their usual Courses, with many other things wrought both in Gold and Silver, which for this time I omit, because I am forced at large to discourse of the Princely Proceedings of *S. George*, who after the Monument was finished, with his Lady, most humbly took their Leave of the King,

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King, thanked him for his Love, Kindness and Courtesie, and so departed towards *Egypt* and *Persia*, of whose Adventures you shall hear more in the Chapter following.

CHAP. XVIII. *How S. George with his Lady arrived in Egypt : Of their Royal Entertainment in the City of Grand Caire : and also how Sabra was Crowned Queen of Egypt.*

MAny strange Accidents, and dangerous Adventures, S. George with his Lady passed, before they arrived within the Territories of *Egypt*, which I want Memory to repeat, and Art to describe. But at last when Fortune smiled, which before had long time crossed their intents with her inconstant Chances, and had cast them happily upon the *Egyptian* Shore, being the Nurse and Mother of *Sabra's* first Creation ; the Twelve Peers unto whom S. George before-time committed the guiding of the Land, and keeping of his Crown, as you heard before discoursed, now met him and his Lady at the Seaside, most richly mounted upon their costly Trapped Steeds, and willingly surrendered up his Scepter, Crown and Regiment ; and after in company of many Princely Estates, both of Dukes, Earls, Lords, Knights, and Royal Gentlemen, they attended them to the City of *Grand Caire*, being then under the Subjection of the *Egyptian* Monarchy, and the greatest City in the World, for it was in breadth full Threescore Miles, and had by just Account, within the Walls, Twelve Thousand Churches, besides Abbies, Pories, and Houses of Religion ; but when S. George with his stately Attendants entred the Gates, they were presently entertained with such a joyful Sound of Bells, Trumpets, and Drums, that it seemed like the inspiring Musick of Heavenly Angels, and to exceed the Royalty of *Cæsar* in *Rome*, when he returned from the World's Conquest : The Streets were beautified with stately Pageants, contrived by Scholars of ingenious Capacity, the Pavement strewed with all manner of Odoriferous Flowers, and the Walls hung with *Indian* Coverlets and curious Tapestry.

Thus passed they the Streets in great Solemnity, wondring at the curiosity of the Pageants, and listning to their Learned Orations, till they entred the Gates of the Palace, where in the first Entry of the Court was contrived over head, a Golden Pendant Firmament, as it were supported by a Hundred Angels : From thence it seemed to Rain *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* ; likewise there descended as it were from the Clouds, *Ceres*, the Goddess of Plenty, sitting upon a Throne of Gold, beautified with all manner of springing things, as of Corn, Olives, Grapes, Herbs, Flowers, and Trees ; who at the coming by

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of *S. George* and his Lady, presented them with two Garlands of Wheat, bound up most curiously in bands of Silver, to signifie that they were happily returned to a plentiful Country, both of Wealth and of Treasure. But at *Ceres* ascension up into the Firmament, there was seen most strange and pleasant Fire-Works shooting from Place to Place, as though the fiery Planets had descended from Heaven, and had generally consented to make them delightful Pastimes: But as *S. George* with his Lady, Crowned with Garlands of Wheat, passed through the Second Court, they beheld a Pageant most strangely contrived, wherein stood *Mars* the Angry God of War, invironed with a Camp of Armed Soldiers, as if they were with their Weapons ready charged to assault some strong hold, or invincible City; their Silver Trumpets seemed to Sound chearfully, their Thundring Drums courageously, their Silken Streamers to flourish valiantly, and themselves to march triumphantly: All which seemed to give more content to *S. George*, than all the delightful Pleasures before rehearsed; for there was nothing in all the World that more rejoiced his Heart, than to hear the pleasant Sound of War, and to see the Souldiers brandish forth their Steele Weapons. After he had sufficiently delighted himself in these Martial Sports, and was ready to depart, the God of War descended his Throne, and presented him with the richest Armour that ever Eye beheld, and the bravest Sword that ever Knight handled; for they have been kept within the City of *Grand Caire*, for the space of Five Hundred Years, and held for the richest Monuments in the Country. Also he presented *Sabra* with a Mirrour of such an inestimable Price, that it was valued at a King's Ransom; for it was made by Magick Art, the Vertues and Qualities thereof were so precious, that it is almost incredible to Report; for therein one might behold the Secret Mysteries of all the Liberal Sciences, and by Art Discourse what was practised in other Princes Courts; if any Hill or Mountain within a Thousand Miles of the Place where it remained, were enriched with a Mine of Gold, it would describe the Place and Country, and how deep it lay closed in the Earth; by it one might truly Calculate upon the Birth of Children, Succession of Princes, and Continuance of Common-Wealths, with many other excellent Gifts and Vertues, which for this time I omit. Then in great State passed *S. George* to the Third Court, which was richly beautified with all Gallant Sights as the other were; for there was most lively Pourtrayed the manner of *Elysium*, how *Jove* and *Juno* sat invested in their Royal Thrones, and likewise how all the Gods and Goddesses took their Places by Degrees in Parliament; the Sight was
Pleasant

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Pleasant and the Device most Excellent, their Musick admired, and their Songs heavenly.

Thus passed S. George, with his Lady, through the Three Courts, till they came to the Palace; wherein was provided against their coming a statelier Banquet, than had the *Macedonian* Monarch, at his Return into *Babylon*, when he had conquered the Middle-Earth; the curious Cates, and well replenish'd Dishes were so many, that I want Art and Eloquence to describe them; but to be short, it was the most sumptuous Banquet that ever they beheld since their departure from the *English* Court, and so Artificially served, as tho' that all the World had been present. Many Days continued this sumptuous Cheer, and accompanied with such Princely Triumphs, as Art her self wants Memory to describe.

The Coronation of *Sabra*, which was Royally performed within Three Months following, requires a Golden Pen to write it, and a Tongue walht in the Conservatives of the Muses Honey to declare it: *Egypt* was honoured with Triumphs, and *Grand Caire* with Tilts and Tournaments. Through every Town was Proclaimed a solemn and Festival Day, in the remembrance of their New Crowned Queen; no Tradesman nor Artificer was suffered to work that Day, but was charged, upon pain of Death, to hold it for a Day of Triumph, a Day of Joy, and a Day of Pleasure. In which Royalties S. George was a principal Performer, till thirst of Honour summoned him to Arms; the remembrance of the Christian Champions in *Persia*, caused him to breviate the Pastimes, and to buckle on his steely Corset, which had not glittered in the Fields of *Mars* in Four and Twenty Days; of which Noble Deeds, and Adventurous Proceedings, I will at large Discourse, and leave all other Pastimes to the New invested Queen and her Ladies.

CHAP. XIX. *The bloody Battel betwixt the Christians and the Persians, and how the Necromancer, Osmand, raised up, by his Magick Art, an Army of Spirits to Fight against the Christians; how the Six Champions were Enchanted, and recovered by S. George; the Misery and Death of the Conjuror, and how the Soldan Brained himself against a Marble Pillar.*

NOW must we return to the Christian Champions, and speak of their Battels in *Persia*, and what happened to them in S. George's absence; for if you remember before, being in *Egypt*, when he had News of his Lady's Condemnation in *England*, for the Murther of the Earl of *Coventry*, he caused them to march into *Persia*, and encouraged them to Revenge his wrongful Imprisonment

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upon the Soldan's Provinces; in which Country, after they had marched about Fifty Miles, burning and spoiling his Territories, they were intercepted by the Soldan's Power, which was about the Number of Three Hundred Thousand Fighting Men: But the Muster-Rolls of the Christians were likewise Numbred, and they amounted not to above One Hundred Thousand able Men: At which time, betwixt the Christians and Pagans, happened a long and dangerous Battle, the like in any Age was seldom Fought; for it continued without ceasing, for the space of Five Days, to the great Effusion of Blood on both Parties; but at last the Pagans had the worst, for when they beheld their Fields bestrowed with mangled Bodies, and that the Rivers for Twenty Miles compass did flow with crimson Blood, their Hearts began to fail, and incontinently fled like Sheep before the Wolf. Then the valiant Christians thirsting after Revenge, speedily pursued them, sparing neither Young nor Old, till the ways were strowed with lifeless Bodies, like heaps of scatter'd Sand; in which Pursuit and honourable Conquest they burned Two Hundred Forts and Towns, battering their Towers of Stone as level with the Ground, as Harvest-Reapers do Fields of ripened Corn: But the Soldan himself, with many of his approved Souldiers escaped alive, and fortified the City of *Grand Belgor*, being the strongest Town of War in all the Kingdom of *Persia*, before whose Walls we will leave the Christian Champions planting their Puissant Forces, and speak of the damnable Practises of *Osmond* within the Town, where he accomplisht many admirable Accidents by Magick Art: For when the Christians Army had long time given Assaults to the Walls, sending their fiery Bullets to their lofty Battlements like Storms of Winters Hail; whereby the Persian Souldiers were not able any longer to resist, they began to yield, and commit their Lives to the Mercy of the Christian Champions: But when the Soldan perceived the Soldiers Cowardise, and how they would willingly resign his happy Government to foreign Rule; he encouraged them still to resist the Christians desperate Encounters, and within Thirty Days, if they had not the Honour of the War, then willingly to condescend to their Country's Conquest; which Princely Resolution encouraged the Soldiers to resist, intending not to yield up their City, till Death had made Triumph on their Bodies. Then departed he unto a sacred Tower where he found *Osmond* sitting in a Chair, studying by Magick, how long *Persia* should remain unconquered, who at his entrance, drove him from his Charms with these Speeches:

Thou

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Thou wondrous Man of Art (said the Soldan) whom for Necromancy the World hath made Famous: Now is the time to express the Love and Loyalty thou bearest thy Sovereign: Now is the time thy charming Spells must work for *Persia's* good; thou seest my Fortunes are deprest, my Soldiers dead, my Captains slaughtered, my Cities burned, my Fields of Corn consumed, and my Country almost Conquered: I that was wont to cover the Seas with Fleets of Ships, now stand amaz'd to hear the Christians Drums, that sound forth doleful Funerals for my Soldiers: I that was wont, with armed Legions, to drink up Rivers as we marched, and made the Earth to Groan with bearing of our Multitudes: I that was wont to make whole Kingdoms tremble at my Frowns, and force imperious Potentates to humble at my Feet: I that have made the Streets of many a City to run with Blood, and stood rejoycing when I saw their Buildings burnt: I that have made the Mothers Wombs the Infants Tombs, and caused Cradles for to swim in Streams of Blood, may now behold my Country's Ruine, my Kingdom's Fall, and mine own fatal Overthrow. Awake, great *Osmund*, from thy dreaming Trance, awake, I say, and raise a Troop of Black Infernal Fiends to Fight against the Damned Christians, that like swarms of Bees do flock about our Walls; prevent, I say, my Land's Invasion, and as I am great Monarch of *Asia*, I'll make thee King over Twenty Provinces, and sole Commander of the Ocean; raise up, I say, thy charmed Spirits, leave burning *Acheron* empty for a time, to aid us in this Bloody Battel.

These Words were no sooner ended, but there ratled such a Peal of Cannons against the City Walls, that they made the very Earth shake; whereat the Necromancer started from his Chair, and in this manner encouraged the Soldan:

It is not *Europe* (quoth he) nor all the petty Bands of Armed Knights, nor all the Princes in the World, that shall abate your Princely Dignity: Am not I the great Magician of this Age, that can both loose and bind the Fiends, and call the Black-Faced Furies from low *Cocytus*? Am not I that skilful Artist, which framed the charmed Tower amongst the *Amazonian* Dames, which all the Witches in the World could never spoil? Therefore let Learning, Art, and all the Secrets of the Deep assist me in this Enterprize, and then let frowning *Europe* do her worst; my Charms shall cause the Heavens to Rain such ratling Showers of Stones upon their Heads, whereby the Earth shall be over-laden with their dead Bodies, and Hell over-filled with their hateful Souls; fenceless Trees shall rise in humane Shapes, and Fight for *Persia*. If wise *Medea* were ever Famous for Arts, that did the like for Safeguard of

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of her Father's State, then, Why should not *Osmond* practice Wonders for his Sovereign's Happiness? I'll raise a Troop of Spirits from the lowest Earth more black than dismal Night, the which in ugly Shapes shall haunt them up and down, and when they Sleep within their rich Pavilions, Legions of fiery Spirits will I up raise from Hell, that like to Dragons spitting Flames of Fire, shall blast and burn the damned Christians in their Tents of War: The Fields of *Grand Belgor* shall be overspread with venomous Snakes, Adders, Serpents, and impoysoned Toads, the which unseen shall lurk in mossie Ground, and Sting the Colonels of Warlike Horses; down from the Crystal Firmament I will conjure Troops of airy Spirits to descend, that like to Virgins clad in princely Ornaments shall link those Christian Champions in the Charms of Love; their Eyes shall be like the twinkling Lamps of Heaven, and dazle so their Warlike Thoughts, and their lively Countenance, more bright than Fairies shall lead them Captive to a Tent of Love, the which shall be artificially Erected up by Magick Spells; their Warlike Weapons that were wont to Smoak in Pagans Blood, shall, in my charmed Tent, be hung upon the Bowers of Peace; their glittering Armours that were wont to shine within the Fields of *Africa*, shall henceforth for evermore be stained with Rust; and themselves Surnamed for Martial Discipline, the Wondrous Champions of the World, shall Surfeit with delightful Loves, and Sleep upon the Laps of the Airy Spirits, that descend the Elements in Virgins Shapes; Terror and Despair shall mightily oppress their merciless Soldiers, that they shall yield the honourable Conquest to your Excellency: Such strange and wonderful Accidents by Art shall be accomplished, that Heaven shall Frown at my Enchantments, and the Earth Tremble to hear my Conjurations; therefore, most mighty Persian, number up thy scattered Bands, and to Morrow in the Morning set open thy Gates, and march thitherward with thy Armed Soldiers; leave not a Man within the City, but let every one that is able to bear Arms, Fight in the Honour of *Persia*, and before the closing of the Night, I'll make thee Conqueror, and yield up the bragging Christians as Prisoners to thy Mightiness.

If this prove true, Renowned *Osmond*, as thou hast promised (said the Soldan) Earth shall not harbour that too dear for thee; for thou shalt have my self, my Kingdoms, Crowns and Scepters at command: The wealthy River *Ganges*, shall pay thee Yearly Tribute with her Treasure, the place where *Midas* wash'd her Golden Wish-away. All things that Nature framed precious shall thou be Lord and sole Commander of, if thou prevent the Invasion of my Country. And thereupon

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thereupon he departed the Chamber and left the Necromancer in his Study, and as he gave Commandment, his Captains made in readiness his Soldiers, and furnished their Warlike Horses, and by the Sun's up-rising marched into the Fields of *Belgor*, where, upon the North side of the Enemy, they pitch'd their Camp. On the other side, when the warlike Christians had Intelligence by their Courts of Guard, how the Persians were entred the Fields ready to give them Battle, sudden Alarums Sounded in their Ears, Rumours of Conquest encouraged so the Soldiers, that presently they were in readiness to entertain the Persians in a bloody Banquet: Both Armies were in Fight, with blood red Colours wavering in the Air: The Christian Champions, richly mounted on their Warlike Coursers, placed themselves in the Fore Front of the Battle, like courageous Captains, fearing neither Death nor unconstant Chance of Fortune. But the Soldan with his petty Princes, like Cowards, were invironed and compassed with a Ring of Armed Knights, where, instead of nimble Steeds, they sat in Iron Chariots; divers Heroical and many Princely Encouragements past between the Two Armies before they entred Battle: But when the Drums began to Sound Alarm, and the Silver Trumpets gave dreadful Echoes of Death; when the Cross of *Christendom* began to flourish, and the Arms of *Mahomet* to be advanced, even then began so terrible and bloody a Battle that the like was never found in any Age; for before the Sun had mounted to the Top of Heaven, the Pagans received so great a Massacre, and fell before the Christian Champions, that they were forc'd to wade up to the Knees in Blood, and their Souldiers to Fight upon heaps of slaughtered Men: The Fields were altered from a Green Colour to a Purple Hue, the Dales were steeped in Crimson Gore, and the Hills and Mountains covered with dead Mens rattling Bones. And let us not forget the wicked Necromancer *Osmond*, that during the time of that dangerous Encounter kneeled in a low Valley, near unto the Camps, with his Black Hair hanging down unto his Shoulders like a wreath of Snakes, and with his Silver Wand circling the Earth, where when he heard the Sound of Drums in the Air, and the brazen Trumpets giving dreadful Sounds of War, he entred into these fatal and damned Speeches:

Now is the Battle (quoth he) furiously begun, for methinks I hear the Soldan cry for help; now is the time my charming Spells must work for *Persia's* Victory, and *Europe's* fatal Overthrow: Which being said, Thrice did he kiss the Earth, Thrice beheld the Elements, and Thrice besprinkled the Circle with his own Blood, the which with a Silver Razor he let from his left Arm; and after began again to speak in this manner:

Stand

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Stand still you wandring Lamps of Heaven, move not, sweet Stars, but linger on till *Osmond's* Charms be brought to full effect. O thou great *Demon*, Prince of damned Ghosts, thou chief Commander of those fearful Shapes, that nightly glide by misbelieving Travellers, even thou that holdest the Snaky Scepter in thy hand, sitting upon a Throne of Burning Steel, even thou that bindest the Furies up in Chains, even thou that tossest burning Fire-Brands abroad, even thou whose Eyes are like to unlucky Comets, even thee I charge to let my Furies loose, open thy brazen Gates, and leave thy boiling Cauldron empty; send up such Legions of Infernal Fiends that may in number countervail the Blades of Grass that beautifie those bloody Fields of *Belgor*.

These fatal Speeches were no sooner finished, but there appeared such a similitude of Spirits, both from the Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, that it is almost incredible to report; the which he caused to run into the Christian Army; whose burning Fauchions not only annoyed the Souldiers with Fear and Terror, but also fired the Horse's Manes, burned the Trappings, consumed their Banners, scorched Trees and Herbs, and dimmed the Elements with such an extreame Darkness, as tho' the Earth had been covered with Eternal Night; he caused the Spirits likewise to raise such a Tempest that it tore up mighty Oaks by the Roots, removed Hills and Mountains, and blew up Men into the Air, Horse and all: Yet neither his Magick Arts, nor all the Furies and wicked Spirits could any whit daunt the most Noble and Magnanimous Minds of the Six Champions of *Christendom*; but like unconquered Lions they purchase Honour where they went, colouring their Swords in Pagans Blood, making the Earth true Witnesses of their Victorious and Heroical Proceedings, whom they had attired in a blood Red Livery: And though *S. George* (the chiefeft Champion of *Christendom* for Martial Discipline and Princely Atchievements) were absent in that terrible Battle, yet merited they as much Honour and Renown as tho' he had been there present; for the accursed Pagans fell before their Warlike Weapons, as Leaves do from the Trees, when the blustering Storms of Winter enter on the Earth. But when the wicked Necromancer, *Osmond*, perceived that his Magick Spells took no effect, and how in despite of his Enchantment, the Christians got the better of the Day, he accursed his Art, and banned the Hour and time wherein he attempted so wicked an Enterprize, thinking them to be preserved by Angels, or else by some celestial Means; but yet not purposing to leave off at first repulse, he attempted another way, by Necromancy, to overthrow the Christians.

First,

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First, He Erected up, by Magick Art, a stately Tent, outwardly in show like to the Compass of Earth; but furnished inwardly with all the delightful Pleasures that either Art or Reason could Invent, only framed to Enchant the Christian Champions with enticing Delight, whom he purposed to keep as Prisoners therein: Then fell he again to his Conjuraton, and bound a Hundred Spirits by due Obedience to Transform themselves into the likeness of beautiful Virgins, which in a moment they accomplished, and they were framed in Form and Beauty like to the Darlings of *Venus*, in Comeliness comparable with *Thetis*, Dancing on the Silver Sands, and in all Proportion like *Daphne*, whose Beauty caused *Apollo* to descend the Heavens; their Limbs were like the lofty Cedars, their Cheeks to Roses dipt in Milk, and their Eyes more brighter than the Stars of Heaven; also they seemed to carry in their Hands Silver Bows, and on their Backs hung Quivers of Golden Arrows; likewise upon their Breasts, they had pictured the God of Love dancing upon *Mars* his Knee.

Thus in the Shape of beauteous Damsels, caused he these Spirits to enter the Christians Army, and with the Golden Bait of their enticing Smiles, to tangle the Champions in the Snares of Love, and with their smiling Beauties, led them from their Soldiers, and to bring them Prisoners into his enchanted Tent. Which Commandment being no sooner given, but these Virgins, or rather Infernal Furies, more swift than the Winds gliding into the Christians Army, where their glittering Beauties so dazled the Eyes of the Six Christian Champions, and their sober Countenances so entrapped their Hearts with desire, that their Princely Valours were abated, and they stood gazing at their excellent Proportions, as though *Medusa's* Shadow had been Pictured upon their Faces, to whom the inticing Ladies spake in this manner:

Come, Princely Gallants, come, away with Arms, forget the Sounds of Bloody War, and hang your angry Weapons on the Bower of Peace: *Venus*, you see hath sent her Messengers from *Haphos* to lead you to the Paradise of Love; there Heaven will Rain down Nectar and Ambrosia, sweet for you to feed upon, and there the Melody of Angels will make you Musick; there shall you Fight upon Beds of Silk, and Encounter with inticing Kisses. These Golden Promises so Ravished the Champions, that they were Enchanted with their Loves, and vowed to take their last Farewel of Knight-hood and Magnanimous Chivalry.

Thus were they led from their Warlike Companies, to the Necromancer's Enchanted Tent, leaving their Soldiers without Guiders, in
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danger

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danger of Confusion. But the Queen of Chance so smiled upon the Christians, that the same time S. George arrived in *Persia*, with a fresh supply of Knights, of whose Noble Achievements I purpose now to speak: For no sooner had he entred the Battle, and placed his Squadrons, but he had Intelligence of the Champions Misadventures, and how they lay Enchanted in a Magick Tent, sleeping in Pleasure upon the Laps of Internals Furies, the which *Osmond* had Transformed, by his Charms, into the likeness of beautiful Damsels; which unexpected News constrained S. George to breathe from his sorrowful Heart, this woful Lamentation:

Unconstant Fortune (quoth he) why dost thou entertain me with such bitter News? Are my Fellow Champions come from *Christendom* to win immortal Honour with their Swords, and lie they now bewitched with Beauty? Come they from *Europe* to Fight in Coats of Steel, and will they lie distraught in Tents of Love? Came they to *Asia* to purchase Kingdoms, and by bloody War to ruinate Countries, and will they yield their Victories to so foul Disgrace? O Shame and great Dishonour to *Christendom*! O spot to Knighthood and true Chivalry! this News is far more bitter to my Soul, than was the poisoned Dregs that *Antipater* gave to *Alexander* in his Drunkenness, and a deadlier pain unto my Heart, than was that Juice that *Hannibal* suckt from his fatal King. Come, Soldiers, come you Followers of those Cowardly Champions; unsheath your Warlike Weapons, and follow him whose Soul hath vowed either to redeem them from the Necromancer's Charms, or Die with Honour in that Enterprize. If ever mortal Creatures Warred with damned Furies, and made a Passage to Enchanted Dale, where Devils Dance, and Warlike Shadows in the Night: Then Soldiers let us march unto that Pavilion, and Chain the cursed Charmer to some blasted Oak, that hath so highly dishonoured *Christendom*.

These resolute Speeches were no sooner finished, but the whole Army, before daunted with Fear, grew so courageous, that they protested to follow him through more Dangers than did the *Grecian* Knights with Noble *Jason* in the Isle of *Colcos*. Now began the Battle again to renew, and the Drums to Sound fatal Knells, for the Pagan Soldiers, whose Souls the Christians Swords by Numbers sent to burning *Acheron*: But S. George, that in Valour exceeded the rest, as much as the Golden Sun surpasseth the smallest Stars in brightness, with his Sword made Lanes of slaughtered Men, and with his angry Arm made Passage through the thickest of their Troops, as though that Death had been Commander of the Battel: He caused Crowns and
Scepters

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Scepters to swim in Blood, and headless Steeds with jointless Men, to fall as fast before his Sword, as Drops of Rain before Thunder, and ever in great danger he encouraged his Soldiers in this manner: Now for the Fame of *Christendom*, Fight; Captains be now Triumphant Conquerors, or Christian Martyrs.

These Words so encouraged the Soldiers Hearts with invincible Valour, that they neither feared the Necromancer's Charms, nor all the flaming Dragons, nor fierce Drakes, that filled the Air with burning Lights, nor daunted at the strange Encounters of hellish Legions, that like to armed Men with burning Fauchions haunted them; so fortunate were their Proceedings, that they followed the invincible Champion to the Enchanted Tent, whereas the other Champions lay surfeiting in Love, whilst Thousands of their Friends fought in Coats of Steel, and merited Renown by their Noble Achievements; for no sooner arrived S. *George* with his warlike Followers before the Pavilion, but he heard as it were the Melody of the Muses; likewise his Ears were almost ravished with the Sweet Songs of the Enchanted Virgins, which like the Musick of *Orpheus's* Harp, caused the Stones and Trees to Dance, and made the Elements to shew more brighter than the Morning Beauty, with Drops of Honey trickling down their Crystal Cheeks; the Doves did Kifs when they began to sing; the running Waters Danced, and every senceless Thing did seem to breath out Sighs for Love; so Pleasant and Heavenly were the sights in the Tent, and so delightful in his Eyes, that he had been Enchanted with their Charms, if he had not continually born the Honour of Knighthood in his Thoughts, and that the Dishonour would redound to *Christendom's* Reproach; therefore with his Sword he let drive at the Tent, and cut it in a Thousand Pieces; the which being done, he apparently beheld where the Necromancer sat upon a block of Steel, feeding his Spirits with Drops of Blood; whom when the Champion beheld, he caused his Soldiers to lay hold upon him, and after chained him fast to the Root of an Old blasted Oak, from whence neither Art, nor help of all his Charms, nor all the Legions of his Devils could ever after loose him, where we leave him to his Lamentations, filling the Air with Ecchoes of Cries, and speak how S. *George* redeemed the Champions from their Enchantments:

First, When we beheld them disrobed of their Warlike Attire, their Furniture hung up, and themselves secretly Sleeping upon the Laps of Ladies, he fell into these discontented Speeches:

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O Heavens (said he) how my Soul abhors this Spectacle ! Champions of *Christendom* arise, brave Knights, stand up, I say, and look about like Men : Are you the chosen Captains of your Countries, and will you bury all your Honours up in Ladies Laps ? For shame arise, I say they have the Tears of Crocodiles, the Songs of Syrens to Enchant : To Arms, brave Knights, let Honour be your Loves : Blush to behold your Friends in Arms, and Blush to see your Native Countrymen sleeping the Fields of *Mavors* with their Bloods : Champions arise, S. *George* calls, the Victory will tarry till you come : Arise, and tear the Womanish Attire, surfeit not in Silken Robes ; put on your Steely Corsets, your glittering Burgonets, and unsheath your conquering Weapons, that *Mavors* Field may be converted into a Purple Ocean.

These Heroical Speeches were no sooner finished, but the Champions like Men amazed, rose from their Ladies Bosoms, and being ashamed of their Follies, they submissively craved Pardon, and vowed by Protestations, never to sleep in Beds of Down, nor never unbuckle their Shields from their weary Arms, till they had won their Credits in the Fields again, nor never would be counted his deserved Followers, till their Triumphs were enrolled amongst the Deeds of Martial Knights. So arming themselves with approved Corsets, and taking in them their trusty Swords, they accompanied S. *George* to the thickest of their Enemies, and left the Necromancer Chained to the Tree, which at their departure breathed forth these bitter Curses :

Let Hell's Horror, and tormenting Pains (quoth he) be their eternal Punishment ; let flaming Fire descend the Elements, and consume them in their Warlike Triumphs, and let their ways be strowed with venomous Thorns, that all their Legs may rangle to the Knees, before they march to their Native Country. But why exclaim I thus in vain, when Heaven it self preserves their Happiness ? Now all my Magick Charms are ended, and all my Spirits forsaken me in my need, and here am I fast Chained up to Starve and Die. Have I had Power to rend the Vales of Earth, and shake the mighty Mountains with my Charms ? Have I had Power to raise up dead Mens Shapes from Kingly Tombs, and can I not Unchain my self from this accursed Tree ? O no, for I am Fettered up by the Immortal Power of the Christians God ; against whom because I did Rebel, I am now condemned to everlasting Fire. Come all ye Necromancers in the World, come all you Sorcerers and Charmers, come all you Scholars from the Learned Universities, come all you Witches, Beldams and Fortune-Tellers, and all that Practice devilish Arts, come take Example by the Story of my Eyes.

This

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This being said, he violently, with his own Hands, tore his Hair from his Head, as a sufficient Revenge, because by the Direction of their Wills, he was first trained in that damned Art: Then betwixt his Teeth, he bit in two his loathsome Tongue, because it muttered forth so many Charms: Then into his Thirsty Bowels he devoured his Hands, because they had so often held the Silver Wand, where-with he had made his charmed Circles; and for every Letter, Mark, and Character that belonged to his Conjuraton, he inflicted a several Torment upon himself: And at last with sightless Eyes, speechless Tongue, handleless Arms, and dismembred Body, he was forced to give up his condemned Ghost; where after his Air of Life was vanished from his Earthly Trunk, the Heavens seemed to smile at his sudden Fall, and Hell began to Roar at the Conquest of his Death; the Ground whereon he died, was ever after that time unfortunate, and to this present time, it is called in that Country *A Vale of Walking-Spirits*.

Thus have you heard the damnable Life, and miserable Fall of this accursed Necromancer *Osmond*, whom we will now leave to the Punishments due to such a wicked Offender, and to speak of the Seven Noble and Magnanimous Christian Champions.

After *S. George* had ended these Enchantments, they never sheathed up their Swords, nor unlocked their Armour, till the Subversion of *Persia* was accomplished, and the Soldan with his petty Kings was taken Prisoners. Seven Days the Battle continued without ceasing; they slew Two Hundred Thousand Soldiers, besides a Number that fled away and drowned themselves; some cast themselves headlong down from the Top of high Trees; some made slaughter of themselves, and yielded to the mercies of the Christians; but the Soldan with his Princes riding in their Iron Chariots, endured the Christians Encounters, till the whole Army was discomfited, and then by force and violence they were compelled to yield. The Soldan hapned into the Hands of *S. George*, and Six Vice-Roys to the other Six Champions; where after they had sworn Allegiance to the Christian Knights, and had promised to forsake their *Mahomet*, they were not only set at Liberty, but used most Honourably; but the Soldan himself having a Heart fraught with despite and tyranny, contemned the Champions Courtesies, and utterly disdained their Christian Governments; protesting, that the Heavens should first lose their wonted Brightness; and the Seas forsake their swelling Tides, before his Heart should yield to their intended Desires; whereupon *S. George* being resolved to revenge his Injuries, commanded that the Soldan should be disrobed

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disrobed from all his Princely Attire, and in base Apparel sent to Prison, even to the Dungeon where he himself had endured so long Imprisonment, as you heard in the beginning of this History, which strict Commandment was presently performed; in which Dungeon the Soldan had not long continued, sufficing his hungry Stomach with the Bread of Musty Bran, and stanching his thirst with Channel-Water, but he began to grow desperate and weary of his Life, and at last fell into this woful Lamentation:

O Heavens! (quoth he) now have you thrown a deserved Plague upon my Head, and all those guiltless Souls that in former times my Tyranny have Murdered, may now be fully satisfied; for I that was wont to have my Table beautified with Kings, am now constrained to feed alone in a Dungeon, where Sorrow is my Food, and Despair my Servitor; I that have famished Thousands up in Walls of Stone, am now constrained to feed upon mine own Flesh, or else to Starve and Die; yet shall these cruel Christians know that as I lived in Tyranny, so will I Die; for I will make a Murther of my self, that after this Life, my Angry Ghost may fill their Sleeps with ghastly Visions.

This being said, he desperately ran his Head against a Marble-Pillar, standing in the middle of the Dungeon, and dashed his Brains from out of his hateful Head; the News of whose Death, when it was bruited in the Champion's Ears, they proffered no violence to his lifeless Body, but intombed him in a sumptuous Sepulchre; and after that S. George took upon him the Government of *Persia*, and there Established good and Christian Laws; also he gave to the other Six Champions, Six several Kingdoms belonging to the Crown of *Persia*, and Sirnamed them Six Vice-Roys or Petty Kings. This being done, he took Truce with the World, and triumphantly marched towards *Christendom* with the Conquest of Three Imperial Diadems, that is to say, of *Egypt*, *Persia*, and *Morocco*; in which Journey he Erected many stately Monuments, in remembrance of his Victories and Heroical Atchievements; and through every Country that they marched, there flocked to them an innumerable Company of Pagans, that desired to follow him into *Christendom*, and to be Christened in their Faith, protesting to forsake their Gods, whose Worshippers were none but Tyrants, and such as delighted in nothing but shedding of Blood: to whose Requests, S. George presently condescended, not only in granting them their Desires, but also in honouring them with the Favour of his Princely Countenance. This Courtesie of the *English* Champion merited such a glittering Glory through the World, that as far as ever the Golden Globes of Heaven extended their Lights,

S. George

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S. George's Honour was bruited ; and not only his matchless Adventures charactered in Brazen Tables, but his martial Exploits painted in every Temple, so that the Heathen Poets contrived Histories of his Deeds, and recorded his Name among the Worthies of the World.

In this Princely manner marched S. George with his warlike Troops through the Territories of *Africa* and *Asia*, in greater Royalty than did *Darius* with his Persian Soldiers towards the Camp of *Alexander the Great*. But when the Christian Champions approached the watry World, and began to go on board their Ships, the Earth seemed to mourn at their Farewels, and the Seas to rejoyce at their Presence ; the Waves couched as smooth as crystal Ice, and the Winds blew such gentle Gales, as though the Sea-Gods had been the Directors of their Fleet ; the Dolphins danced above the Water, and the lovely Mer-Maids in multitudes lay dallying amidst the Streams making them delightful Pastime ; the Skies seemed to smile, and the Sun to show a glittering Brightness upon the crystal Waters, that the Sea seemed to be Silver.

Thus in great Pleasure they passed the Time away, committing their Fortunes to the mercy of the Winds and the Waters, who did so favourably serve them, that in short time they arrived upon the Banks of *Christendom* ; where being no sooner come on shore, and past the dangers of the Seas, but S. George, in Presence of Thousands of his Followers, kneeled down on the Ground, and gave God praise for his happy Arrival, by these Words following :

O thou Omnipotent God of New *Jerusalem*, we not only give thee condign Praise for our late atchieved Victories against the Enemies, who by their Wickedness seek daily to pull thee from thy Coelestial Throne ; but also do render thee hearty Thanks, that hast delivered us safely from the Fury of the raging Seas, that otherwise might have drenched us in her devouring Gulf as thou didst *Pharaoh* with his Golden Chariots, and his invincible Legions ; therefore great King of *Juda*, under whose Name we have taken many Things in hand, and have atchieved so many Victories, grant that these true Obligations of our thankful Hearts may be acceptable in thy sight, which be no feigned Ceremonies, but the inward Devotions of our Souls. And therewithal letting a shower of Tears from their Eyes, and discharging a Volley of Sighs from their Breasts, as a signification of the Integrity of their Souls, he held his Peace : Then gave he Commandment that the Army should be discharged, and every one rewarded according to his desert ; which within Seven Weeks was performed, to the Honour of *Christendom*.

After

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After this, *S. George* earnestly requested the other Six Champions that they would Honour him with their Presence home to his Country of *England*, and there receive the Comfort of joyful Ease, after the Bloody Encounters of so many dangerous Battles. This Motion of *S. George*, not only obtained their Consents, but added a forwardness to their willing Minds; so incontinently they set forward towards *England*, upon whose chalky Cliffs they in a short time arrived; and after this, took their Journey towards the City of *London*, where their Entertainments were so honourably performed, as I want the Eloquence of *Cicero*, and the Rhetorick of *Caliope* to describe it.

Thus, *Gentle Reader*, hast thou heard the First of the Princely Achievements, Noble Adventures, and Honourable Lives of these Renowned and Worthy Champions. The *Second Part* relates the Noble Achievements and strange Fortunes of *S. George's* Three Sons; the Loves of many Gallant Ladies; the Combats and Turnaments of many valiant Knights, and Tragedies of mighty Potentates. Likewise the rest of the Noble Adventures of the Renowned Seven Champions; also the Manner and Place of their Honourable Deaths, and how they came to be called *The Seven Saints of Christendom*.

F I N I S.

